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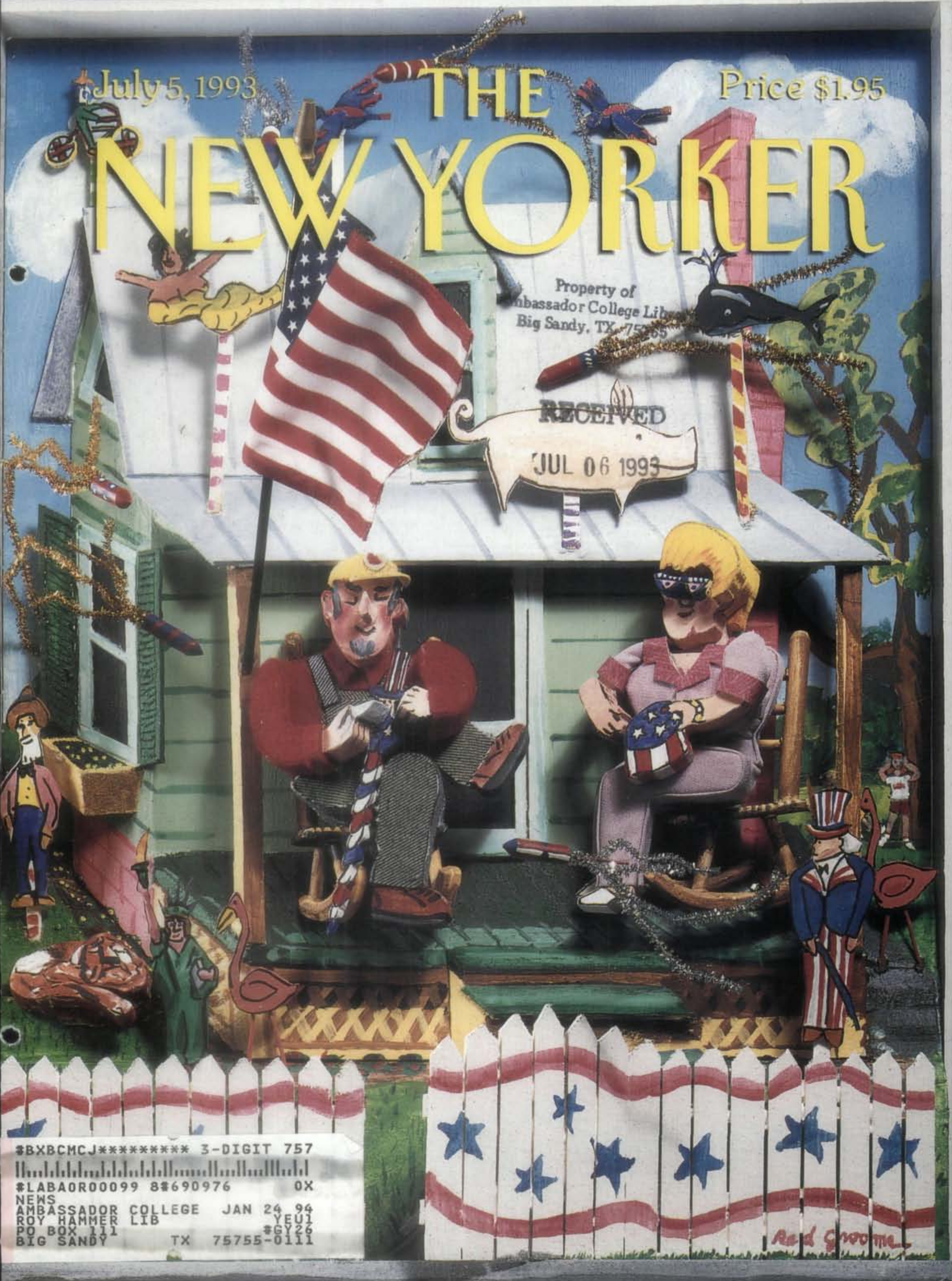

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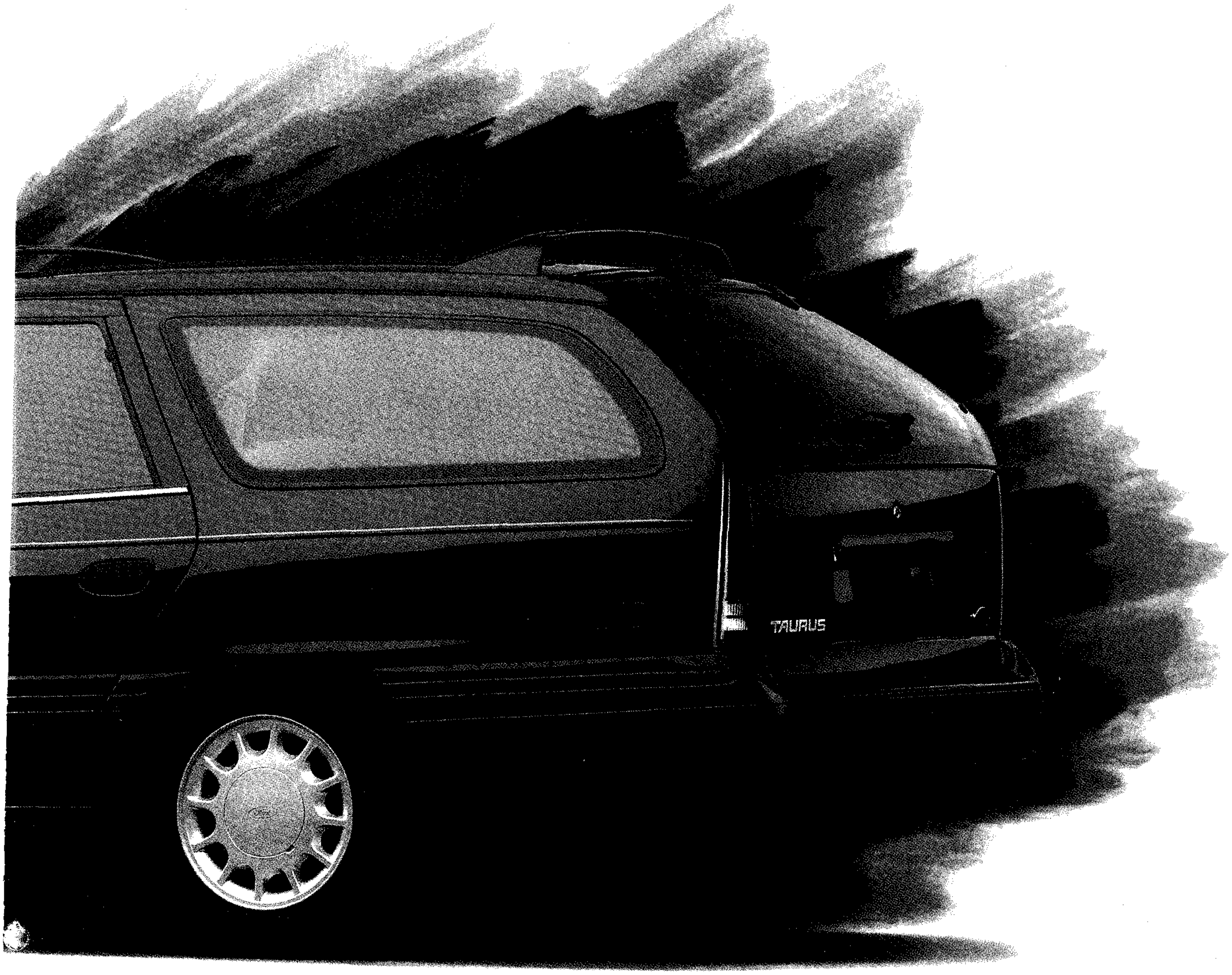

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THE NEW YORKER

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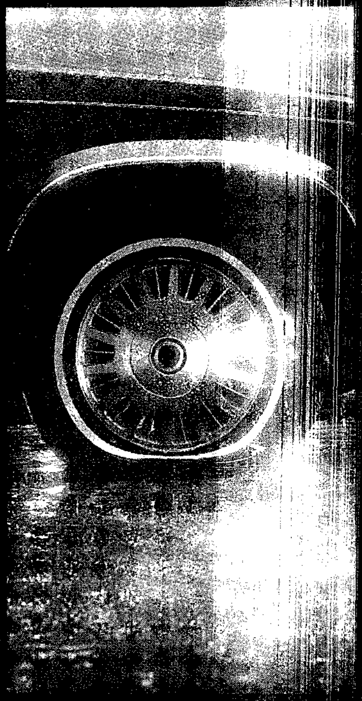

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COMMENT

THE WOBBLY BLUE LINE

THE Mayor of New York, David Dinkins, is making a big deal of the expected finding of a report commissioned by Governor Cuomo that—as Dinkins has maintained all along—he did not order the police to stand idly by during the riots in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn two summers ago. To many people, this may sound a bit like the Emperor Nero proudly pointing out that nobody has unearthed a memo saying "Let Rome burn." But Dinkins' fiddling is not the real problem.

The report is said to be a two-volume affair, and will presumably reconstruct the comings and goings, physical and mental, of a large cast of potential decision-makers. Even so, the report is likely to offer no better insight into the Crown Heights events than do the words of a "law enforcement source" who was quoted in last Monday's *News* on the possible culpability of the senior police commander on the scene, Assistant Chief Thomas Gallagher. The source, who appeared to speak from a thoroughgoing knowledge of the New York Police Department, offered this explanation of why it would be unfair to make a fall guy of Gallagher: "If you're not being told what to do, you're not going to do anything."

A city wants its mayor to be more engaged than Dinkins appears to have been, but it also has a right to expect that the system won't come crashing to a halt if the people at the top falter. Yet there's a long history, in this city and elsewhere, of crises in which the police have stayed inert for want of instructions to the contrary. "When in doubt, do nothing" is an attitude that transcends any particular incident. And in that attitude may lie the key not only to Crown Heights but to some broader problems as well.

The pop-cultural image of the police is one of constant action. In cop movies and TV shows, station houses are crawling with snarling felons and their victims, and every tour of duty in a radio car is a non-stop series of emergencies. This image is so powerful that city dwellers tend to doubt what they see with their own eyes, which much of the time is something very different: police officers standing around, if not in massed formation, then in pairs or small groups, and talking, if at all, mainly to each other.

Although the thought of police officers

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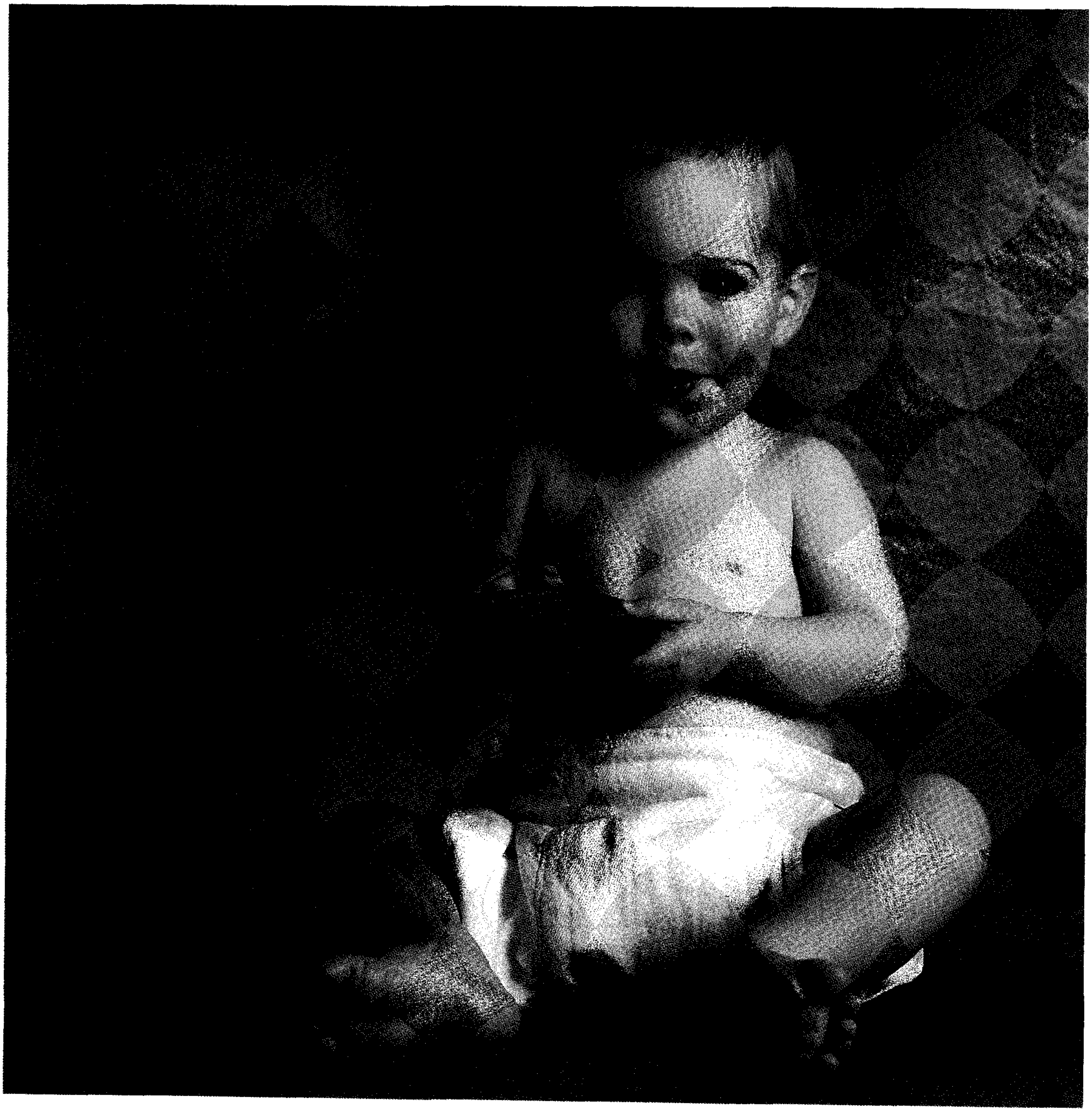


acting without restraint is worrisome, the thought of them in huddles feeling sour about their work is no comfort. And that, increasingly, is the condition of the police in the nation's big cities. Police violence and corruption get most of the attention, but the deeper problem is what we saw in Crown Heights: police idleness and alienation.

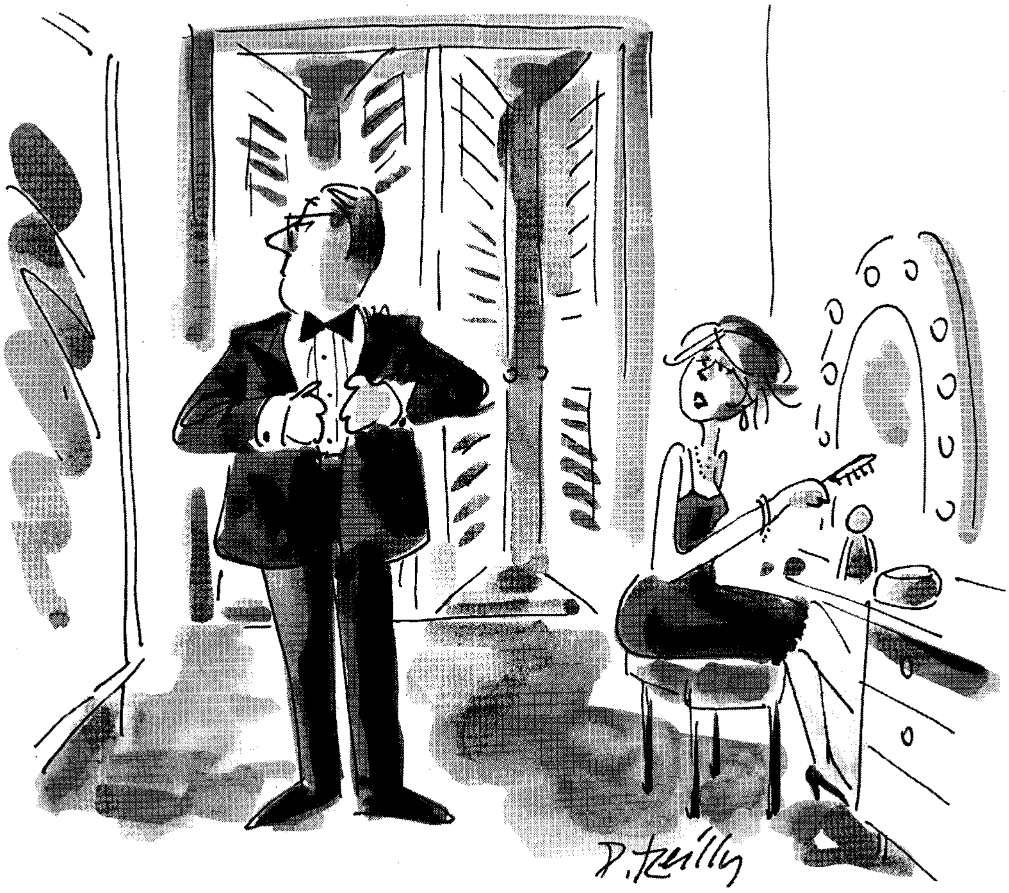
During the last few years, police administrators and political leaders around the country have rallied behind the movement called community policing. Although community policing is many things to many people, one element on which everyone seems to agree is the idea of recognizing the discretion of police officers and turning them into creative problem-solvers—people who, instead of simply responding after the fact (and writing a report), try to address the patterns of crime that put whole neighborhoods on edge. The catch is that community policing has barely begun to move out of the realm of theory and public relations.

The first problem, at least chronologically, is that no particular effort is made to hire people who are suited to the work. A generation ago, most cops were city people—people who liked the pace and variety of urban life. Today, the police forces of New York and other cities are dominated by suburbanites, many of whom regard cities with distaste. Locally, there has been talk of a residency requirement for recruits, but, even if such a thing were politically feasible, its main effect would be to increase the concentration of cops in a few suburban-looking neighborhoods on the edges of the city proper, and to increase resentment into the bargain. There has been talk about stepping up minority recruitment, and in that important area there has also been some action. One thing that nobody in power has seriously tried to do, however, is to design the recruiting process with a view to finding people who have the values, the talents, and the energy that the job requires.

More than twenty years ago, the N.Y.P.D.'s David Durk, who is the subject of a Profile by James Lardner in this issue of *The New Yorker*, travelled around to various colleges looking for incipient graduates who could become police officers in something like the same spirit that animated Peace Corps volunteers. Durk had an easier time finding recruits than finding room for them in his own department. He has said, with only modest exaggeration, that the N.Y.P.D. is "the only employer in the world where 'For the money' and 'It beats working' are considered perfectly acceptable answers to the question 'Why do you want this job?' "

The greater part of the cynicism that cops fall prey to is formed on the job, as Durk well knew. It's a product of how they are used, and of the feedback they get when they exert themselves. Police departments are bureaucracies in which the risks of action generally outweigh those of inaction. For most of the people who do it, the job means being treated as (to put the best face on it) scarecrows. Not only in riot situations but in a wide variety of other circumstances, the reflexive response of police commanders is to ship uniformed bodies to the trouble site and leave them there until the bad publicity blows over. Police departments "throw blue at the problem," even when they might get better results with decoys or through undercover work or by an effort to cultivate reliable intelligence sources. (And the police officer who does manage to make a good arrest encounters another bureaucracy—the court system, which systematically devalues the achievement through the process of plea bargaining.)

Last week, while the newspapers were overflowing with the reported findings of the Governor's investigator, Dinkins' likely opponent for the mayoralty this year, Rudolph Giuliani, was mostly silent, content to let the press speak for him. But this is the same Giuliani who, last September, denounced Dinkins as "anti-police" after a police rally that eventually erupted into a mini-riot of its own. So it's a good bet that the upcoming debate over Crown Heights, and over the larger questions of police policy, will be both poisonous and beside the point. In New York, and elsewhere, the rhetoric about "handcuffing" the police and, on the other side, about police brutality, is depressingly familiar. It's a phony polarity that divides (and defines) conservatives and liberals, and foments ill feeling between the races; Americans seem capable of fighting over it endlessly, without anybody convincing anybody. Acknowledging the growing ineffectuality of the police—and some of the complex reasons for it—might be a good way to begin carving out some common ground. ♦



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

LuPone Alone

"I STEAL costumes from every show I'm in," Patti LuPone tells the audience on her new live album. "I can't wait to get my hands on that Norma drag." The Norma in question is, of course, Norma Desmond in Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Sunset Boulevard," which starts previews in London this week. New Yorkers will have to wait until the fall of 1994, when Ms. LuPone stars in the musical on Broadway, but while we're waiting there's "Patti LuPone Live," a double CD recorded last January, during a concert in Los Angeles. Famous for singing with a snarl, for spitting words out or biting into them, Ms. LuPone sounds better than ever. Something has slightly softened her attack, and the result is a vulnerability, a bit of Piaf thrown into her Ethel Merman meets Maria Callas mix.

In diva fashion, Ms. LuPone ends her live album with a tease: "I'm ready for my closeup, Mr. De Mille." And what is a diva without a rival? Ms. LuPone was reportedly upset that Barbra Streisand's new "Back to Broadway" recording, which includes two of Lloyd Webber's songs from "Sunset," preceded the cast album. She needn't worry. Those costumes are hers for the stealing, and if the audience response on "Patti LuPone Live" is any indication, so is the show.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Loose Knit—A play by Theresa Rebeck about five New York women and the men in their lives. Opens June 30 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Measure for Measure—The thirty-eighth season of free Shakespeare in the Park opens with this production, which the director, Michael Rudman, has set on a Caribbean island. Kevin Kline, André Braugher, Lisa Gay Hamilton, and Blair Underwood head up the cast. Previews begin July 1. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Angels in America: Millennium Approaches—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Blood Brothers—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell, whose credentials are good, wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. With Con O'Neill, Stephanie Lawrence, Jan Graveson, and Mark Michael Hutchinson. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Camelot—"Camelot" is made of sturdy stuff, and it's a good thing, too, given this production's direction and set design. Robert Goulet rises far above his surroundings and has created a worthy successor to his Lancelot. James Valentine is charming as the befuddled King Pellinore, and Tucker McCrady's Mordred is joyously malevolent. But Patricia Kies, as Guenevere, is too cute by far, and Steve Blanchard, as Lancelot, generally plays his role as camp (particularly his rendition of "C'est Moi"). They almost redeem themselves with a beautiful "I Loved You Once in Silence," but it's far too late. Most of the rest of the cast barely make an impression, but between the wood-nymph ballet and the madrigal ballet and the slo-mo fights anyone would be hard-pressed to be credible. Even so, it's still "Camelot," and Goulet is convincingly Arthurian. Just close your eyes and listen. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Fool Moon—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Forbidden Broadway 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This edition is as funny as its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and the holdovers include "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the clever writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Allison Briner, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Goodbye Girl—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—A cast of nine in sixteen musical numbers. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally, a star performance by Brent Carver, as the heroic homosexual window dresser, and another by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Under Harold Prince's direction, the action is always lively and often witty and tender. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, the setting is by Jerome Sirlin, and the costumes are by Florence Klotz. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney—a reunion that comes to nothing. The scene is a cocktail party in Boston, where the couple are constantly interrupted by the other guests, who arrive two by two. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. Edmond Genest, who recently replaced Charles Kimbrough, and Maureen Anderman are the man and woman, and Anthony Heald and Carole Shelley are everybody else. (6/14/93) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Lovechild—A comedy by Gerard Stembridge about contemporary Irish issues, including the Bishop Casey affair. The play premièred at the Dublin Theatre Festival last fall. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Nostalgia Tropical—A revue of Afro-Cuban music from the thirties, forties, and fifties, featuring Meme Solis. (Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Orestes—A play by Charles L. Mee, Jr. The site-specific production is presented by En Garde Arts. Jefferson Mays and Theresa McCarthy lead a cast of nineteen. (Penn Yards, one block west of Twelfth Ave. and 59th St. Closes July 18. For reservations, call 274-8123.)

A Perfect Ganesh—A new play by Terrence McNally, with a cast of four: Zoe Caldwell, Dominic Cuskern, Frances Sternhagen, and Fisher Stevens. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Playboy of the West Indies—Mustapha Matura transplants John Millington Synge's "Playboy" from Ireland to Trinidad. That it survives the move so well is due, in part, to Mr. Matura's poetic fluency in wielding the local patois, and, in part, to the distinguished cast, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez. With Victor Love. (5/24/93) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare, which she delivers with eloquence and emotion. This essentially serious evening is often as amusing as it is sad. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

She Loves Me—This revival of the musical by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, a charmer thirty years ago, barely survives a clunky production. Even so, the score and lyrics hold up, as does the book by Joe Masteroff; the company, headed by Boyd Gaines and

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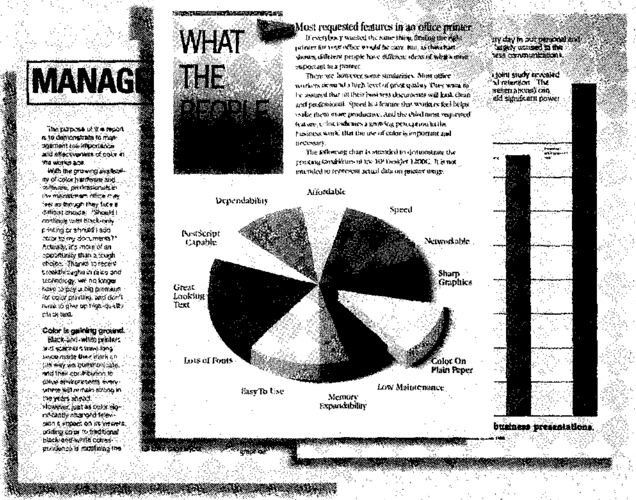
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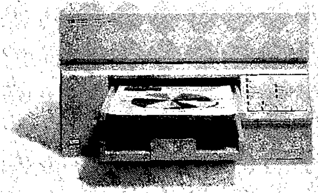

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Judy Kuhn, as a couple of secret pen pals in a Budapest *parfumerie* in 1934, performs well, under difficult circumstances. (6/28/93) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

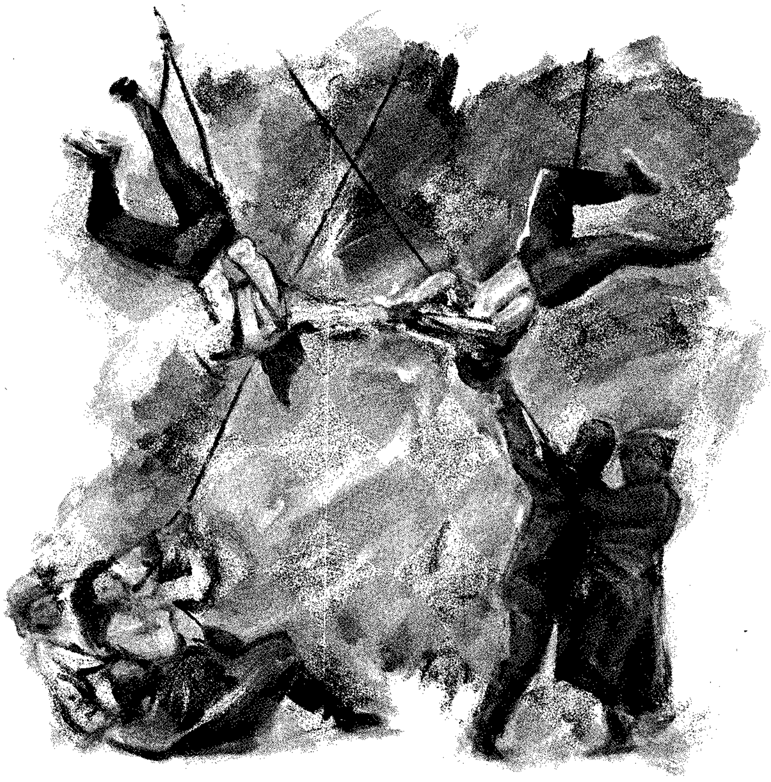
The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife; the versatile Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill, but director Des McAnuff's production is caught on the horns of a theatrical dilemma that no amount of slick, exhausting spectacle can resolve. The hero, that deaf, dumb, and blind kid, is spectacularly passive, and thus unreachable, unknowable, and essentially undramatic. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirty-third birthday in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OLEANNA:** David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.) . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. With audience participation. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.) . . . **TUBES:** A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.) . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Mickey Rooney joins the cast starting on July 6. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)



"Rejoyce: A Pilobolus Finnegans Wake."

KRAWCZYK

DANCE

The Inner Woman

ALISON CHASE, one of the founding members of Pilobolus, is used to taking daredevil risks in the name of theatrical entertainment. Her new work, "A Portrait"—to be presented by Pilobolus at the Joyce this week—includes projected images of her, in full Victorian regalia, jumping off a cliff. Recently, Ms. Chase described the piece as "a duet for myself and a bank of three slide projectors." She went on, "It's a kaleidoscopic portrait of the inner fabric of a woman's life—woman as mother, daughter, sister, wife, lover. I wear a long period dress with a circle skirt and a full-boned bodice, leggings, and beautiful Victorian heels copied from a pair that belonged to my grandmother. And during the course of the piece I shed the costume the way a snake sheds its skin."

Ms. Chase has been developing "A Portrait" over the past two years, in collaboration with the singer Birgitte Grimstad (who devised the score) and the photographer and designer John Panikar. "The vocal score is labyrinthian in its creation," Ms. Chase said. (Its melodies interact contrapuntally on sixteen tracks.) "A friend of mine listened to it and said, 'Oh my God! I've never heard anything so estrogen-packed!' " Mr. Panikar was also an ardent collaborator, especially in his shots of an underwater sequence. "He didn't know how to swim," Ms. Chase said. "He wore a weight belt and stayed in the shallow area. We didn't have the budget for an underwater camera, so we used a Ziploc bag, which worked fine."

IN TOWN

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—June 30 at 8 and July 3 at 2: "The Particle Zoo," "Duet 1992," solo from "The Empty Suitor," "Televisitation," and "Rejoyce: A Pilobolus Finnegans Wake." . . . ¶ July 1-2 and July 6 at 8: "Bedtime Stories," "Axons," "Clandestiny," "A Portrait," and "Day 2." . . . ¶ July 3 and July 5 at 8: "Untitled," "Alraune," "Walklyndon," "Solus," "Slippery Hearts," and "Sweet Purgatory."(Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through July 17.)

Brenda Bufalino and the American Tap Dance Orchestra—Performing "American Landscape," an evening-length piece. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 30 at 8.)

Jennifer Muller/The Works—In a free outdoor performance. The works "Righteous About Passing (on the Left)," "Lovers," and "Thesaurus" make up the bill. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 2 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—A three-week summer season opens on July 6 at 8:15 with "Bourrée Fantasque," "Tzigane," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs. 1-518 587-3330. Through July 24.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Jazz Tap Ensemble, June 30-July 1 at 8, July 2 at 8:30, and July 3 at 2 and 8:30. In "Tribute," "Together Again," and "Con Alma." . . . ¶ World Music and Dance Festival: The Cambodian Artists Project, July 1 at 6:30; New York–Buenos Aires Connection (tango and jazz music), July 2 at 8; and Les Guirivoires (a dance troupe from the Ivory Coast), July 3 at 5 and July 4 at 7. . . . ¶ Merce Cunningham Dance Company, in "Beach Birds," "Double-toss," and "Trackers," on July 6 at 8. Through July 10. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

Fonk Rocker

MICHELLE SHOCKED is most often pegged as a leftist folkie, but any talk of genre makes her cranky. "That's for Europeans and record collectors," she says. "American musicians can do it all." Well, at least Shocked can. On her two most recent albums, "Captain Swing" (1989) and "Arkansas Traveler" (1992), Shocked covers a tremendous range of material, from swing to minstrel songs to bluegrass to country, all of it informed by rock and roll. Though she borrows freely from the music of her heroes and predecessors, the results are pure Shocked. Her poignant and hard-hitting lyrics have always conveyed her sense of humor ("It looks like Mona Lisa is having a bad day") and her ability to capture a place ("Anchorage" and "Come a Long Way" are Alaska and Los Angeles dead on), and her increasingly confident voice, with its raucous soprano twang—usually just shy of out of control—gives her songs added momentum.

Since "Arkansas Traveler," Shocked and her new band, the Casualties of Wah, have dodged ready-made categories by cross-pollinating funk and folk, in a mixture she calls "fonk." In concert, her heartfelt talk about homelessness, police brutality, and blackface minstrels can verge on proselytizing, but she cares so much about the music and performs with such genuine enthusiasm that she's able to combine music and politics, if not with ease, at least with sincerity. At the Bottom Line on July 2-3, it will be worth sitting through a lecture or two to hear this playful Texas punk rocker get fonky.

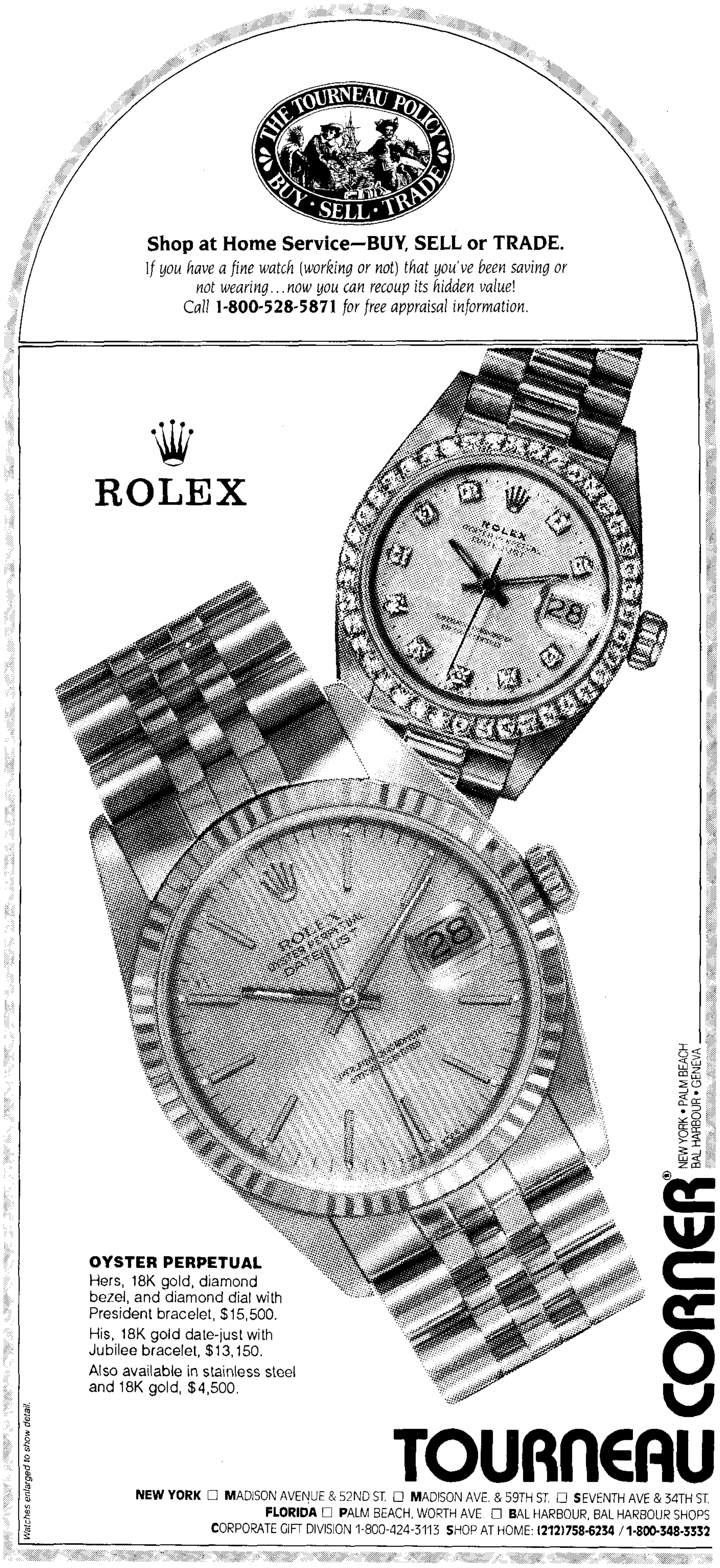
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**KT SULLIVAN**, who is currently appearing in the Oak Room, delivers show tunes in a clear, never-faltering soprano voice. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Some bars cater to a specific clientele, but Arthur's is a free-for-all. It's a small, strange Village bar that looks like a pack rat's attic. In the back is a compact, bar-encircled stage, where one can usually find patrons listening to, cheering on, and joining in with the musicians. Sundays belong to Lee Lorenz and his band.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. The ultra-romantic Brazilian singer **EMILIO SANTIAGO** is here for the next couple of weeks. His breezy, seemingly effortless jazz-pop singing is the next best thing to a whirlwind evening in Rio, and this extended stay will win him many local adherents. Closed Mondays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to



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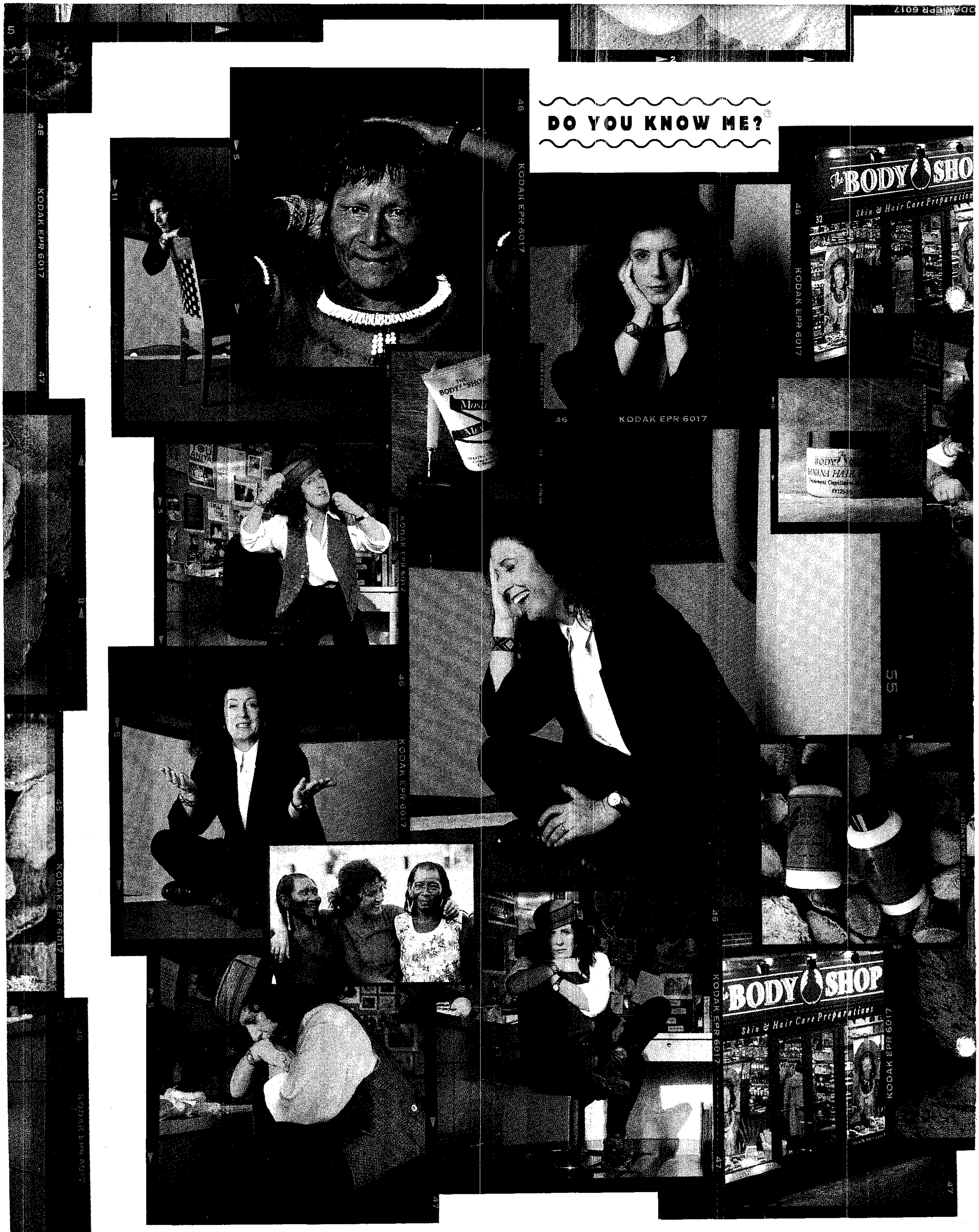
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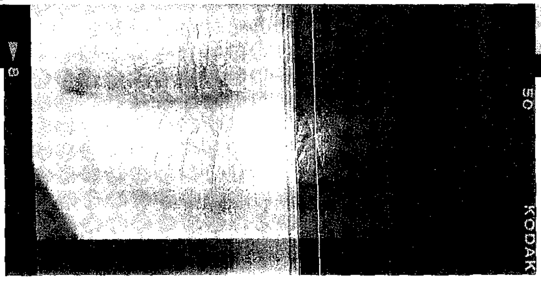

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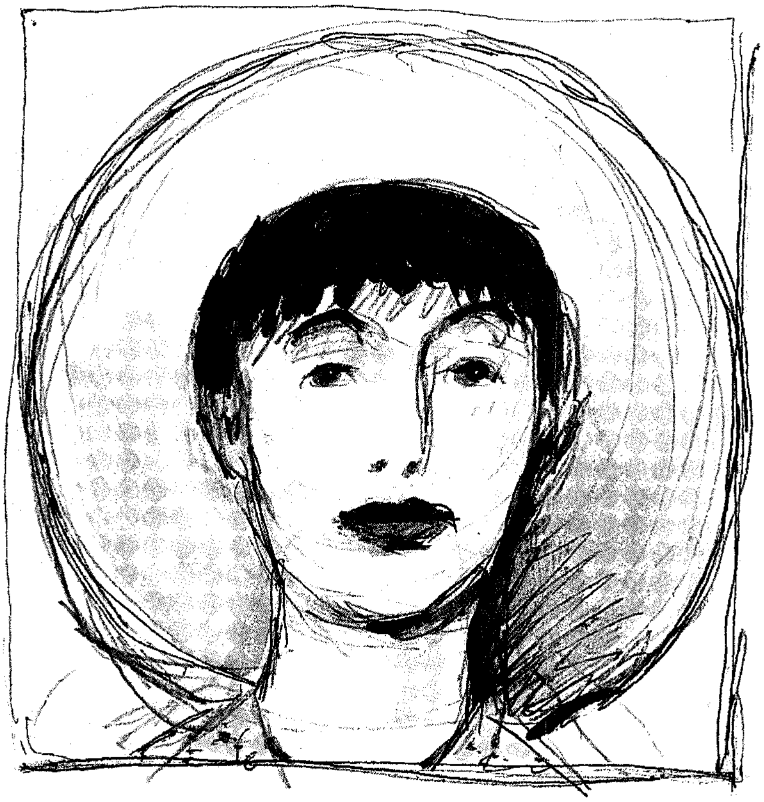


Michelle Shocked at the Bottom Line.

DAGMAR FRINTA

find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. Through July 4: the **BILL EVANS SUPERBAND** and the **MARK WHITFIELD** quintet. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club used to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes, but now it's an eclectic and hard-to-figure-out venue for the good, the bad, and (sometimes still) the great. On July 1, the **SUN RA ARKESTRA** will play its cosmic big-band arrangements here for the first time since the death, earlier this year, of its great mystical-jazz progenitor and catalyst. **MICHELLE SHOCKED** performs July 2-3.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit grocery. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. **KENNY BARRON, BEN RILEY,** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** will be here through July 3. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to burn brightly here. On July 1, No Saner is here, and on July 6 Big Bang will perform.

Downtime, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—This two-tiered bar offers precisely one snack: chips and salsa. The musical menu is, thankfully, a bit more varied, spanning rock, blues, country, and the occasional reggae platter. There's a big, sort of Cubist music mural, a row of Art Deco lamps, and a decent-sized stage, where the musicians are at work seven nights a week.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The bright, clean, wedge-shaped downstairs bar has French windows giving onto the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the clamor indoors is far greater. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, and the waitresses sing/shout pop standards with risqué lyrics and fire off wisecracks across the room; patrons are encouraged to take the mike, too. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz grotto. The conga player and bandleader **RAY BARRETTO** is on hand through July 4, with his sextet, New World Spirit. Since he started out, in the fifties, Barretto has worked with Latin artists like Tito Puente as well as with jazzmen like Dizzy Gillespie and Cannonball Adderley. His own groups tend to play a percolating blend of both styles. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. Through July 3: the **ROBERT HURST** quintet, which is the "Tonight Show" band, featuring **BRANFORD MARSALIS.** Dining.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. Despite the balloons and the candy-colored lights, this is a serious room for serious rock-and-rolling. You can either vibrate up front, near a wall-o'-speakers, or lounge around the bar in the back and follow the show on a video monitor. The Australian rock singer **JIMMY BARNES** appears on June 30. A star Down Under, Barnes was the lead singer of Cold Chisel, a fine bar band that never got a fair hearing in the States. Solo for several years, Barnes is still at his best when he sinks his teeth into an up-tempo rocker: he shreds his cords like a high-decibel Rod Stewart. On July 1, California punk legend **FLIPPER** displays the killer riffs and gonzo wit that made the band stand out in an early-eighties crowd which included Fear and the Minutemen. The Dwarves and Ed Hall will also appear.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld drawings. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Through July 3, **PETE MALINVERNI** (piano) and **MICHAEL MOORE** (bass) will perform.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. Run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, the Knitting Factory books all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. The What Is Jazz? festival continues here through July 3 with a large variety of lineups and personnel, including **PAUL MOTIAN'S ELECTRIC BEBOP** on July 1 and **X-TET,** with **RAVI COLTRANE,** on July 2.

La Cave on First, 1125 First Ave., at 62nd St. (759-4011)—Though situated in the basement of an Upper East Side Mexican restaurant (Pancho Villa), this is an establishment worth checking out. There's nothing trendy or even distinguishing about it, and that may be the secret of its appeal. The entertainment varies, from tap dancing one night to gospel the next.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) Upstairs, there's a display of vintage Gibson guitars. Downstairs, in the dining room, there's a stage, a dance floor, and caricatures of musicians who have blown through over the years. Dining.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the square-by-definition Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar.

Metropolis, 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St.—The basement of this restaurant, a small, tidy, marble-pillared space, is the site of various musical happenings, most notably a club called Giant Step. Every Thursday night, the club's proprietors arrange blind dates between jazz and rap. As d.j.s spin jazz, funk, and hip-hop records, a loose collective of musicians and rappers take turns improvising. You never know who might show up, but Roy Hargrove, Branford Marsalis, and the members of Digable Planets are a few of the artists who have passed through. For schedule information, call 627-8616.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The main dining room strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. It's currently faux forties at Michael's as **JOHN COLIANNI** (familiar to the club's regulars as Mel Tormé's annual backup man) leads his sixteen-piece Classic American Swing Orchestra in hits from the Miller-Dorsey-Goodman era, with cabaret starlet **SARA ZAHN** playing the indispensable part of the "girl singer." **WOODY ALLEN'S** New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra holds forth on Mondays.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—This Irish outpost has become known as the birthplace of the roots-and-rebellion rock band Black 47, which acknowledged its paternity by putting a picture of the joint on the cover of its new album, "Fire of Freedom." Prepare for a packed room, flowing Guinness, and an Irish-hootenanny atmosphere. **BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights. When there is no live music, the jukebox blasts everything from the Chieftains to Greg Trooper to Paddy Reilly, the Irish folksinger who owns the bar.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" **LAURIE BEECHMAN** wraps up an engagement on July 3. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's castoffs, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples who remember how to dance. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band, Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird Society orchestra, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Terry Waldo and the Gotham City group, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre, once the home of Studio 54, is now the site of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly in the East Village. The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. **BRAND NUBIAN** is here on July 3.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. On June 30, the Skalites will perform. **THE AUTHORITY** and the True are here on July 1. Samba Novo is in on July 3, and on July 4 Diblo takes the stage. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. Through July 4: the **BLUE BRASS CONNECTION,** with Eddie Henderson, Ray Anderson, Paul Zauner, Milton Cardona, Gary Bartz, John Stubblefield, John Parcell, Ron Burton, Kenny Davis, and Ronnie Burrage. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—With the opening of the Chestnut Room, this legendary tourist haven is making a bid to attract jazz fans. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings have been impressive. The Big Town Playboys are in action through July 4. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The **STEPHEN SCOTT** trio, with **CARL ALLEN,** is here through July 4. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. It is filled more or less nightly with young bands who like to play long, swirling jams and with throngs of young Deadheads who like to listen to them. The **SUBDUDES** drop by on July 1. The 'Dudes are a tasteful, swinging quartet of studio aces from New Orleans, who have backed performers like Shawn Colvin and Rusty Kershaw. On their own, they become a rollicking R. & B. bar band on a par with NRBQ or the Heartbreakers. On July 3, **ZEN TRICKSTERS** and Speed of Light share a bill.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through July 3, **JAMES WILLIAMS** (piano) and **RAY DRUMMOND** (bass) will be here.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

STREET fairs were not always ubiquitous and as greasy as hot-dog juice. Vulgar sausages sizzling under drifts of onions and Magnani mamas spinning wheels of fortune at the annual Feast of St. Anthony were once treats as rare as a walk in the old country. Now all block parties reek from the perfume of deflating zeppole and offer stuffed animals that don't cuddle back. What's more discouraging is to see the arches over Sullivan Street south of St. Anthony's Church illuminating burrito stands, African-jewelry venders, surfer T-shirt concessions, and young d.j.s hawking their homemade cassettes. It doesn't look like little Little Italy anymore.

Except for the one long table on the east side of the street, halfway between Prince and Spring, adjacent to the members-only storefront. The one on the fake-grass carpet. The one alongside the jukebox that plays only Jerry Vale records. The one around which sit twenty-seven men, and only men. None of them say a word, not even to sing along with Vale. No one is eating anything, but they don't look like they're waiting for a check, either. They just watch, with an intensity that makes passersby want to brush off their shoulders. Two girls in tight shirts and white jeans come along. Not a catcall, whistle, or *va-va-va-voom* is uttered. Yet the girls suddenly turn and lash out: "Hey, knock it off! Where do you think you are?" On their turf.

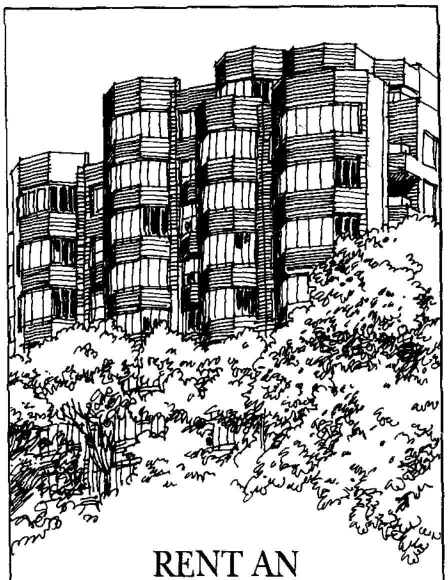
IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

PENNY ARCADE—The performance artist continues in her autobiographical show, "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!," replete with male and female go-go dancers. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8.)

"BIG ROOM"—P.S. 122's Monday-night series at Irving Plaza, this week with Sarah Skaggs and her dance company (in "Higher Ground") and the performance duo Dancenoise. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. July 5 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 477-5288.)

"DISNEY'S SYMPHONIC FANTASY"—Disneyphiles clamoring for more after last winter's "Disney on Ice" need look no further. In a two-hour concert, the American Symphony Orchestra will perform music from "Fantasia," "Snow White," and "Beauty and the Beast," among others, with technical suppport from eighteen dancers, a thirty-two-member chorus, twenty-six characters (Mickey, Minnie, Donald, and the like), and a narrator. Wait! That's not all! The narrator on opening night is Disney C.E.O. Michael D. Eisner. The two-week engagement begins on July 6 at 7 and runs through July 18. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

DIXON PLACE—A mecca for performance artists and one of the hosts of the second annual Celebration of Queer Culture. A partial lineup: July 1 at 8: Writers Marya Triandafellos, David Brooks, and Katherine Gleason read from their own works. . . . ¶ July 2 at 8 and 10: The theatre company Bad Neighbors presents an installment of its gender-swapping soap opera "The Opposite Sex." . . . ¶ July 3 at 8: "Queer Stories for Everybody," featuring Tony Boutté, Tom Ledcke, and Mark Owen. (258 Bowery. 219-3088.)



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ART

Roots

The earliest human art and some of the latest electronic multimedia tools are both on view at the Hall of Human Biology and Evolution, the new permanent exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History. It is a technologically sophisticated, interactive update of those corny sixth-grade science films that made evolution seem so surreal. The arrangement of dioramas and exhibits is on a scale that makes each section seem intimate and accessible, and, mercifully, the rooms lack the deafening acoustics of the echoing older halls.

The biology section includes a life-size hologram of the interior of a woman's body: as one moves around, one can see, in succession, her circulatory system, her organs, and her skeleton. A video about the musculoskeletal system plays in a living-room diorama occupied by a nuclear family of skeletons; the child skeleton holds the remote control, and a little dog skeleton sits on the floor between bony Mom and Dad. The evolution section features the world's largest array of prehuman and human fossil casts, including a juvenile braincase with a set of leopard teeth marks and the nine-thousand-year-old cranium of a young adult female pulled from the La Brea tarpits, in Los Angeles, who, the museum label notes, was a "possible victim of traumatic injury." This is strong stuff: the diorama of our "Earliest Human Relatives"—a four-million-year-old couple of naked, hairy *Australopithecus afarensis* strolling through volcanic ash—is an unforgettable image of our animal origins. But nothing is more human than the animal frieze from the cave of Lascaux and the other Ice Age art works that conclude the show and deliver the visitor out of our past.

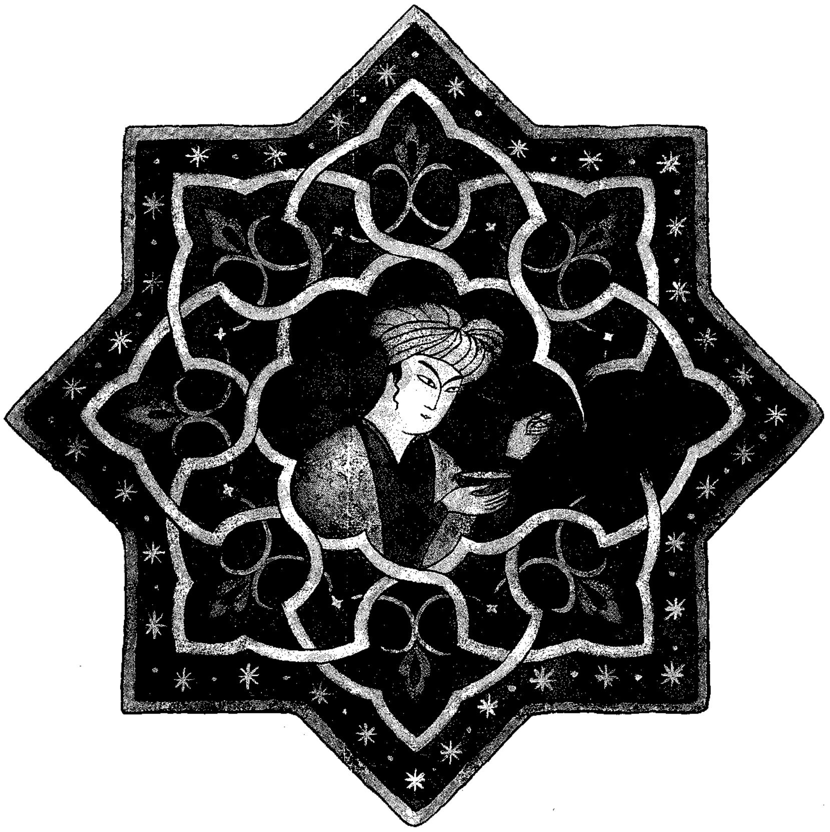
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Persian Tiles." This snug, one-room exhibit offers forty examples of tile decoration, from the twelfth century through the late nineteenth. The objects were chosen to illuminate the way techniques and motifs influenced design. These intricate cobalt-blue and turquoise tiles reflect both the native Persian genius and styles imported from Afghanistan and China. Arabic calligraphy, botanical and geometric patterns, and portraits of animals and heroic horsemen make for a fascinating and rich exhibition, despite its small compass. . . . ¶ "Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection." This show, which presents work from 1938 to 1967, seems almost comically tame in the light of Abstract Expressionism's initial reputation. Included are de Kooning, Motherwell, Pollock, Stamos, Tobey, and many others. . . . ¶ "The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century." Through July 4. (See page 90.) . . . ¶ "Drawings from the J. Paul Getty Museum." More than a hundred small works and figure studies, with special emphasis on the Italian Renaissance, including Leonardo's delicate sketch of a child embracing a lamb (for a painting long since lost) and other works by Bernini, Bronzino, Mantegna, Raphael, and Titian. . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute's first show, "Infra-Apparel," presents three centuries of underwear as outerwear, from the diaphanous frocks of the Directoire period to Jean Paul Gaultier's remarkable costumes for Madonna. . . . ¶ "A Masterpiece of Sculpture from Renaissance Florence: Verrocchio's Bronze Statues of Christ and St. Thomas." . . . ¶ The museum's first display devoted to historic baseball cards. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.) . . . **Note:** The roof garden, featuring six large sculptures, a great view, and, for the first time, cappuccino, is open when weather permits.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Latin American Artists of the Twentieth Century." In this exhibit of more than three hundred works, one rediscovers several lesser-known artists, most notably Tarsila do Amaral (1886-1973), a lively Cubo-Surrealist painter from Brazil, and Jesús Rafael Soto, the Venezuelan whose brilliant Op constructions, famous during the sixties, seem timely again. The younger generation of Latin Americans, including Julio Galán, Guillermo Kuitca, Jac Leirner, and Ray Smith, is especially strong. . . . ¶ "John Heartfield" (1891-1968). Father of photomontage and Dada pioneer, Heartfield, who Anglicized his name from the German Helmut Herzfeld, was a prescient enemy of Fascism. He excoriated the Nazis with works like "Hurray, the Butter Is All Gone!" (1935), depicting a German family, complete with baby and dog, eating scrap metal for strength, and "Have No Fear, He's a Vegetarian" (1932), in which a bug-eyed Adolf Hitler prepares to slaughter a turkey. The show also contains Heartfield's book jackets for John Dos Passos and Upton Sinclair. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Drypoints by Braque and Picasso, Pop art that incorporates commercial signs, and computer-assisted photolithographs are among the more than ninety works in "Reading Prints," an installation tracing the role of language in art. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," an installation, both comical and poignant, of seventeen photographs, in which the characters are William Wegman's sad-faced weimaraners. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Photographs by Philip-Lorca diCorcia. Through July 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **Note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musical performances devoted to twentieth-century Latin America.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Rebecca Horn, the first artist to have concurrent exhibits at all three Googs (uptown, SoHo, and Venice), combines elements of film, sculpture, performance, and poetry, to explore themes of human frailty, machinery, and desire. . . . ¶ "Modern Masterpieces from the Permanent Collection" features more than a hundred works, from Impressionism to Cubism, including paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Mondrian, Miró, and Picasso. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Paul Klee." One of the unique strengths of this museum's permanent collection is its extensive holdings of paintings and drawings by Paul Klee. Sixty works are on view in this meaty show, which traces the artist's career from grotesques made in his teens to the geometric abstractions made shortly before his death. Klee's childlike sense of wonder seems to blossom as the artist matures. No artist could personalize geometry quite as he did, and the roots of many of the more idiosyncratic veins of postwar art can be found here. Several drawings amplify the maze of the artist's mind, his ability to make an art that resided somewhere between play and an almost scientific investigation. The room devoted to Klee's Bauhaus years is perfection. . . . ¶ With the recent controversial purchase of the Panza collection, the Guggenheim should also be known for its extensive minimalist holdings. "Singular Dimensions in Painting," a history of geometric and monochromatic postwar painting, draws largely on Panza works and does a fine job of showing off a sampling of these extraordinary holdings. The show starts with a Reinhardt black painting, a sublime piece of negation, and from there it plots the passage of the rectangle in American painting—radiating with Albers, reverberating with Rothko, almost literally slipping off the canvas with Rauschenberg,



Persian tiles at the Met.

STEFANO VITALE

ART–Cont'd

emphasizing its edge with Stella, hazing out in a TV blur with Robert Ryman, and presenting its surface with Brice Marden. The Kellys have an electrifying intensity and examine color as form, while the Agnes Martin grid paintings—more related to landscape than pure abstraction—reside outside minimalism's rigidity, and here have a fascinating kinship with Ryman. Robert Mangold never looked so good. He reintroduces figure/ground relationships that the artists who preceded him worked hard to eliminate. . . . ¶ "Rebecca Horn." (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"The Subject of Rape," an installation that examines rape in art, history, law, and the media; and "Abject Art: Repulsion and Desire in American Art," which explores the use of degraded materials, impurity, and excess. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ "Collection in Context: Hopper in Paris" features more than eighteen works by Edward Hopper, painted during his three sojourns in Paris in the early nineteen-hundreds. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8. Closed July 4.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Second Direction: Twentieth-Century Sculptors' Drawings." More than seventy-five works from the museum's permanent collection, including figure drawings by Louise Nevelson and Isamu Noguchi. . . . ¶ Donald Lipski's startling installation, "Pieces of String Too Short to Save," has transformed the entire lobby into a vast junkyard—the detritus of a civilization. There is no string in sight, but everything else you can think of—books, bicycle reflectors, truck tires, cassette tapes, wooden lasts, dust mops—is hung on the back wall or piled on the floor. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

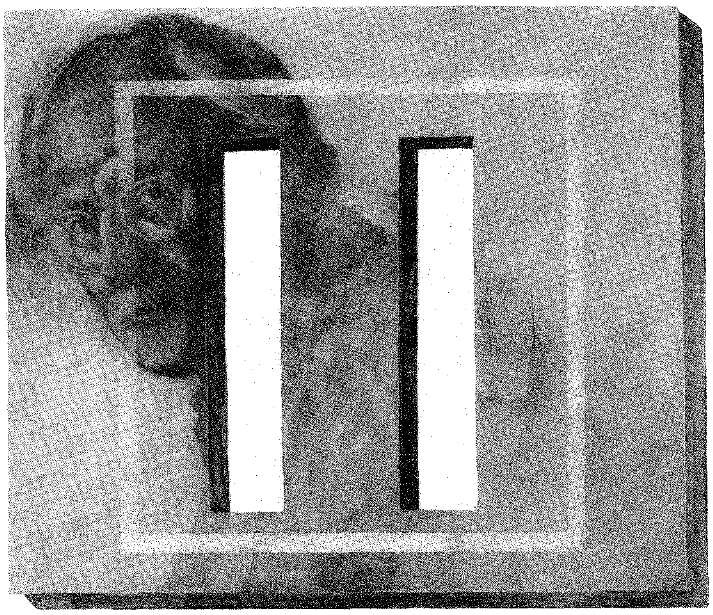
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Bears: Imagination and Reality." Black bears and grizzlies are on dramatic display in twenty-three new dioramas here; visitors can also view a forty-claw necklace and video interviews with people who have survived close encounters with bruins. . . . ¶ "The Dinosaurs of Jurassic Park" features several life-size props created for Steven Spielberg, including a Tyrannosaurus rex, a triceratops, and a velociraptor. . . . ¶ More than fifty color photographs examining "The Pantanal: Brazil's Forgotten Wilderness," a floodplain "the size of Wyoming," home to rare and endangered animal and plant species. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ "The Hall of Human Biology and Evolution," a new permanent exhibition. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Artists in the Marketplace" features thirty-five emerging New York artists. . . . ¶ "Another Perspective: Selections from the Permanent Collection." (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—"From the Inside Out" showcases eight contemporary international artists, including Christian Boltanski (photographic assemblages) and Nancy Spero (heroic women in history), whose work explores the individual experience of Judaism. . . . ¶ Work by Alice Aycock, Marc Chagall, Max Liebermann, Jules Pascin, and others, in "Collecting for the Twenty-first Century: Recent Acquisitions and Promised Gifts," an exhibit of more than fifty prints, drawings, and other works on paper. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Great Legacy: Morgan Collections, 1913-43" presents J. P. Morgan, Jr.,'s acquisitions, including medieval and Renaissance manuscripts; Gutenberg and Caxton incunabula; autograph letters by Austen, Locke, and Balzac; Rembrandt prints; and much more. Through Aug. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Flora Photographica: The Flower in Photography from 1835 to the Present." Much more than a collection of pretty blossoms, this exhibition of a hundred and eighty images is a testament to the flower's multifaceted and evocative fragility. The show ranges from Scowen & Company albumen prints from the eighteen-seventies to Robert Mapplethorpe's stately tulips. There are famous faces with flowers, too, including a 1932 Cecil Beaton portrait of Marlene Dietrich with a huge corsage, like a dream prom date, and a great 1953 shot, by Jean Dieuzaide, of Salvador Dali emerging from the water, a pair of petals balanced on the points of his waxed mustache. . . . ¶ "Dandies and Decadence: British Writers at the Turn of the Century." . . . ¶ "Femininity, Fashion, and Feminism" is an exploration of coded messages implicit in apparel. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)



César Paternosto at Exit Art.

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—The library devotes its entire space to "Jazz," an exhibition that features more than four hundred original scores and arrangements, rare manuscripts of works by Duke Ellington and Charles Mingus (including a section of Mingus's "Epitaph," until recently thought lost), film footage, photographs from the forties to the sixties, and radio broadcasts from the thirties. (Open Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

César Paternosto—This Argentine artist, who has lived in New York since 1967, has worked most of the time in relative obscurity. At the moment, though, his work can be seen both in the Latin-American show at MOMA and in this exhibition of twenty recent abstract paintings and seven new pigmented-concrete sculptures. Paternosto was inspired by the sacred architecture of the Incas—the artist has hung four photographs of fifteenth-century gateways, walls, and temples as source references—and all the paintings here feature one, two, or three rectangular apertures in the canvas. The illusion of architectural depth is enhanced by the contrast of dry-pigment borders with inner rectangles of emulsion and marble powder, suggesting mortar and adobe; the works are monochromatic, and they range from gray to brown to brick red to ochre. The sculptures, with slit openings and miniature interiors, are ingenious variations on the theme of doorways, passageways, and windows, and they, too, are charged with religious meaning. Through July 24. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

"Vintage Game Boards"—This granddaddy of SoHo galleries from time to time turns nostalgic, as in the current show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American game boards. There are several examples of exuberant visual design among these boards, the best of which are evocative records of their time: from a 1905 Parker Brothers "Train to Boston," with its track snaking between four major cities, to a 1950 P. M. Mills "Globe-Trotters," with its lofty view of the planet recalling the era's wonder at the discovery of the polar regions. Through July 16. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Show—At **ALA,** 560 Broadway: Works by five abstract painters. The best are Stephen Westfall's paintings of tightly spaced rectangles and Craig Fisher's splattered raw canvases. Through July 2.

Short List—**Siah Armajani:** Protetch, 560 Broadway. Through July 31. . . . **Roxie Munro:** Images, 580 Broadway. Through July 31. . . . **Frank Owen:** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through July 10. . . . **Kerri Scharlin:** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. Through July 24. . . . **Kenji Tsuruta:** Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. Through July 7. . . . **Barbara Valenta:** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through July 17. . . . **Elyn Zimmerman:** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. Through Sept. 11.

UPTOWN

Red Grooms—The buzzing crossroads of Grand Central is an apt site for these sculptural interpretations of some of New York's most famous icons. Visitors can walk into a subway car complete with a spring-mounted floor; sit in the back of an oversized cab and watch large video screens of animated traffic on three sides; and climb to the top of the World Trade Center for a breathtaking view of the real star of the show, the majestic, newly renovated Main Waiting Room. Grooms has recently been busy decorating a new addition: a 1949 Cadillac fastback coupé. Through Oct. 11. (Grand Central Terminal. Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Short List—**Eduardo Oliveira Cezar:** Littlejohn-Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 10. . . . **David Driskell:** Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 16. . . . **Walter Hatke** and **Keith Jacobshagen:** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 30. . . . **Young-Hoon Ko:** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 10. . . . **Kenneth Noland:** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 3. . . . **Kikuo Saito** and **John Dubrow:** Salander O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Through July 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Altoon Sultan:** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Through July 9. (Open Mondays.)

TIM BOWER

PHOTOGRAPHY

Beyond Beautiful

For most people, Ansel Adams (1902-1984) is to photography what apple pie is to America. His romantic photographs of the American West are worshipful in a way that gives them great meaning for those who love nature, and his technical perfectionism has influenced generations of photographers. But because Adams is usually associated with pure landscape imagery, free of all the invasions of modern life, his work is sometimes dismissed as sentimental, boring, or escapist.

The Adams show at Mann (42 East 76th Street; through July 29) consists mostly of his beautiful classic scenes, in sizes that range from vintage small to high-decibel jumbo. The exhibit also serves as a reminder that Adams could take great portraits, great casual shots, and even pull off energetic modernist abstraction just as expertly as he could inspire awe with nature's majesty. An example of an abstract is "Glass Shards," from around 1939, which could be a late Futurist or late Cubist work. One of the portraits is a shot from 1937 of an impishly smiling Georgia O'Keeffe standing next to her friend Orville Cox, at Canyon de Chelly, in Arizona. We're used to seeing O'Keeffe posed, serious, and seemingly aware of her immortality; Adams' portrayal of her is a relief and a surprise.

Herman Oliver Albrecht (1876-1944)—Photographs taken in turn-of-the-century San Francisco. Albrecht's street photography is often memorable, especially his series depicting a funeral procession in Chinatown. Through July 16. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

Arthur Elgort—Black-and-white rodeo photographs with the vibrancy of Elgort's high-fashion work. Through July 4. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

Larry Sultan—Thirteen large prints that showcase Sultan's conceptual use of color—particularly, green. Through July 9. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Outside the Dream: Child Poverty in America." Seventy black-and-white works by photojournalist Stephen Shames. . . . ¶ Collaborative projects by artists and disadvantaged teen-agers. Starts July 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.—"Commodity Image." Eighty works exploring contemporary photography's role in commerce and desire. Through July 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**a. roy greer:** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through July 17. . . . **christopher james:** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through July 22. . . . **andrea modica:** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **tomio seike:** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through July 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **sabine weiss** and **bruce cratsley:** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Through July 30.

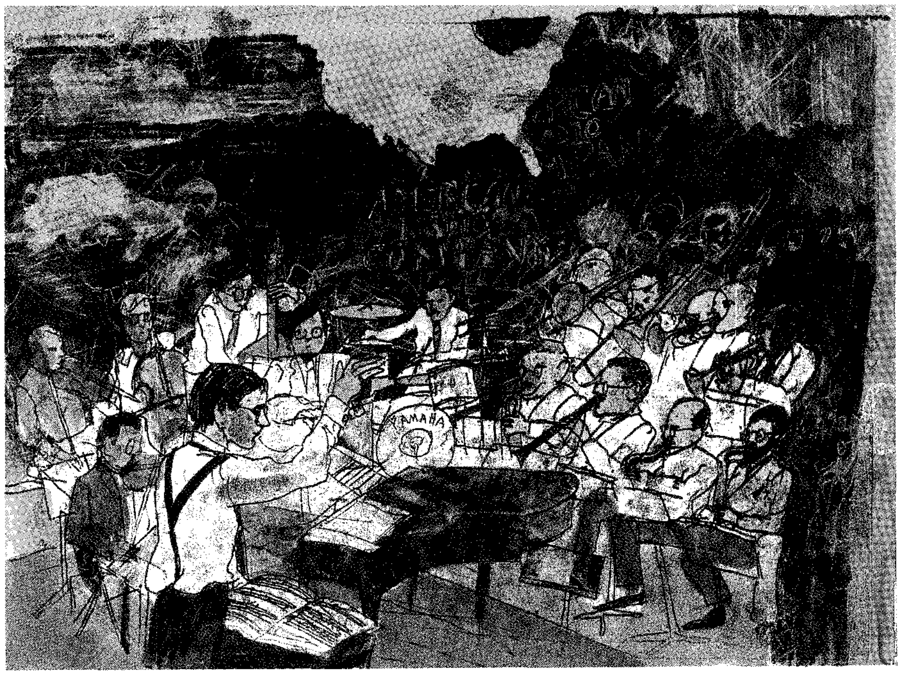
(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of Natural History, the Jewish Museum, the New York Public Library, and the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts.)

MUSIC

Give and Take

Back in the era of Sputnik, "cultural exchange" between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. loomed large in concert planning and comforted the anxious public mind. Some time or other in those years, Isaac Stern is said to have remarked, "They send us violinists from Odessa. We send them violinists from Odessa."

The exaggeration makes its point: "exchange" had been going on for years in the form of emigration, and many of the best American musicians available for export to Khrushchev's Russia had roots in Stalin's or Lenin's or the czars'. (A quick run over anyone's short list of great American conductors is instructive here.) And a nation whose artistic life is defined largely by the unique ways in which it processes art of the Old Worlds, both East and West, will always look with interest and expectation at any new wave of immigration. There is no shortage of young stars from the former Soviet republics, and conservatories here are filled with aspirants whose families have decided not to take their chances with chaos and anti-Semitism at home. In the meantime, a new cultural exchange is under way in the form of the American Russian Youth Orchestra, a group of eighty young players (forty from each nation), who will perform under Hugh Wolff and Arnold Katz, on June 30, at the United Nations. Besides rehearsing for long hours (a Russian and an American together at each music stand, as far as possible), the group is sharing lectures, language classes, and tours, both here and in Russia. Music will be made; also, inevitably, friendships and plans.



Rob Fisher and the Coffee Club Orchestra at Caramoor.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man," Ives' "Variations on 'America'" (as arranged by William Schuman), Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (featuring pianist Christopher O'Riley), and Bernstein's "Symphonic Dances from 'West Side Story.'" An eruption of fireworks will follow. (Great Lawn, Central Park. July 4 at 8. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—The festival's twenty-seventh season opens as Gerard Schwarz conducts the festival orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 24, Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Joshua Bell), and several arias (featuring June Anderson), as well as Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with André Watts) and Symphony No. 4 (the "Italian"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. July 6-7 at 8. The festival continues through Aug. 21.)

American Russian Youth Orchestra—A binational ensemble of musicians ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-five, conducted by Hugh Wolff and by Arnold Katz. The program comprises Barber's "Overture to 'The School for Scandal,'" Copland's "Appalachian Spring," and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. (General Assembly Hall, United Nations, First Ave. at 45th St. June 30 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 702-4864.)

Russian Chamber Chorus—Nicolai Kachanov directs ancient Russian chants, selections from Tchaikovsky's Vespers, and choral works by Sergei Taneyev. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. 928-4809. June 30 at 8.)

Goldman Memorial Band—Gene Young conducts an all-American concert, with a predominance of marches, including works by Ives, Barber (his "Commando March"), Sousa, Edwin Franko Goldman, and Morton Gould (his "American Salute"). (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 2 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

Robert Barrows—Organist, performing an all-Bach recital. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. June 30 at 8. Admission by contribution. Organ by von Beckerath.)

Bargemusic—A large-ensemble week, by barge standards: piano quintets by Schumann, Shostakovich, and Milhaud (an arrangement

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of his "La Création du Monde"). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 1 at 7:30 and June 4 at 4.)

SUMMERGARDEN—The opening concerts in the Museum of Modern Art's annual alfresco celebration of the music of our time. This year's series, which will offer a different program each weekend through August 28, will focus on twentieth-century Latin-American music, and those who attend religiously will encounter works by no fewer than fifty-seven composers. In the two presentations of the first program, Joel Sachs will lead a chamber orchestra of Juilliard students in works by six composers from as many lands: Tania Léon (from Cuba), Juan Orrego-Salas (from Chile), Martín Matalon (from Argentina), Rafael Aponte-Ledée (from Puerto Rico), Max Lifchitz (from Mexico), and Paul Desenne (from Venezuela). (Sculpture Garden, 14 W. 54th St. July 2-3 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

CARILLON—'Tis true, we New Yorkers have not the Liberty Bell, but we do our best. At the same hour on Independence Day when Philadelphians must settle for the tolling of a single paltry campanella, Joseph Clair Davis will preside over the seventy-four bells of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Carillon (which includes the largest, heaviest carillon bell in the world) for an all-American recital of traditional, popular, and spiritual music for idiophones. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 4 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

CECILIA GNIEWEK-BRAUER—Musical glasses are not something you wear in order to see as far as your music stand but, rather, a sophisticated form of the after-dinner diversion of stroking the rims of wineglasses to produce ethereal tones. A great musical mind of the mid-eighteenth century organized enough such glasses to form a chromatic instrument, the pitch of each vessel being minutely determined by its size and ullage; in 1746, so great an eminence as Gluck played an entire concert in London on a set of twenty-six musical glasses "tuned with spring water." Fifteen years later, Benjamin Franklin was seized with the idea of flattening the glasses into bowls and mounting them concentrically along a horizontal axle, which the performer would rotate by pumping a treadle. The ease afforded by this modification brought the armonica (as Franklin dubbed it) more fully into the harmonic mainstream, where it enjoyed the compositional attention of Mozart and Beethoven, among others. Armonica playing perseveres in our own time thanks to a very few dedicated enthusiasts, Ms. Gniewek-Brauer among them. She'll talk about her instrument and play a selection of original works and arrangements. (Abigail Adams Smith Museum, 421 E. 61st St. July 6 at 6:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

OUT OF TOWN

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—July 1 at 4:15: Cellist Daniel Gaisford and pianist Nelson Padgett perform sonatas by Barber and Rachmaninoff, as well as de Falla's "Suite Populaire Espagnole." . . . ¶ July 2 at 8:30: The Mozartean Players (a period-instrument piano trio) perform trios by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and the group's pianist, Steven Lubin, takes a solo turn on Mozart's Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman" (K. 265, known to most of us as "Twinkle Twinkle, Little Star") . . . . ¶ July 3 at 8:30: Ragtimes, marches, and circus tunes from yesteryear, through the graces of the Great American Main Street Band, featuring cornettist Stephen Burns, trombonist Scott Hartman, and tuba player Sam Pilafian. . . . ¶ July 4 at 5:30: Tenor Jerry Hadley joins the Coffee Club Orchestra (with Rob Fisher at its helm) in classic American popular songs and theatre music. (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

OPERA FESTIVAL OF NEW JERSEY—July 1 at 8 and July 4 at 3: "Carmen," sung in English. . . . ¶ July 3 at 8: "The Magic Flute," in English. (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-609 936-1500.)

TANGLEWOOD—Opening concerts of the festival's fifty-seventh season, which will run through Sept. 5. July 1 at 8:30: The Juilliard String Quartet performs quartets by Haydn (Op. 20, No. 2) and Janáček (his First, the "Kreutzer Sonata"), as well as Schubert's String Quintet (with the assistance of cellist Norman Fisher). . . . ¶ July 2 at 8:30: Members of the Juilliard String Quartet join the Boston Symphony Chamber Players in Schubert's Octet and a flute quintet by his contemporary Friedrich Kuhlau. . . . ¶ July 3 at 8:30: A concert for Schubertophiles, comprising Schubert's "Schwanengesang" (performed by baritone Håkan Hagegård and pianist Robin Sutherland) and E-Flat Major Notturno (for piano trio), as well as John Harbison's "November 19, 1828: Hallucination in Four Episodes for Piano and String Trio," which is a recent meditation on Schubert's untimely demise; with pianist Gilbert Kalish and the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ July 4 at 7: Peter, Paul & Mary (following an afternoon packed with jugglers, organ-grinders, and other such attractions). (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—July 2 at 8:30: An odd coupling of Schubert's Piano Trio in B-Flat Major and opera ensembles by Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, and Strauss. . . . ¶ July 3 at 8:30: Pianist Joseph Kalichstein and three string-playing colleagues offer Dvořák's Piano Quartet in E-Flat, on a program that also includes Respighi's "Il Tramonto" and Ravel's Violin Sonata (in a transcription for viola). (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-3000.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS—An old-timer among summer music festivals, Maverick is now in its seventy-eighth season, through Sept. 5. The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble will perform Beethoven's 1795 String Quintet (Op. 4, the composer's own recomposition of the earlier Wind Octet, which was published years later as Op. 103), Copland's Sextet (for clarinet, piano, and strings), and a group of songs by Beethoven; featuring soprano Camellia Johnson and pianist Ursula Oppens. (Woodstock, N.Y. July 4 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-914 679-8217.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK—If Tom Jones can do it . . . (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. 1-516 334-0800. June 30-July 3 at 8 and July 4 at 7.)

JEFFERSON STARSHIP—They're calling it the "Deep Space 1993" tour, but the current flight crew really looks more like the Captain Kirk-era Jefferson Airplane. Now in command are the group's ever-returning prodigal cadet, singer Marty Balin; the all-time king of the headbands, bassist Jack Casady; and the band's faithful keeper of the dilithium crystal, guitarist Paul Kantner. Can these old sky pilots still "Ride the Tiger" or go "3/5 of a Mile in Ten Seconds"? Maybe, but if not, don't be surprised if the next tour is entitled "The Search for Slick." Opening is Richie Havens, whose new best-of collection, "Résumé," contains "Here Comes the Sun," "Just Like a Woman," and just about everything else you'd expect—everything except that Amtrak commercial, darn it. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 1 at 8.)

STEVE MILLER BAND—He's a joker, he's a smoker, he's a midnight toker—and he's the walking definition of "classic rock." Miller started out as your basic late-sixties, FM-progressive, hippy-trippy San Francisco blues-rock guitarist. Then came "Fly Like an Eagle," "Rock'n Me," and all those other seventies hits that seeped into the Top Ten and our collective unconscious. "Wide River" is his first album of new material since 1988; if you don't want to hear it, better keep the car

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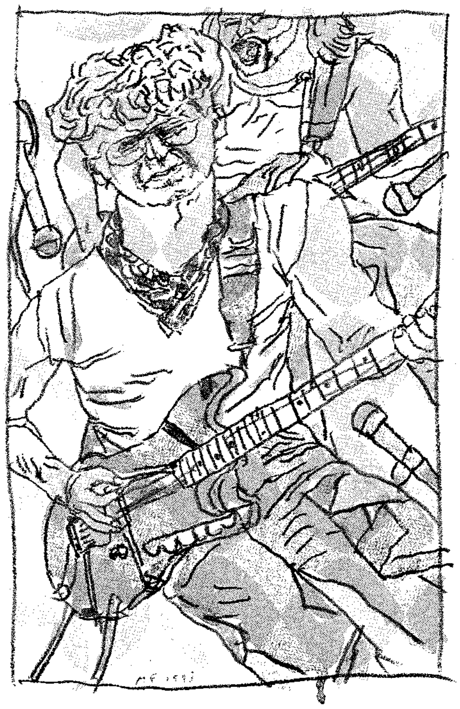


Black 47 and . . .

radio off. Also on the bill is British dino-rocker Paul Rodgers. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 1-2 at 8.)

Black 47/Don Byron—The Unmelting Pot of New York offers up a fantastic stew with this loony but inspired pairing of multi-hyphenated bands. Black 47 is a rocket-powered Bronx-Irish rock band that reminds a listener of the Pogues, the Clash, and Mott the Hoople, while lead singer Larry Kirwan's passionate autobiographical lyrics give it all a kick of poetic originality. Don Byron, the astute dreadlocked jazz clarinettist, will be playing the klezmer music of the late Mickey Katz, as he does on his wonderful new album. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 4 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Diedre Murray—With her band, Magumbo, in a rooftop concert. (Y.W.C.A., Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. June 30 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Stephanie Mills/The O'Jays—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 1 at 8.

Penny Ford—Central Park SummerStage. July 3 at 3. No tickets necessary.

Women in Jazz—A series of free midday concerts. June 30: The Charmaine Neville band. . . . ¶ July 1: Jane Ira Bloom. . . . ¶ July 2: Ifeachor Okeke. (Tobin Plaza, World Trade Center. Performances at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

Fore!

EVEN if you've never understood the pleasure to be found in knocking a small white ball around with a stick, you have to admire the ingenuity and determination of the developers of the Randalls Island Golf and Entertainment Center (427-5689), just across the Manhattan span of the Triboro Bridge, at 125th Street. On this odd island, home to the Fire Academy and the Department of Sanitation Training Center, the American Golf Corporation has built a driving range, a batting range, and two miniature-golf courses, one of which features an artificial cave and a waterfall on the ninth hole.

The Parks Department has been trying to lure people out to Randalls Island since Robert Moses sank the pilings of the Triboro Bridge there in the nineteen-thirties, and with the Golf Practice Center it may finally succeed. A sign at the bridge's Manhattan toll plaza has brought in a number of people. They put a token or two in the Swedish Range Servant, which looks like an ice machine but dispenses golf balls, and hit a few baskets of balls while waiting out the evening rush hour. On Friday mornings, Bill Castner, one of the resident golf pros, coaches a group of woman executives who say they feel handicapped at corporate golf outings. A Scotsman who drove over from Manhattan with his clubs late one morning (the center is open seven days a week, from 7 A.M. to midnight) said, "I think it's terrific. Coming under the bridge, you think it's going to be some dump, but it's really very nice. It's healthy-looking. I think they've got it now. They've got me."

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Detroit Tigers, June 30 at 1.

Mets—Vs. the San Francisco Giants, July 2 at 7:40, July 3 at 7:10 (Fireworks Night), and July 4 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Diego Padres, July 5-6 at 7:40.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 7:30 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesday through Saturday nights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

With Twenty-two Fists Holding Tight—Mary Poppins would be blown away. An eleven-person team from Zama City, Japan, will help fly an eighteen-square-foot kite, a traditional event in Japan during the windy season. (East Meadow, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 97th St. July 4, from 2:30 to about 5. No tickets necessary.)

Crafty—Looking for a weathervane, an oak executive desk, or perhaps a pair of handmade shoes? They're all available at the seventeenth annual American Crafts Festival at Lincoln Center. More than four hundred craft displays will brighten the plaza and adjacent spaces; craftspeople will demonstrate glass etching and will play handmade ceramic musical instruments. Entertainment will include performances by trampoline acrobats, a Cajun cellist, and a Dixieland jazz band. (Lincoln Center. July 3-4, from noon to 9. No tickets necessary. The festival will continue the following weekend.)

Annual Armada—The tenth annual Stars & Stripes Regatta will be held in New York Harbor on July 3-4. A hundred and twenty sailboats will leave from the western tip of Manhattan, sailing south past the Statue of Liberty, and down into the lower bay, navigating most of the Harbor. The races are scheduled to begin at 11 each morning, weather permitting, and will last four to five hours.

Independence Booms—As in the past sixteen years, Macy's will light up the Fourth of July with all kinds of pyrotechnics. This year's explosions will take place over the Hudson River, between the World Financial Center and 14th Street. Viewing spots include West Street, from Horatio to Christopher Streets, and from West Houston to Vesey Street. Be advised that Battery Park and Battery Park City will both be blocked off. The thirty minutes of fireworks will begin at 9:20. WPLJ 95.5 FM will simultaneously broadcast a musical score to accompany the bombs bursting in air.

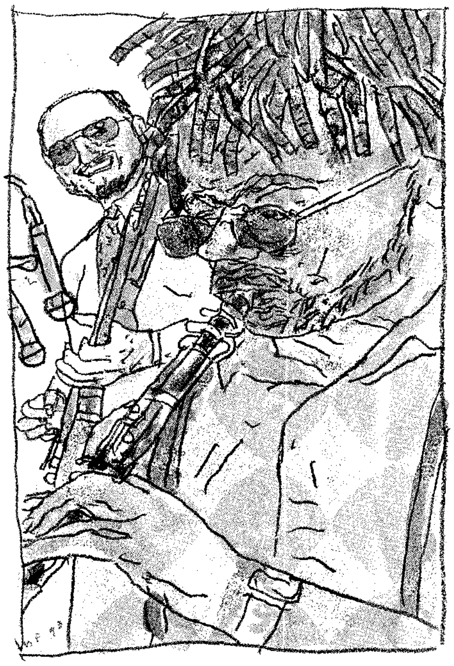
Lincoln Center Swing—Treat your tootsies to some serious rug cutting at Midsummer Night Swing. This week will include country-and-Western music and Dixieland swing. June 30: Brave Combo. . . . ¶ July 1: The Tim Gillis band. . . . ¶ July 2: Dick Hyman's Dixielanders. . . . ¶ July 3: The Clark Eno orchestra. (Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from 8:15 to 11. Dance instruction begins at 6:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Through July 24. Tickets at the door. For more information, call 875-5400.)

Shakespeare in the Other Park—Rakka-Thamm! Theatre Company will present "As You Like It" in Washington Square Park. The jungle gym, the fort, and the wooded area, all in the park's southwest corner, will serve as the stage. (June 30-July 5 at 8. No show on July 4. No tickets necessary.)

Ernest Entrée—July 6 at 6:30: The final installment of Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast" will be read by actors. (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. No tickets necessary. For directions, call 864-1414.)

Talks—July 6 at 6: Manthia Diawara will discuss the ways black culture is represented in film. An urban blues performance by Johnny Allen will follow. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 6 at 8:15: Correspondent John Stossel will talk about his career as a reporter. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Walks & Tours—July 1 at 6 A.M.: A behind-the-scenes look at the Fulton Fish Market will be offered by the South Street Seaport. For more information, call 669-9416. . . . ¶ July 3 at 1: Big Onion Walking Tours is offering a special Independence Day tour of American Revolution sites in lower Manhattan. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ July 3 at 1: Radical Walking Tours will guide participants through the Sheridan Square neighborhood. . . . ¶ July 4 at 1:30: Adventure on a Shoestring is offering a tour of the Asian metropolis Flushing, Queens. For more information, call 265-2663.



Don Byron at SummerStage.

MARVIN FRIEDMAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Map of the Human Heart" (directed by Vincent Ward).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Orlando" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through July 1: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episodes 6 and 7" (Edgar Reitz).
From July 2: Theatre closed.

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through July 1: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (1958, Douglas Sirk).
July 2-3 and July 6-7: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episodes 1-7" (Edgar Reitz).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron).
Theatre 2: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle).
Theatre 3: "Dennis the Menace"; and "Dave" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack).
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 4: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 5: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Firm."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Hard-Boiled" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 1: "American Heart" (Martin Bell). From July 2: "Son-in-Law" (Steve Rash), with Pauly Shore.
Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Guilty as Sin" (†). From July 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938).
Theatre 4: "Chain of Desire" (Temistocles Lopez), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 5: "The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Theatre 6: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan).
Theatre 7: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack).
Theatre 2: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron).
Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Menace II Society" (†). From July 2: "Son-in-Law" (Steve Rash).
Theatre 4: "The Firm."
Theatre 5: "Sleepless in Seattle."
Theatre 6: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor); and "Map of the Human Heart" (Vincent Ward).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Guilty as Sin" (†). From July 2: "Son-in-Law" (Steve Rash).
Theatre 4: Through July 1: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne). From July 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack).
Theatre 3: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through July 1: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine). From July 2: "Son-in-Law" (Steve Rash), with Pauly Shore.
Theatre 2: Through July 1: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan). From July 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"House of Cards" (Michael Lessac).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee.
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor); and "Benny & Joon" (Jeremiah Chechik).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Last Action Hero" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 4: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 6: "Jurassic Park" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle), with Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 2: "Made in America" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Menace II Society" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Firm" (Sydney Pollack), with Tom Cruise.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Firm" (Sydney Pollack), with Tom Cruise.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron).
Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 1: "Made in America" (†). From July 2: "Son-in-Law" (Steve Rash).
Theatre 5: "Sleepless in Seattle."
Theatre 6: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 7: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through July 1: "Menace II Society" (†). From July 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938).
Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "A Question of Color" (directed by Kathe Sandler) and "No Regret" (Marlon Riggs).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Romper Stomper" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne).
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor); and "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography" (†).
Theatre 2: "For a Lost Soldier" (Roeland Kerbosch, in Dutch).
Theatre 3: "House of Cards" (Michael Lessac).
Theatre 4: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 4: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 5: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 7: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 8: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 9: "Last Action Hero" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 1: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce). From July 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938).
Theatre 3: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 1: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
From July 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).
Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne).
Theatre 3: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce).
Theatre 4: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee.
Theatre 5: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French).
Theatre 6: "Map of the Human Heart" (Vincent Ward).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Chain of Desire" (Temistocles Lopez).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou); and "The Long Day Closes" (Terence Davies).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Music of Chance" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dave" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through July 1: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.
From July 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: "Jacquot" (Agnès Varda; in French).
Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 6: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron).
Theatre 4: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack).
Theatre 6: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 1: "Jurassic Park" (†). From July 2: "Son-in-Law" (Steve Rash).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty as Sin" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (†).

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Theatre 4: "Sleepless in Seattle" (directed by Nora Ephron).
Theatre 5: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).
Theatre 6: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle).
Theatre 7: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 2: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel). From July 2: "Son-in-Law" (Steve Rash).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Firm" (Sydney Pollack), with Tom Cruise.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Last Action Hero" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through July 1: "Two-Faced Woman" (1941, directed by George Cukor) and "As You Desire Me" (1932, George Fitzmaurice).
July 2-5: "The Ghost Ship" (1944, Mark Robson), "Cat People" (†), and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943, Jacques Tourneur).
From July 6: "The Ghost Ship", "The Leopard Man" (1943, Jacques Tourneur), and "Isle of the Dead" (1945, Mark Robson).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 1: "King Kong" (1932, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack); and "One Million B.C." (1940, Hal Roach and Hal Roach, Jr.).
July 2-3: "Show Boat" (1951, George Sidney); and "Two Tickets to Broadway" (1951, James V. Hern).
July 4-6: "Topper" (†) and "Vivacious Lady" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 30: "1900" (1977, Bernardo Bertolucci).
July 1: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955, Orson Welles) and "The Stranger" (1946, Welles).
July 2-3: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948, Orson Welles) and "Gilda" (1946, Charles Vidor).
July 4: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols) and "Butterfield 8" (1960, Daniel Mann).
July 5: "Les Enfants Terribles" (1949, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French) and "The Eternal Return" (1943, Jean Delannoy; in French).
July 6: "Madame Sousatzka" (1988, John Schlesinger); and "The Competition" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—July 1 at 2:30 and July 4 at 2: "The Lost Moment" (1947, directed by Martin Gabel).... ¶ July 1 at 3 and July 3 at 5: "Summer Interlude" (†).... ¶ July 1 at 6: "The Heiress" (1949, William Wyler).... ¶ July 1 at 6 and July 3 at 2:30: "Bombshell" (1933, Victor Fleming).... ¶ July 2 at 2:30 and July 5 at 5: "The Bostonians" (1984, James Ivory).... ¶ July 2 at 3 and July 4 at 5: "Badlands" (1973, Terrence Malick).... ¶ July 2 at 6 and July 3 at 1: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974, Jacques Rivette; in French).... ¶ July 2 at 6: "Mafioso" (1964, Alberto Lattuada; in Italian).... ¶ July 3 at 5: "The Nightcomers" (1972, Michael Winner).... ¶ July 4 at 2:30 and July 5 at 5: "Magnificent Obsession" (1935, John M. Stahl).... ¶ July 4 at 5 and July 5 at 2: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston).... ¶ July 5 at 2:30 and July 6 at 6: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932, Ernst Lubitsch).... ¶ July 6 at 3: "The Lineup" (1958, Don Siegel).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—July 2 at 2, 6:15, and 10 and July 3 at 4 and 8:15: "Grisbi" (1953, Jacques Becker; in French).... ¶ July 2 at 3:45 and 8 and July 3 at 6 and 10: "Inspector Maigret" (1957, Jean Dellanoy; in French).... ¶ July 3-4 at 2: "The Red Balloon" (1956, Albert Lamorisse; a French film without dialogue); and "White Mane" (1953, Lamorisse).... ¶ July 4 at 4 and 8 and July 5 at 2, 6, and 10: "La Chienne" (see below).... ¶ July 4 at 6 and 10 and July 5 at 4 and 8: "Le Boucher" (1969, Claude Chabrol; in French).... ¶ July 6 at 2, 6, and 10: "L'Étrange Monsieur Victor" (1937, Jean Grémillon; in French).... ¶ July 6 at 4:15 and 8:15: "Buffet Froid" (1980, Bertrand Blier; in French).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"What Made Pistachio Nuts? Early Sound Comedy and the Vaudeville Tradition." July 3-4 at 2: "Phantom President" (†).... ¶ July 3-4 at 4: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932, Edward Cline).

MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
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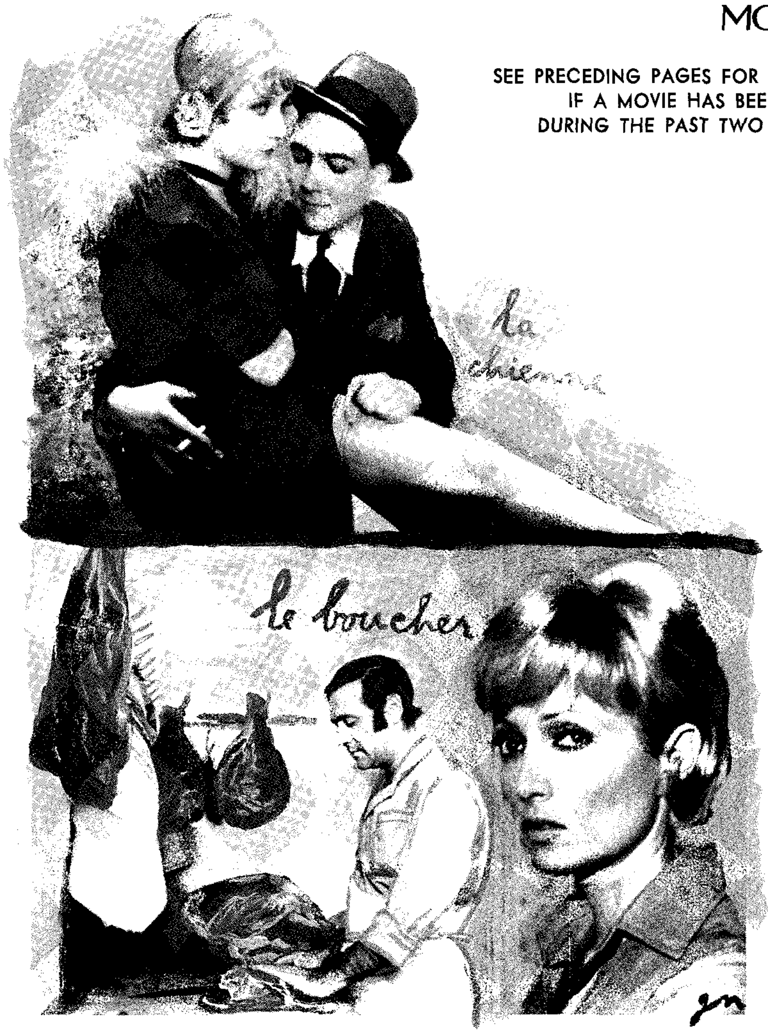


At the Walter Reade Theatre, Janie Marèze and Georges Flamant in "La Chienne," and Jean Yanne and Stéphane Audran in "Le Boucher."

GERARD NICOLAS

Divided by Three

EVEN Jean Renoir's own aphorism—"In this world, there is one terrible thing, and that is that everyone has his reasons"—cannot adequately describe the flux of incident and character in his second sound film, 1931's "La Chienne" (playing July 4-5, at the Walter Reade Theatre). Of course, everyone does have reasons in the tragicomical love triangle of a cashier-painter (Michel Simon), a gigolo-like pimp (Georges Flamant), and a reluctant demimondaine (Janie Marèze)—the woman who destroys them all. Still, what's most exhilarating about experiencing this movie is figuring out who everyone is at any instant—lover or buffoon, hero or villain, exploiter or victim. Renoir's lambent lighting, restless camera, emotion-charged stagecraft, and lyrical use of shifting focus take your breath away: he deploys his techniques, ruthlessly and lovingly, to center attention on his doomed erotic fools. From the opening scene, of Simon exuding a shabby-genteel sort of poetic alienation at a party with his officemates, Renoir crystallizes the pressures the world puts on every individual. While the rest of the actors have élan, Simon is amazing—his performance is forceful even when he's in repose. In "La Chienne" character is action *and* inaction. The movie is a manifesto for using cinema to reveal the metamorphosis of souls.

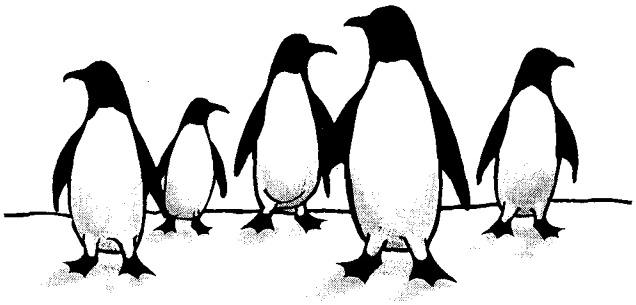
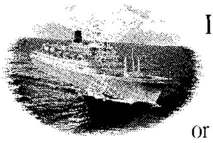
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While other B-budget horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angeles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures aren't really very good, but they're so much more imaginative than most of the horror films that other producers were grinding out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the Cat Woman's husband, Jane Randolf, Jack Holt, and Alan Napier.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; July 2-5.)

Cliffhanger—For the first ten minutes, it lives up to its title. Up in the Rockies, Gabe Walker (Sylvester Stallone) and a damsel in distress dangle over an abyss, while the director, Renny Harlin, speeds up the editing until we giggle with nerves. But that rasping tension is soon smoothed away, as the plot sets off on its daft and hackneyed course. A hundred million dollars is being flown over the mountains; a criminal named Qualen (John Lithgow), as brilliant and psychotic as every other movie criminal these days, wants to get his hands on it, but watches it drop out of the air and fall on the peaks. Can Gabe beat him to it? Well, yes, but don't let on. The camera glides and wriggles into places no man has gone before, and some of the rock-face shots make your head spin. But who cares if somebody is hanging on for dear life when none of the lives at stake seem especially human? Gabe has a couple of solemn scenes with his old girlfriend Jessie (Janine Turner), but the dumb, catchy pathos of Stallone's "Rocky" days has deserted him, and we cringe at his efforts to move us. He's not alone; the whole picture keeps missing the target. It aims at tautness and ends up with random desperation. You can never work out where the characters are or how they manage to burst into view at the critical moment. Harlin hardly notices the landscape—he's too busy cramming together his closeups and delivering one emotional hammerblow after another.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/21/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Un Coeur en Hiver—Claude Sautet's film, as its title suggests, is not much of a heartwarmer, but its cool look at thwarted passion is enthralling nonetheless. Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) makes and mends violins; Camille (Emmanuelle Béart) plays them. The two of them shift from distrust to desire to disappointment—in other words, they go through all the motions of love except the making of it. This is so restrained it's shocking; we feel the terrible pressure of all that Stéphane might do with his life and yet refuses to attempt. With his spirit as buttoned down as his shirts, Auteuil offers a startling portrayal of failure, never hamming it up for the sake of our compassion. André Dussollier turns in an equally quiet performance as Stéphane's business partner and rival in love; add Béart's immaculate poise, and you wonder what strange district of Paris this is. The movie will hardly blow your mind, but there's nothing precious here; Sautet builds up a needling tension, aided by fine renditions of Ravel at his most difficult and plaintive. In French.—A.L. (6/7/93) (Village East Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Competition (1980)—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held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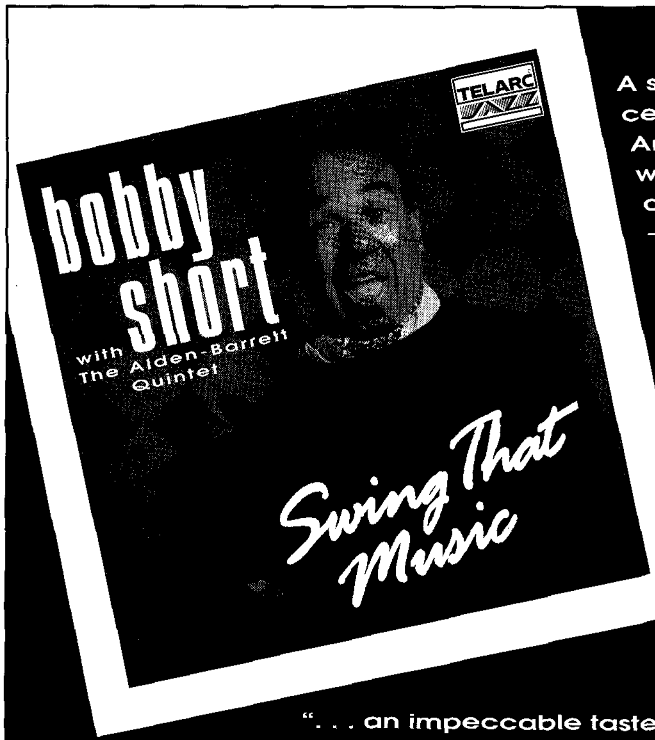

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. Her voice suggests that she's in a thick, muggy haze, and she drawls affectedly. He scrunches up his face, claps his hand to the back of his neck, and turns away; trying to act a sensitive musician under a terrible strain, he comes across as a throbbing, shuddering wreck. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6.)

Dave—Dave Kovic (Kevin Kline), the hero of Ivan Reitman's populist comedy, is a regular middle-class guy who happens to be a dead ringer for the President of the United States (also Kline). The screenplay, by Gary Ross, contrives to put Dave in the Oval Office, where he poses as the President and allows himself (initially) to be manipulated by the crafty White House chief of staff (Frank Langella). By the end of the picture, he has restored honesty and decency to the government, and has fallen in love with the First Lady (Sigourney Weaver). In the first half hour or so, the movie is hilarious, because its humor is mostly destructive; and Kline's performance as the real President is a chillingly funny portrait of Chief Executive as empty suit. But after the promisingly nasty beginning, the filmmakers settle into a sort of campaign mode, lulling and flattering the audience with a fairy-tale vision of the common man's victory over the Washington establishment. The movie's crowd-pleasing agenda inexorably saps its energy. Reitman and Ross are willing to sacrifice bite for across-the-board appeal, and they wind up with a political comedy that has no politics.—T.R. (5/17/93) (New York Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex. Evenings only.)

Guilty as Sin—There's a germ of an amusing idea in this farfetched "Jagged Edge" ripoff (from the same producer, Martin Ransohoff). The villain, a well-heeled gigolo, isn't a conventional ladies' man. He's a narcissistic male vamp: a sex-reversed femme fatale. But the germ doesn't have a chance to grow in the sterile atmosphere imposed by Sidney Lumet's journeyman direction and Larry Cohen's largely witless and mechanical script. Apart from Don Johnson, who camps things up as the bad guy, no one seems to be in on the joke—including Rebecca De Mornay, as his intrigued, then appalled attorney. She does, though, bear a remarkable resemblance to Hillary Rodham Clinton. With Jack Warden in the Robert Loggia role of the lawyer-heroine's trusted investigator and old pal.—M.S. (Cinema II, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Guild; through July 1.)

Hard-Boiled—Hong Kong action specialist John Woo does a vivid cartoon version of the kinetics and the twisted-loyalty themes of Sam Peckinpah in this tale of duelling triads and lawmen. It gives the phrase "friendly fire" a new urban meaning: undercover police as well as innocent bystanders are caught in the crossfire when supercop Chow Yun-fat gets to the bottom of an enormous criminal arsenal. Images of a tearoom and a hospital shot up and transformed into charnel houses may reflect the chaos of Hong Kong, but Woo is no message-movie-maker—he works everything out strictly in terms of violent spectacle. His operatic excesses push it all into pitch-black comedy. Bodies don't just fall in this movie: they go into extravagant flailings that alternately resemble a tumbling act, a Twyla Tharp dance, and Sammy Davis, Jr.,'s pistol-tap routine. In Cantonese.—M.S. (Cinema Village.)

Hot Shots! Part Deux—Over the final credits, a voice announces that this burlesque of Rambo was "filmed in Hollywood before a live studio audience." A so-so joke, but a fecund idea. When it comes to features, the "Hot Shots!" team of director/writer Jim Abrahams and co-writer/executive producer Pat Proft can't go the distance (even for under ninety minutes). But sending up movie fads on a cable-TV comedy show (like a resuscitated "Not Necessarily the News"), they might emerge as brilliant wiseacres—especially if they picked targets more timely than Rambo. Though good sport Charlie Sheen is all pumped up to play top-gun-turned-commando Topper Harley, and Valeria Golino has developed a fetching deadpan as his true love, Ramada, the funniest bits are isolated spoofs of recent clichés, like a "Basic Instinct" bedroom scene—silly stuff that's cable-ready.—M.S. (Gotham Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Jurassic Park—Steven Spielberg's warm-blooded, state-of-the-art dinosaurs are a lot speedier than their nearest movie kin, the galumphing atomic-mutant monsters that crunched Japanese cities under their feet in the fifties and early sixties, and that enables the filmmaker to create dynamic stalk-and-chase sequences. The carnivorous dinos are efficient, resourceful predators: good scream-generators, in movie terms, because they're both intelligent and relentless, like the best serial killers. But neither they nor the placid herbivores inspire anything close to awe, even with the aid of audience stimulants like surging symphonic music (by the shameless John Williams) and repeated closeups of wide-eyed, openmouthed actors. The screenplay, which is credited to Michael Crichton and David Koepp, reduces Crichton's intricately constructed novel to its bare bones: people running away from hungry animals. Spielberg's monsters have a showroom shine, but the novelty wears off fast; for all the ingenuity of the movie's engineering, "Jurassic Park" doesn't have the imagination—or the courage—to take us any place we haven't been a thousand times before. It's just a creature feature on amphetamines. With Jeff Goldblum, Laura Dern, Sam Neill, and Richard Attenborough.— T.R. (6/28/93) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, Regency, and Metro Cinema.)

Last Action Hero—With Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien, directed by John McTiernan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Made in America—"Broad comedy and heartfelt drama." Doesn't it sound grisly? And that's just how the press kit describes this slapstick sperm-bank sob story. TV-soap star Nia Long plays a brilliant, beautiful black high-school senior who discovers that her mother's husband died before she was even conceived, that her Afrocentrist mother (Whoopi Goldberg) was artificially inseminated, and that the sperm donor of record—whom she insists on calling her father—is a white, Barnum-like car salesman (Ted Danson). For half the running time, Danson pratfalls while Goldberg and Long burn; later, when Goldberg and Danson get cozy and Long objects, it becomes a failed tearjerker. All the crowd-pleasing guffaws are in the trailer, and they occur only when the plot turns. It's like a novel whose energy goes into funny chapter headings. Luckily, Will Smith, as Long's best friend, takes the lurches in his lanky stride—he's in the odd position of being the comic relief in a comedy. Richard Benjamin directed the script by Holly Goldberg Sloan (from a story by Marcia Brandwynne, Nadine Schiff, and Sloan).—M.S. (New York Twin, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Orpheum VII; through July 1.)

Menace II Society—This inner-city crime melodrama, set in Watts, is a speedy, violent, adolescent-cynical take on the no-hope lives of young black men. The filmmakers—twenty-one-year-old twins Allen and Albert Hughes—aren't interested in the tragic irony of the classic gangster film; they aim, instead, for the throwaway, life-is-cheap tone of grimy fifties B-pictures. They move from horror to horror in a businesslike, deadpan way that reflects, with frightening conviction, the thoroughness of their characters' alienation. The Hugheses are so scrupulous, so comprehensive, in their refusal to do the usual things that they leave themselves short on expressive options. As the picture goes along, you actually start to wish it were a little squarer, that the filmmakers would give you something more to hold on to than the grinding pulp momentum that substitutes here for true dramatic structure. The Hugheses achieve some brilliant and memorable sequences, and the lack of sentimentality is a step in the right direction, but the movie winds up running in place.—T.R. (5/31/93) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 19th Street East 6, and 86th Street East Twin; through July 1.)

Much Ado About Nothing—On the sunny side of the Bard. Kenneth Branagh leads us through the tiffs and deceptions of Shakespeare's comedy, all shot in and around a Tuscan villa. Branagh does not pay much heed to the virtues of restraint. This is confirmed by most of the performances—Branagh and Emma Thompson as Benedick and Beatrice, splashing out with grand comic gestures, and a mangy Dogberry from an unintelligible Michael Keaton. The movie's jollity feels forced—it's more of a guided tour than a relaxed show of wit. What potency there is comes from the characters who refuse to be gripped by good cheer—Don John, played by Keanu Reeves as a pinup with malice, and Don Pedro, played by Denzel Washington, whose cool gravity shames the rest of the movie.—A.L. (5/10/93) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Music of Chance—Jim Nashe (Mandy Patinkin) is a mixture of tough guy and wandering spirit. On a country road he picks up Pozzi (James Spader), a gambler down on his luck. In one of the random, risky twists in which the film specializes, Nashe decides to help him out. They go to a lonely country house, inhabited by a pair of wealthy oddballs called Flower (Charles Durning) and Stone (Joel Grey), who trounce Pozzi at poker and then demand an unusual payment: he and Nashe must build a stone wall on the grounds. From here on the movie becomes an unlikely fable about power and freedom, as Nashe and Pozzi are put through their paces like creatures of an author's cruel fancy. Philip Haas does well to curb the threat of whimsy in all this; he cuts Paul Auster's original novel back to the bone and toughens the progress of the plot. There's nothing he can do about Spader's silly, unconvincing Pozzi, but Patinkin is a great help; he looks so grave and laid-back that you almost end up believing in the whole thing.—A.L. (6/7/93) (Paris.)

Orlando—Sally Potter's film is based on Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel, which is not one of the author's major works. The story is a fragile piece of whimsy about an English nobleman born in the Elizabethan era who does not grow old or die and thus becomes the central figure in a series of historical tableaux that take the viewer right into the twentieth century; at a certain point, the title character discovers that he has turned into a woman. Potter (who also wrote the screenplay) takes Woolf's exercise in frivolity awfully seriously; the movie is like a Benny Hill sketch performed with fringe-theatre solemnity. And if it weren't for bad acting, this picture wouldn't have any acting at all. Tilda Swinton, who plays Orlando, may not actually wink at the audience, but she always looks as if she were about to. Her smug performance is perfectly suited to the film's arch, knowing tone. Potter and Swinton manage to make androgyny seem at least as dull as conventional sexuality. Also with Billy Zane, Charlotte Valandrey, Lothaire Bluteau, and Quentin Crisp.—T.R. (6/14/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Phantom President (1932)—This musical political satire was George M. Cohan's first talking picture; for anyone who cares about American theatrical history it's an indispensable record of Cohan's style—which is almost nothing like the styles of James Cagney and Joel Grey when they played Cohan (on the screen and the stage, respectively). Cohan is dapper and bland; he seems to wear a mask of ordinariness, and only the droopy-lidded eyes, and sometimes the awareness in the smile, clue us in to the theatrical instinct at work. One doesn't know quite what to make of him or his smooth technique. There's a good satirical idea here: Cohan plays a double role—a quiet Presidential candidate and the extroverted look-alike who campaigns for him. With Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante, Alan Mowbray, George Barbier, Sidney Toler, and Jameson Thomas. Norman Taurog directed. The songs are by Cohan, except for Rodgers and Hart's "Give Her a Kiss." Walter De Leon and Harlan Thompson did the screenplay, based on a novel by George F. Worts.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 3-4.)

Romper Stomper—As a couple of immigrants are waylaid in a dank underpass and kicked into unconsciousness, you start to suspect that "Romper Stomper" may not have been produced by Merchant-Ivory, and this is confirmed when one of the heroes turns to the camera and yells, "Fuck! Off!" This is in fact the first movie to tackle the topic of Australian neo-Nazi skinheads. Written and directed by Geoffrey Wright, it tells the story of Hando (Russell Crowe), Davey (Daniel Pollock), and their band of merry maniacs. They prowl the streets of Melbourne, looking for trouble; when there isn't any, they make it up for themselves, waging a small war against the local Vietnamese. Wright follows much the same course; his frenetic camerawork—punching, dancing, and furious sex all edited together, for example—seems to egg the rebels on, as if they knew they were being watched and wanted to put on a good show. The plot revolves around a dropout called Gabe (Jacqueline McKenzie), who joins up with Hando but slowly gravitates toward Davey. Neither sounds very sympathetic, but both actors find more in their roles than you expect—even more, possibly, than Wright intended. There is something intense—a kind of dumb delicacy—within their thuggish instincts, and by the end the movie has transformed itself into a desperate fight for love. Wright's disturbing subject never gets the cool look it deserves, but he is rarely crass, and sheer nervous energy carries the film forward and pins you down.—A.L. (Film Forum.)

Summer Interlude (1951)—This early Ingmar Bergman film is about the loss of love: a tired ballerina of twenty-eight (Maj-Britt Nilsson), who has ceased to feel or care, is suddenly caught up by the memory of the summer when her life ended. We see her then as a fresh, eager fifteen-year-old, in love with a frightened, uncertain student (beautifully played by Birger Malmsten), and we watch the delicate shades of their "summer play," interrupted by glances at adult relatives, as Bergman contrasts decadence and youth, corruption and beauty. In the early part, an old woman appears for just a moment in a road, walking—and this image, like a croquet game in the later "Smiles of a Summer Night," seems to be suspended in time. Bergman found his style in this film, and it is regarded by cinema historians not only as his breakthrough but also as the beginning of "a new, great epoch in Swedish films." Many of the themes (whatever one thinks of them) that Bergman later expanded are here: the artists who have lost their identities, the faces that have become masks, the mirrors that reflect death at work. But this movie, with its rapturous yet ruined love affair, also has a lighter side: an elegiac grace and sweetness. With Alf Kjellin as the ballerina's suitor, Stig Olin as the ballet master, George Funkquist as the lecherous uncle. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 1 and 3.)

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

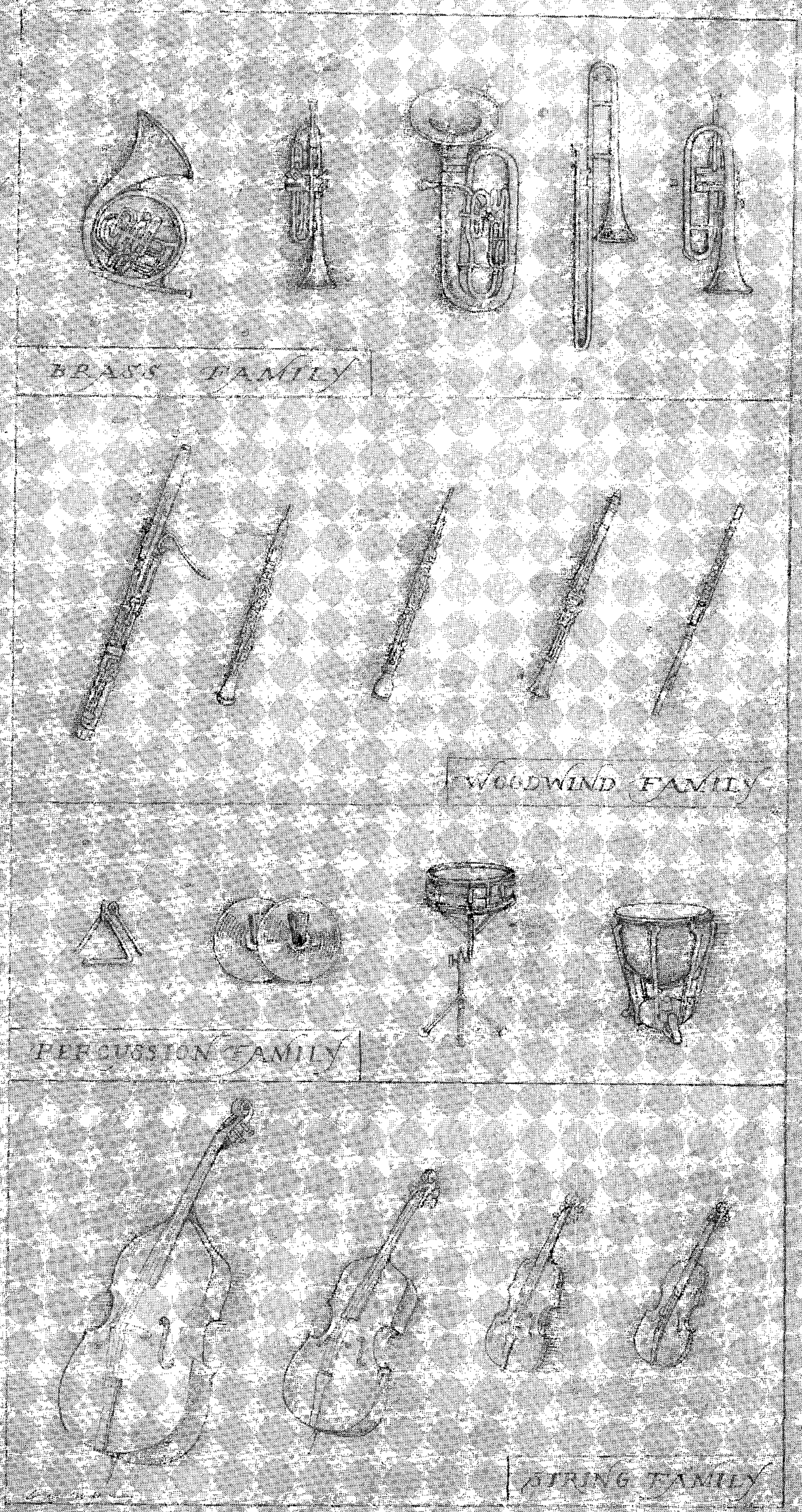
JOHN DE FAZIO

Topper (1937)—Much fun; a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmo Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of a Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then to a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billy Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective.—P.K. (Gramercy; July 4-6.)

Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography—This documentary, directed by Arnold Glassman, Todd McCarthy, and Stuart Samuels, is much more fun than its college-catalogue title suggests. The movie is cheery, convivial, and swift: for ninety minutes, stunning images, drawn from all eras of movie history, pass before us, and we listen to a couple of dozen veteran cinematographers speaking about what they do. The craftsmen are a likable and unpretentious bunch, and it's easy to share their delight in the achievements of their colleagues and masters: the film is a joy to look at. (The clips are taken from the best possible prints, and they're all shown in their original aspect ratios.) Movie-lovers can argue with some of the filmmakers' choices—the near total exclusion of images from Westerns is the most serious flaw—but, in a strange way, that's part of the picture's charm. It has the power to revive senses that have been dulled by the crushing predictability of recent movies. The cinematographers interviewed include Allen Daviau, Caleb Deschanel, Haskell Wexler, John Bailey, and the late Nestor Almendros (to whom the film is dedicated).—T.R. (4/5/93) (Quad Cinema.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—A good-natured, unpretentiously entertaining comedy, with Ginger Rogers (supremely likable here) as a night-club singer who marries an assistant professor of biology (James Stewart). The movie is about the collision of cultures. When the newlyweds arrive at his college town—Old Sharon—they discuss the problem of breaking the news to his parents (Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn), and Ginger finds the perfect solution. "You go tell them how wonderful I am," she says, "and I'll come over later." George Stevens directed in a relaxed style that derives from his early work with Laurel and Hardy, and he coached Ginger Rogers to do some of Stan Laurel's routines. The cast (which includes James Ellison, Grady Sutton, Franklin Pangborn, Jack Carson, Willie Best, and Maude Eburne) all seem to be having a good time. P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano did the script, based on I. A. R. Wylie's story.—P.K. (Gramercy; July 4-6.)

What's Love Got to Do with It—The film version of Tina Turner's life isn't bad, considering that her story inconveniently lacks the tragic ending that filmmakers usually require to give shape to the rambling, unstructured existence of a musician. Tina, at fifty-three, is still performing and recording, and in the absence of the snuffed-out-in-her-prime option the screenwriter, Kate Lanier, and the director, Brian Gibson, have constructed the movie as a kind of feminist survival story: Tina (Angela Bassett) rises to fame as part of a husband-and-wife act, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue, but then breaks away from her brutal, domineering spouse (Laurence Fishburne) and climbs back to the top of the charts on her own. Much of the movie is grim and disturbing: Ike abuses Tina in just about every way a man can abuse a woman, and the domestic-violence scenes are intense, harrowingly graphic. The movie has a manic-depressive rhythm that keeps the audience absorbed: Gibson alternates scenes of Tina's misery with rousing, superbly staged musical numbers. Bassett scrupulously imitates Tina's spectacular dance moves, but there's no let-it-rip joy in her performances, and not much sex either. Fishburne's astonishing portrayal of Ike is what holds the movie together. The actor builds, in precise increments, a devastating portrait of a macho control freak; he even finds a kind of ghastly humor in the character's madness. Also with Jenifer Lewis and Vanessa Bell Calloway.—T.R. (6/28/93) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

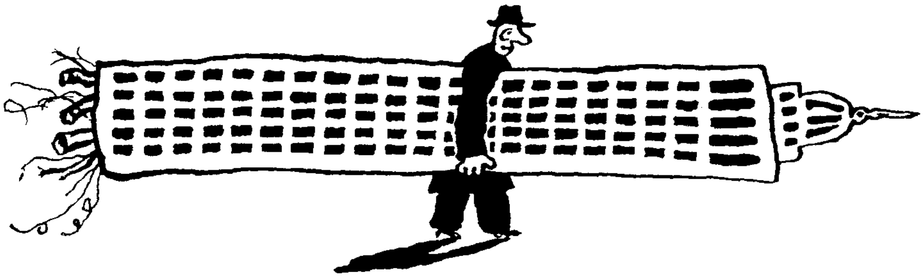
THE SHADOW OF DALLAS

It was characteristic of John Connally's life that even his passing seemed to be an adjunct to some larger death, not his own. The day after Connally died, researchers into the Kennedy assassination petitioned Attorney General Janet Reno to retrieve bullet fragments from the wounds that the former Texas governor had received during the assassination, so that the fragments might be analyzed. In fact, no one knew if there were any such fragments remaining in Connally's body, but even as his friends and admirers were streaming into the Methodist church across the street from the Texas capitol, in Austin—the same church where John and Nellie Connally were married fifty-two years before—the F.B.I. was seeking permission from the Connally family to halt the burial. Few of the mourners were aware of this drama as it was unfolding, however. Billy Graham was on hand to give the sermon. A frail old suitor, former President Nixon, who had wanted Connally on his ticket, came to pay his last respects. Nixon, whose wife, Pat, died a few days afterward, slipped in just before the service began, and sat in a center pew, next to Governor Ann Richards.

In the sanctuary, there were several survivors of that grisly day in Dallas, notably Nellie Connally and Lady Bird Johnson. (Ann Richards, then a Dallas housewife, had been in the Trade Mart waiting for the President to deliver a speech there.) It made one recall John Connally's disputed role in bringing President Kennedy to Texas. Texas was then a one-party state with two ferociously divided factions—the liberal Democrats, led by Senator Ralph Yarborough, and the conservative Democrats, led by Connally, who was in his first term as governor. Connally's version was that Texas was leaning away from the Democratic ticket, despite Lyndon Johnson's presence on it, and that he was simply helping Kennedy and Johnson to repair their fences and raise money for the 1964 campaign. The other version had it that Connally himself was defecting to the Republicans, as he had done before, and Kennedy had come to Texas to hold him in line.

There is also a lingering dispute over whom the assassin's shots were aimed at. Both Connally and Marina Oswald believed that Lee Harvey Oswald had more reason to shoot the man who, in early 1962, as outgoing Secretary of the Navy, had spurned his request to restore his honorable discharge from the Marine Corps, which had been revoked after he defected to the Soviet Union. This theory was amplified in "The Lone Star," the biography of Connally by James Reston, Jr. Given Connally's self-regard, Reston argued, it was probably hard for him to accept that he had been shot incidentally. In any case, Connally never believed that he had been hit by the same bullet that passed through Kennedy's throat, although fragments that were retrieved from Connally's wrist in 1978 did match the "magic bullet" that was found on the stretcher beside Connally and that the Warren Commission concluded had also struck Kennedy. The bullet entered Connally's back, passed through his lung, exited through his chest, then struck the wrist of his hand that was resting on his leg, and passed through his thigh. There was a memorable moment during the Warren Commission hearings when Connally attempted to explain his wounds, then simply stripped off his shirt. He was hideously scarred. He later developed pulmonary fibrosis, which led to his death. Was it possible that he was the belated victim of an assassination on November 22, 1963? The Connally family was initially assured that there was no connection between the wound and Connally's lung problems, and so was surprised by the publication, in *Time*, of an excerpt from Connally's forthcoming memoir (written with Mickey Herskowitz), appropriately titled "In History's Shadow," in which the former governor himself says of his disease, "My doctors attribute this condition to the assassin's bullet that ripped through my lung." It seems clear that Connally believed he was Oswald's other victim.

Robert Strauss, who had been Connally's friend and campaign manager from his first, successful run for office—for president of the University of Texas

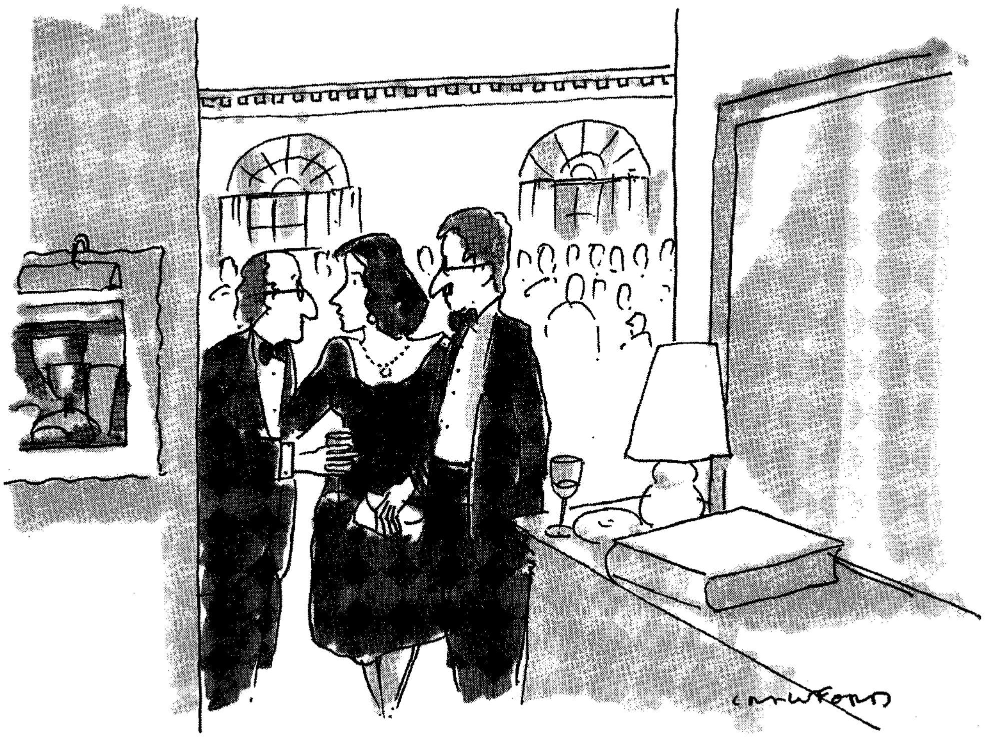


ANDRZEJ CZECZOT

student body—was now one of his pallbearers. Strauss had always felt that Connally lost his way after the assassination, becoming increasingly self-preoccupied and conservative. Despite Connally's near-martyr status, his least attractive qualities, bluster and disdain, began to predominate. "No kind man ought to be President," he said by way of explaining his support of Nixon—a statement that said as much about Connally as about his new patron. It was Connally who told Nixon he could get away with bombing Hanoi and mining Haiphong Harbor; he even whispered that nuclear weapons were available. Nixon was enthralled. He thought that Connally was the only other man in either party tough enough to lead the country.

Connally had always been given credit for clever judgment, but he embarked on a series of miscalculations that brought him political and economic ruin. The greatest blunder of Connally's political life was switching parties in 1973, just after Strauss took control of the Democratic National Committee, and just as Watergate was beginning to assume its monumental dimensions. "It was the only case on record of a man swimming toward a sinking ship," his old antagonist Ralph Yarborough said. Despite a boardroom demeanor, Connally was never embraced by the Republican electorate, as he proceeded to prove in his disastrous 1980 bid for the Presidential nomination against Ronald Reagan. He spent twelve million dollars on that contest and got but a single delegate. "I reminded everyone of Lyndon," he explained.

For Texans, it was new proof that local products don't travel well. Big John came home and formed a partnership with another rejected glamour boy of Texas politics, Ben Barnes. The two men began to invest in downsliding markets for oil reserves and real estate. Connally's name and imperial bearing led banks and S. & L.s all over the state to hurl money in his direction. Connally's family had known great hardship when he was a child—he had picked cotton from the age of five—and the hunger for big money was deeply ingrained in him. Incredibly, Barnes and Connally neglected to incorporate, so when their risky investments began to fail they became personally liable. Piece by piece, Connally dismantled his empire, selling his cattle, his horses, his ranches, his houses, and, finally, everything except two hundred acres and thirty thousand dollars' worth of possessions—all that was allowed under Texas law and federal bankruptcy law at the time. Six trailer trucks loaded up the booty—the Chippendale armoires and the Louis XIV footstools and the gold-inlaid saddles—for auction. Connally was reduced to setting his alarm clock on a cardboard box beside his bed. A few months later, he was making commercials for S. & L.s, about the importance of putting money aside for a rainy day.



"I wish we could stay longer, Adam, but Don just doesn't think the security's adequate."

His fall humanized him. Grace and dignity, which had previously seemed mere affectations of a code of honor, became the hallmarks of his later years, along with an appealing humility. During the last Presidential campaign, the old party-switcher was leaning toward Perot. "I think this country needs a major shaking up, and I don't see the Republicans or the Democrats doing it," he said.

John Connally was rarely seen as what he was. To many people, including Texans, he was a personification of that state's best and worst qualities. He embodied the movement from the impoverished, provincial rural society that Texas was at the end of the First World War, when Connally was born, to the affluent, corporate urban culture that it became. In the high-flying years, when people talked about wheeler-dealers, it was Connally they had in mind, and when Texas crashed Connally was the most conspicuous loser. Despite his three terms as a popular governor, to the end of his life he was seen as Lyndon's boy, as an innocent bystander in the Kennedy assassination, as Nixon's protégé. To the F.B.I. and the assassination researchers who were trying to halt the burial, he was "evidence" in a murder investigation. Nature had carved him into a human monument, and he spent his life trying to live up to the importance of his face. It was his greatest asset but also, finally, a curse. He was always measured against his image rather than his accomplishments. The Presidency was "a position he could have had, should have had for the good of the country," his old friend Representative J. J. (Jake) Pickle said in his eulogy. "He just looked like a President."

HOT WORK

NINE days before the fourteenth annual Mississippi picnic in Central Park, the Mississippi Catfish Cooking Team—three burly employees and one burly former employee of the state's Department of Agriculture and Commerce, which has been sponsoring a Catfish Cooking Team for the past twenty-four years—left Jackson for the East Coast in a van loaded with three hundred pounds of catfish, packed in dry ice. Attached to the van was a custom-built trailer that converts into a giant fish fryer with twelve propane burners, which can heat thirty gallons of peanut oil to three hundred and fifty degrees in the space of fifteen minutes. Their first stop was Washington, where they cooked their entire cargo for an event called Mississippi on the Mall. They had been on and off the road for seven days when they finally arrived at the St. Moritz, on Central Park South. There, in one of the hotel's refrigerators, two hundred and forty pounds of catfish and sixty pounds of hush puppies awaited them.

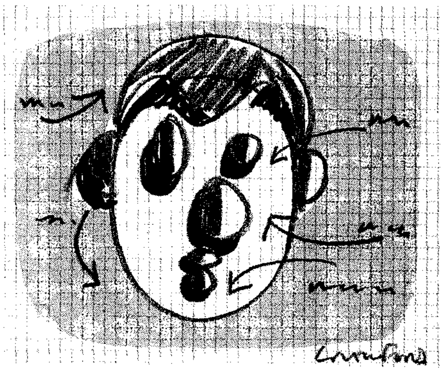
Two days later, in the early morning of Saturday, June 19th, they loaded the van with the fish and the hush puppies, checked out of the hotel, and drove to Central Park's East Meadow, where the picnic was to be held. Although the temperature reached ninety-two degrees that day, about twelve hundred people turned out for the event. A portly man with a microphone addressed them in a syrupy drawl. "I'm just as proud as I can be to be your guvnah," he said. He was Kirk Fordice, Mississippi's first Republican governor since Reconstruction. The expatriate Mississippians, some of whom had proved so susceptible to New York's ways that they brought their own picnic food from Zabar's and Balducci's, gave him a somewhat embarrassed welcome. The Governor revealed that it was he who had summoned the Mississippi Catfish Cooking Team to New York. "I brought my own catfish cookers up here, because last year the New Yorkers screwed it up to a fare-thee-well," he said. "Now, these guys, they're on the state payroll. They know how to cook catfish."

But the cooks, who were wearing blue hats, thick leather gloves, and red or blue aprons, didn't seem to enjoy what they were doing. They hardly ever smiled or talked as they sweated over the fryer, the boiling oil splashing onto them. They all said that their work had destroyed their appetite for catfish. "I can't touch the stuff, you know," one of them said. But nearly all the other people there ate it, some of them served personally by the enthusiastic Governor. As the picnic

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

THE CENTRAL FACE

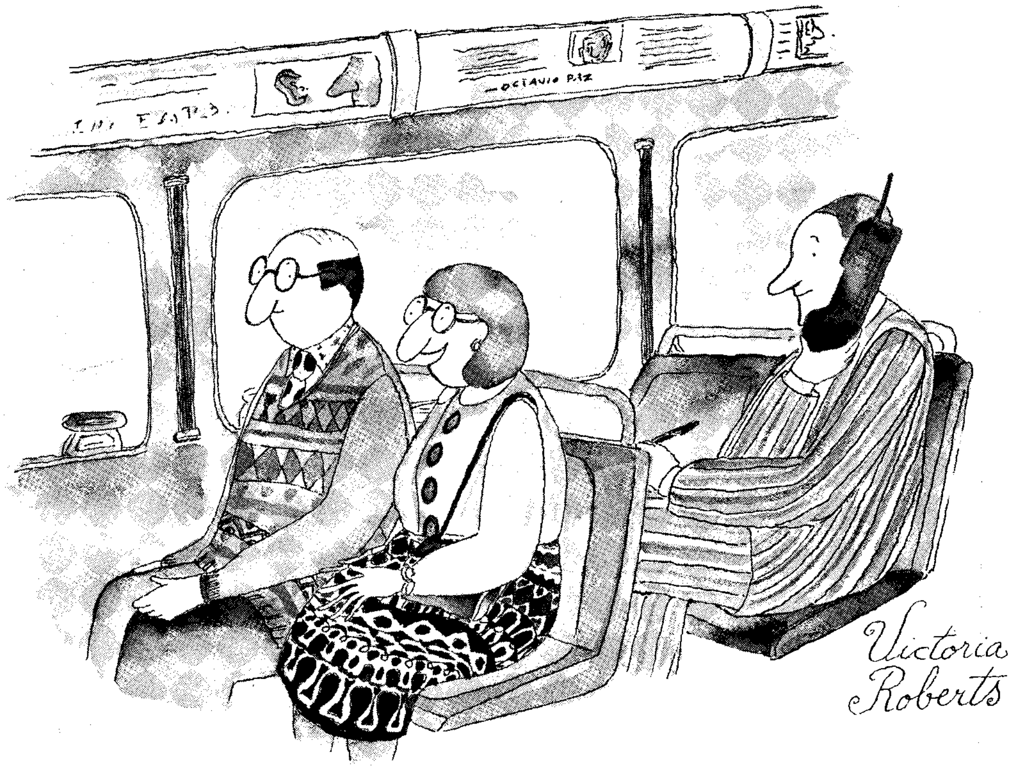
DAVID GERGEN? David *Gergen*? The route to understanding his rise, his fall, his rise, his fall, and his rise is not through a consideration of doctrine but through the realization that it's a matter of face. And in this televised and tirelessly photographed age it's good to take "face" literally: the features—the personal logo, so to speak, especially of celebrities. It was clear from the beginning that Stephanopoulos had the wrong face for Washington at this time. Imagine a photograph of Gore, Clinton, Dole—you'll note that Dole and Clinton look alike except for their hairlines and that Gore's skull is the same shape as the others' and has similarly placed eyes and related facial expressions, except that the expressions are a bit Vice-Presidentially docile and suppressed—and then move around a mental snapshot of Stephanopoulos in the group and see how it strikes you. It's physiognomically clear that Stephanopoulos is out of the White House/Congress/Washington loop.



But he's not so far out as you might think. See, in our hasty, world-of-media, young-people-rising age, it's a cultural convenience if we have one approximately universal face for celebrity. Or, better, and more complicated, a Möbius strip, a twisted continuum of what is essentially one face for the celebrity ribbon, with important variations. We can attach Stephanopoulos through the actor Peter Gallagher, a prettier version of PBS's Charlie Rose, who, oddly, around the mouth resembles Gergen and, by the bye, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Gergen and Schwarzenegger have children's-puppet-monster mouths, apparently made of fabric: this seems really conducive to contemporary success. Barbara Walters has a version of the puppet mouth and a very strong resemblance to Rod Stewart, who looks like Princess Di, and all of them resemble Hillary Clinton, but she looks even more like Jane Pauley in a blond wig. Pauley has the odd virtue of likably looking somehow like nearly everyone—Bryant Gumbel *and* Rush Limbaugh, for instance. Another keystone face in broadcasting is that of John Chancellor. John Chancellor's Jane Pauley quality of being a central face is clearer if you picture him with his glasses off. Naked-eyed, he is near cousin to them all, and it's not the same small-town, white Protestant resemblance as Gergen's to Clinton but something deeper. Tom Brokaw has moved toward the center by opting for a slightly aged, baggy-eyed look and longer hair, and Dan Rather is moving toward the same softer, friendlier image—softer in outline. This new look is cheaper and easier to maintain than a hard-edged, more individual look, and it permits a wider range of emotional and social tones in responses to questions and events. But the new universal face is not sculptural, is not monumental, and is related not to painting but to quick-blink photography. I can't imagine a heroic painting of Dole, or Dole in a heroic painting. But all these people look human and interesting on TV.

We have come to resemble one another, and our celebrated figures have moved along with us in the trend. It's a widespread way of belonging, a trendy conspiracy aimed at being perhaps delusorily all together, and altogether human, at this moment in time.

—HAROLD BRODKEY



"If I ever make a phone call from a bus, do something about me."

• •

ended, the Mississippi Catfish Cooking Team prepared to leave New York, and they weren't at all sorry to go. They hadn't even liked their hotel. "The bathrooms are real small," one cook said. "You can walk into them, but you have to back out." As they were pouring the used oil into a metal trash can, another said, "We're going to let the City of New York deal with this." Then, soaked in grease and still sweating, they piled into their van. "Y'all need anything?" they were asked by an organizer of the picnic. "Just tell us how to get out of New York," one replied. Then they drove away, heading for Mississippi. They didn't say goodbye to anyone—not even the Governor.

MEN'S RIGHTS

THE reputation that has raised Ruth Bader Ginsburg to the Supreme Court was founded, at least in part, on a working relationship back in the seventies with a man who now describes himself as "kind of an unreconstructed male chauvinist." He is Fred Gilbert, a lawyer in Tulsa, with whom, in 1976, she persuaded the Supreme Court to quash, as unconstitutional, an Oklahoma law forbidding the sale of 3.2 per cent beer to men under the age of twenty-one. In Oklahoma at that time, women were allowed to buy 3.2 beer from the age of eighteen, but men had to wait until they were three years older before the state was willing to trust them with the stuff. The law was challenged by two students at Oklahoma State University, in Stillwater, one of whom, Curtis Craig, recalled last week, "The law was just embarrassing. I mean, you'd go to a store and you had to send your girlfriend in to buy beer."

Their lawyer, Mr. Gilbert, who had previously fought other constitutional cases, lost the first round in federal court, and appealed to the Supreme Court. "That's when Ruth got involved," he said the other day. "There weren't that many people involved in sex-discrimination cases in those days, and we all tended to know one another. She seemed very bothered and bewildered that we had lost, and she wanted to get involved." Ms. Ginsburg, who was then a professor at Columbia Law School and also a general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, decided to file a brief on Mr. Craig's behalf. Professor Ginsburg had decided that one of the best ways to win equal rights for women was to bring cases where the victims of discrimination were men.

In the months leading up to the presentation of the case, Mr. Gilbert recalled, he and Professor Ginsburg did not always get along well. "Ruth is a pretty serious person," he said, "and I used to needle her about it, all in good fun." And a male chauvinist he certainly appears to have been; in his brief, he asked the Supreme Court to "imagine, under the present law, the spectacle outside the PX package store at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, of a 20-year-old First Lieutenant of artillery—maybe even a battery commander . . . idling his jeep while his 18-year-old WAC clerk-typist PFC runs in to purchase her CO's six-pack for him!" Professor Ginsburg, in her brief, took another tack. After noting that "on its face" the law discriminated against men, she said, "Upon deeper inspection, however, the discrimination is revealed as simply another manifestation of traditional attitudes and prejudices about the expected behavior and roles of the two sexes in our society, part of the myriad signals and messages that daily underscore the notion of men as society's active members, women as men's quiescent companions, members of the 'other' or second sex."

The case was heard in Washington on October 5, 1976. "The Supreme Court deals with a lot of very grave issues, and you could tell right away that they thought this case was kind of funny," Mr. Gilbert said. In December of that year, the Court reversed the lower court's decision and ruled that the beer law's discrimination against men was unconstitutional. Justice Brennan's opinion for the Court stated that the facts did not support Oklahoma's justification for its law, which had been that men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one were said to be more likely than women in the same age group to be arrested for drunken driving. More important, the Court accepted Professor Ginsburg's argument that it should not endorse any laws that were based on sexual stereotypes, and has taken it as a yardstick ever since. ♦

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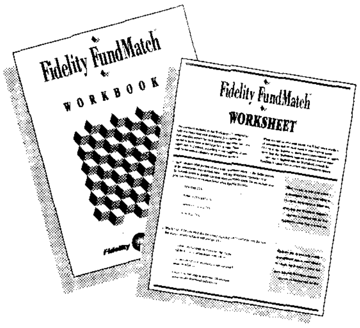

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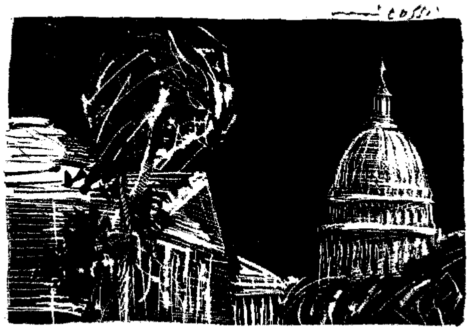
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

After deftly salvaging the budget plan and a Supreme Court nomination, will Senator Moynihan be the one to keep Clinton's Presidency on track?

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL



MARIO MICOSSI

THE office, with its subdued lighting and dark wood trim, resembles an upstairs room at the Century Club. The walls are lined with books and with paintings that are small illuminations of New York's past. Over the fireplace hangs a portrait of a man with a gray beard and wistful, sunken eyes. The painting, by Robert Henri, is of John Butler Yeats, the poet's father, who in his last years lived on West Twenty-ninth Street in Manhattan; it was exhibited in the famous New York Armory Show of 1913. Propped up on a bookshelf is a framed caricature of Disraeli, a particular hero. Behind the drawing lies a neat stack of thirty-one honorary university degrees. On the desk, planted in an antique inkwell, are a quill pen and a small American flag, which might be symbols adorning the occupant's personal crest. Across the room is a standup writing desk, upon which lies a copy of the latest book by the office's occupant—"Pandaemonium: Ethnicity in International Politics."

This is the lair of Daniel Patrick Moynihan. When he leaves it and takes his place on the floor of the United States Senate, he sits in the back row, in the seat nearest the exit. Ever since he was first elected, in 1976, he has been known as a prophet and a gadfly, and has been respected for his prescience and his provocations. Like other senators, he has taken care of the parochial interests of his state, though he grasps the intricacies of his state's history better than his colleagues do theirs, better than his predecessors, and better, perhaps, than many local historians. He is collegial to a fault, a man of the institution, an adherent of its traditions and byways. Yet he has been something of a loner. He operates with a certain detachment. Habitually, he chooses difficult arguments where other politicians (not to mention other intellectuals) would seek a smoother path. His humor, too, challenges one's erudition. No one but Moynihan, while riding one evening in the open subway that runs between the Senate office buildings and the Capitol, with one of Mikhail Gorbachev's advisers in tow, would suddenly leap to his feet, assume the pose of a Socialist Realist statue (left fist gripping left lapel, right arm outstretched, body leaning forward, jaw set), and cry into the tunnel, "To the Finland Station!"

In recent years, Moynihan's influence seemed to have reached its natural limit: he had attained an equilibrium, balancing his intellectual output and his senatorial duties. He seemed cast by temperament as much as by role to be a singular, somewhat isolated figure, his destiny to be a national treasure, not a lord of the Senate. Then Lloyd Bentsen, cattle and oil baron, second-generation Texas tycoon, and imperious chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, was selected by Bill Clinton as his Secretary of the Treasury. The senior senator from New York, who had been the committee's second-highest-ranking Democrat for three years, was at last elevated to the chairmanship. At the beginning of his Senate career, he had avidly sought the Finance Committee assignment. "That's where the money is," said the man (sitting among the many Senate millionaires) whose only outside income derives from book royalties.

For two months after the election, Clinton neglected to speak to the new chairman of Finance. It was an oversight. The President-elect was absorbed in assembling his Cabinet; the rest of Washington appeared a glimmering vacancy that he would occupy with ease. A disdainful attitude was expressed by an anonymous Clinton aide, in a remark, cited by Michael Kramer of *Time*, that became notorious: "He's not one of us, and he can't control Finance like Bentsen did. He's cantankerous, but he couldn't obstruct us even if he wanted to. . . . We'll roll right over him if we have to."

Sooner or later, though, Clinton would need Moynihan. While the President's popularity slid, the legislative process ground on. By June, the budget bill had arrived at the Finance Committee. Clinton's fibrillating Presidency was now in Moynihan's hands. At first, the White House was exceedingly nervous about the prospect, and especially about the Senator's unpredictability. The President, however, had no choice but to entrust his fate to those who checked and balanced. He could not have anticipated that with two strokes, in one decisive week, Moynihan would revive him; by Friday night, Clinton was blowing his sax again on the South Lawn. First, the President's foundering economic plan, in the most dangerous strait on its passage through Congress, was salvaged by Moynihan's leadership. And then, after a series of embarrassing appointments that had run amok, Moynihan delivered to Clinton a Supreme Court nominee who is likely to be approved by a unanimous vote of the Senate. Clinton's Presidency was stabilized by action, not by packaging.

Two weeks before Moynihan's committee is scheduled to vote on the budget bill, he contemplates how to handle it. "Ta, ta, *ta*," he verbalizes as he thinks, his hands on his hips, and then plunks himself in a chair. "The tax bill we have before us—something in their calculations—they didn't know *enough* about this *place*. They didn't know enough about our committee structure." As his thinking accelerates, his speech gets both faster and slower. He breaks into an overarticulated staccato, hitting the consonants of key words like percussive notes, while the rest of his words rush into each other: "The *pack-age* the House is going to vote on right now has a hundred and seventy-two billion dollars in net *spend-ing* cuts and two hundred and seventy-three billion dollars in net taxes. And, *re-mem-ber,* it was supposed to be two to one the other way. It's not even *even*." He puffs out his cheeks, lowers his head, and peers over the top of his glasses. "They're just going to have a *hell* of a time," he says, and then mumbles something inaudible. "If you look at how I am going to accomplish this job, you wouldn't put three hundred and seven billion dollars in . . . Out of a total of . . ." He points his finger in the air, as if waiting for the number to materialize spinning on its tip, then sweeps his hair off his forehead. "This is how you have to reduce the deficit, and you add up *that* and take the, ahh . . . we would, ahh . . . hmm!" He rubs his chin slowly. "We come with four hundred and ninety-six billion dollars, which is . . . and . . . and . . . the interest. . . . You see what you're responsible for." He rises from his seat, walks to the door, and calls out, "Give me Lawrence on the phone!" In a minute, Lawrence O'Donnell, his chief of staff on the committee, is on the line. "*Law-rence!* In our Senate reconciliation instructions, what—in which we have the three hundred and seven billion dollars—the rest of it doesn't *quite* add up to what we're supposed to get—the four hundred and ninety-six billion dollars . . . Ah, ah . . . But that makes the point." Moynihan hangs up the phone. "As you see, all the heavy lifting comes in Finance."

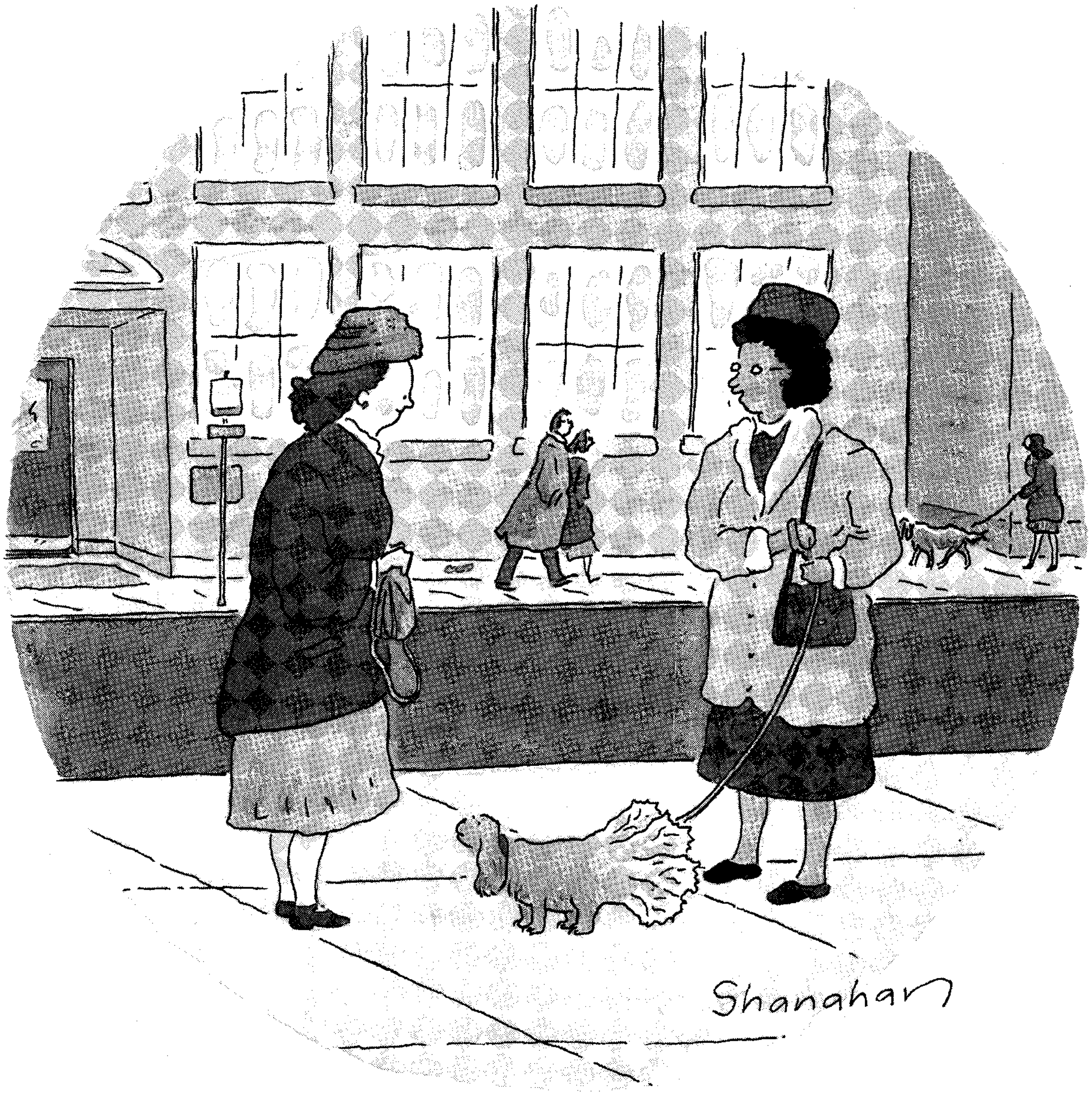
The Finance Committee has been dominated for decades by chairmen who rose to the defense of oil and gas interests: Lloyd Bentsen, of Texas, and Russell Long, of Louisiana. It is so crucial a committee that both the Majority and the Minority Leaders, George Mitchell and Bob Dole, are members. The margin between the parties is among the narrowest on all the committees—eleven to nine. Any Democrat at any time can therefore sway the entire process. The temptation to protect one's self-interest is almost overwhelming. Without a skillful chairman, the President's bill might provoke legislative chaos, which would be charged to Clinton's account.

Trying to make amends for the early neglect, on April 27th the President and the First Lady invited Pat and Liz Moynihan to dinner at the White House.

"How does it look?" Clinton asked brightly, about his economic plan.

Unsparingly, Moynihan replied, "You don't have the votes on Finance and on the floor." He advised Clinton to summon before him all the Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee, and make them pledge their support, so that all the members would know where they stood. Clinton did so, on May 6th. Two weeks later, Senator David Boren, who had apparently given his assent to the President at the meeting, unveiled his own plan, which neither the White House nor Moynihan had known about until the night before. Boren's proposal would nearly double the spending cuts and halve the taxes; it would also cut the Social Security cost-of-living adjustment and impose entitlement caps. "If a Republican had been the sponsor, we could have run against it forever," one of Clinton's political advisers said. Boren, seizing the power that came from the thin margin on the committee, seemed to have taken control.

With the face of an overfed baby, Boren appears incapable of manipulation. The chairman of the Intelligence Committee, he is a conservative Democrat from Oklahoma—a state that cast a large vote for Ross Perot, whose beneficence Boren publicly cultivates. He presented his case against the President's plan as that of an aggrieved "centrist," a veritable New Democrat—a position that Clinton was supposedly betraying. But the ideological varnish was thinly applied. Visible beneath it was an older politics that was quite personal—his father had been a congressman who was a conservative thorn in the side of Roosevelt—and his interest was clear: oil and gas, which, with Bentsen gone to Treasury, were no longer automatically protected. Boren's demand for drastic spending cuts and the jettisoning of the B.T.U. energy tax threatened to undermine Clinton. If the President caved in



"*He's part bok choy.*"

to Boren completely, his support in the House and among liberals in the Senate would collapse. His program teetered on a precipice.

In the Arkansas State Capitol Building, the governor's office is just down the corridor from the legislature. Clinton was used to wandering those few yards to lobby almost every day. It required harsh experience for him to discover that he could not treat Washington like the intimate, familiar world of Little Rock. His compromises, which he made too often and too early (beginning with grazing fees), signalled that he would bargain away any position. But if the Senate Democratic leadership was to be effective on his behalf he could not interpose himself in that way. "When you're President of the United States, you should not be the principal negotiator on every goddam thing in the process," one of his frustrated assistants remarked. When the President finally recused himself, the matter in the Finance Committee was left to the chairman.

Moynihan, for his part, was never an enthusiast of the B.T.U. tax. "Oh, I'm not opposed to B.T.U.," he says. "I just think, Oh, not *another* impossible tax. The B.T.U. meant a new section in the tax law, whereas the gasoline tax has been around for fifty years." On June 7th, Moynihan and Mitchell together went to the White House, where, without premeditated coordination, they both told Clinton that the B.T.U. tax was dead. The next day, Bentsen announced that the Administration was willing to give it up. In closed meetings of the Democrats on Finance, Moynihan encouraged the adoption of a transportation-fuels tax. Boren was opposed to any such tax, but the real stumbling block was Max Baucus, of Montana, the Big Sky state, where driving distances are long. A week later, meeting alone with Moynihan in his office, Baucus was worn down. In the meantime, Moynihan inspired opposition to Boren by declaring that thirty-five billion dollars in Medicare cuts might be necessary. The following day, Jay Rockefeller, of West Virginia, denounced the cuts and Boren's position, first in Moynihan's office and then in public. Within the committee, Bill Bradley, of New Jersey, was the advocate for Moynihan's case. "In the end, Boren just had to be told that his career would not survive destroying the President's career," Moynihan says. "He said he was trying to help the President. I mean, he's a man of honor and of his word." The plan Moynihan engineered had a ratio of one dollar in cuts for every ninety-three cents in taxes; a shift in the progressivity of the income-tax rates, reversing the trend of the Republican period; a transportation-fuels tax; and a reduction in Medicare expenditures but not on beneficiaries. When the committee vote was taken, Boren said "Aye." The bill moved to the Senate floor and then to the conference with the House.

Moynihan has transformed the mannerisms of the stereotypically ineffectual intellectual cum department-store floorwalker into elements of power. What seems preposterously donnish, and even vain, turns out to be utterly deliberate. As the committee's work proceeded, Moynihan was completely in control of himself and therefore of his environment. He did not bully or beg; nothing he did was crude and obvious. He makes all the committee members feel that they have reached the destination through their own navigational skills—that they have not been steered. His past lives as professor and diplomat are subsumed under his chairmanship. So is his childhood in Hell's Kitchen.

"I had been on the committee for six years, been in the process many times," Senator Rockefeller says as he describes the way the new chairman operates. "Moynihan has done it with more clarity, more control, and more humaneness, and thus more effectiveness. A lot of it comes from the power of his intellect. Dole limps after he tries to put a dart through Moynihan. He tries one or two and then stops altogether. Against Moynihan he loses, because Moynihan is smarter and shrewder. People didn't necessarily expect him to be so effective. They expected him to be a wide-ranging intellect. There is an elegance, a sureness about him. When he's presiding over the committee, in a sense it's like his classroom. There's something calming about that. If he were professorial in the sense of being sticky or impatient or tart, it wouldn't work. He's the opposite. He's endlessly humorful and patient.

"I watched him today—the Republicans were doing a variety of amendments. There was an agreed-upon ten-minute rule, and then you voted. That was pushed, stretched. He let some of them stretch, others he cut off. He would not do it ill-temperedly. He would be guilefully charming. He would make a gracious, humorous comment and then go on into the motion—wonderfully tempered, but very, very controlled. He brings us into his corral. The effect of that is that it draws all of us into him. It makes us more part of his momentum. We want him to succeed.

"As Moynihan said many times in our private sessions, 'This is the Presidency.' Of course it is. There was a period when Boren was out there and it was not going to happen. But Pat just unfailingly kept his good humor. Implicit in that were his own confidence and determination. He knew exactly what he was doing. You add up the net result: he prevailed. The Presidency is on track. His own reputation as a tough chairman is thoroughly established, in one shot. Senate Finance chairmen have been aristocrats, and many things about him are aristocratic. But it's not the background. I always keep in mind the way he grew up—that he grew up tough on the streets of New York. He's a person who grew up with nothing but wits on his side. Now he towers over the most important, dynamic committee in the Senate. He has mastered it."

On the committee, to produce a bill, Moynihan's methods are those of discipline, engagement, and praise. No matter what, he retains the authority of the chairmanship. Getting a Supreme Court justice was far chancier—an episode that fits the same category as Burgoyne's nail. "The Ginsburg thing was the narrowest of events—I mean, by just seconds," Moynihan said a week after the event. On May 12th, the Senator was invited to join the President on Air Force One for his trip to New York, where he was to speak at Cooper Union and announce his proposal for a Deficit Trust Fund. (Moynihan believed that the idea was a needless gimmick. The Finance Committee ignored it, as if it had never been spoken of.) The Senator wondered whether to reply when the President asked, "If you wanted to appoint someone to the Supreme Court, who would it be?"

"It is not for me to say," Moynihan said.

"I asked you," the President pointed out.

Moynihan then replied, "There is only one name—Ruth Bader Ginsburg."

But Clinton held the name at arm's length. Women's groups, he said, would object, because of her heterodox opinion of Roe v. Wade, supporting its conclusion but not its legal reasoning. Moynihan, who embraces controversy, suggested that receiving criticism was not necessarily a bad thing.

A month later, Stephen Hess, a scholar at the Brookings Institution and a cousin-in-law of Judge Ginsburg, quoted to Moynihan Erwin Griswold's remark that she was to gender equality

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what Thurgood Marshall was to racial equality. (Professor Moynihan of Harvard had known Griswold when he was the dean of the Harvard Law School. "A lovely man," he calls him.) Moynihan telephoned Clinton's new counsellor, David Gergen, to discuss the progress of the budget in the Finance Committee. In passing, the Senator brought up the Griswold comment and told Gergen that Stephen Breyer would be an inappropriate choice, pointing out that his belated payment of Social Security taxes on a housekeeper's wages would pose "an awful problem—the issue of the double standard, in addition to the problem itself." At Gergen's urging, Moynihan sent him a transcript of Griswold's remarks. "And it never gets through," Moynihan says, "because you can't get an envelope into the White House. It has to go to the Navy Yard to be X-rayed. The way you get something to someone in the White House is you send it to the person's secretary, and the secretary brings it in in the morning. We send this down by package, and ah, hmm, and, *of course* . . ."

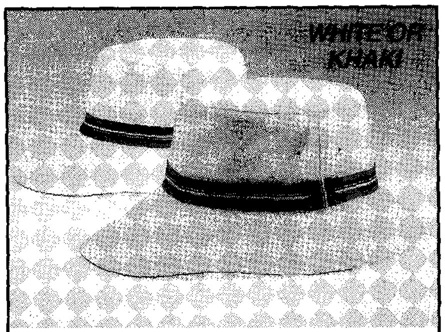
On June 12th, Moynihan relates, the White House legal counsel, Bernard Nussbaum, called him. "And he says, 'What are you saying about Ruth Bader Ginsburg?' I say, 'Hmm, well, all I have is this statement, she's a very fine attorney, she developed the theory of gender equality under the equal-protection clause.' And then Nussbaum said, 'I'm sorry, the Oval Office is buzzing, I've got to go in.' And I said, 'Hold it! Hold it! One minute! Erwin Griswold—dean of *Har-vard* Law School—said—on the fiftieth anniversary—the Supreme Court—building a new building—that—she—was—to—women's rights—what—Thurgood Marshall—was—to—civil rights!' " The next night, at about midnight, Clinton woke Moynihan with a call requesting him to act as Ginsburg's sponsor in the Senate. The following afternoon, the Senator sat in the front row in the Rose Garden as the President announced that Ginsburg was his nominee. Nussbaum took Moynihan aside to remind him of his Griswold reference and said, "I walked into the Oval Office with that." Moynihan said later, "And I thought, Well, if I had not kept Nussbaum for twelve seconds . . ."

The Senator's influence with the new President, however, has not deterred him from his practice of raising troublesome issues, which he has been doing since he wrote, for President Johnson in 1965, his report on the dissolution of the black family. Moynihan says that during his recent conversations with President Clinton he remarked, "It's a little hard, you know, to have to put through a bill that takes millions of dollars away from the teaching hospitals in New York City in order that we may have yet another increase in the secret budget of the C.I.A." He also asked Clinton if anyone had "organized a half-hour discussion on 'How did we miss the end of the Cold War completely?' " Moynihan goes on, "He said, 'Well, no.' I've asked myself, 'How did those people in the C.I.A. estimate in 1987 that the per-capita income in East Germany was higher than it was in West Germany? And couldn't we see that the process was beginning to become corrupt?' But the President hasn't gone near those institutions. They're all in place. Yet there's some glory to be got out of saying, 'O.K., all right, now war's over. Now, what do I need this for? And what do I need that for?' "

Moynihan's secretary announces a telephone call: Hillary Rodham Clinton. The Clintons and the Moynihans have become friendly since their first dinner. Hillary occasionally calls Liz, a first-class political strategist, who, like the woman anachronistically but still frequently referred to as the First Lady, has been central to managing her husband's political career. Recently, Mrs. Clinton also submitted her Wellesley senior-honors thesis to the Senator. Its subject was Saul Alinsky, the radical community organizer and theorist, whom Moynihan knew. He sent back the thesis with a grade and a critique. "I gave her an A," he says. "She had some good citations, and I said she could have usefully consulted Selig Perlman's 'A Theory of the Labor Movement.' "

"We did it!" the Senator says to the First Lady about the budget bill. "Now we get to something you'll enjoy: health care." For five minutes or so, they discuss how committee members may approach the issue. Then Hillary asks about Liz, who has left Washington for the Moynihan home, in upstate New York. "She's left for the farm," he says, then announces, "And I have visiting privileges for the *rest* of the *summer*." ♦

"J'accuse!"



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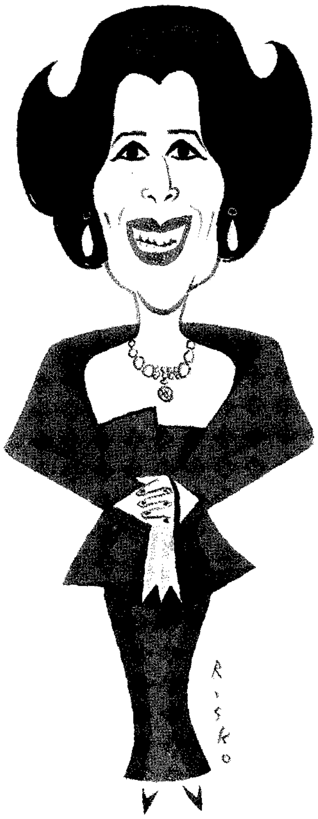
THE ART OF MRS. HART

Kitty Carlisle Hart confronts discouraging times at the New York State Council on the Arts with aplomb, but she has always known how to finesse difficulty.

BY MARIE BRENNER



ROBERT RISKO

IT has always been Kitty Carlisle Hart's intention not to be defeated by her circumstances. Today, when the weather forecast is daunting, involving Homeric gales, she has called for her fellow board members at the New York State Council on the Arts to be outside her apartment at "8 A.M. *sharp.*" She has been brisk with me on the telephone: "You can't ever let the weather slow you down. We have eight arts groups to visit in Brooklyn. We always leave on time." As chairman of the council—a post she has held for seventeen years—Mrs. Hart often roams the state, checking on the Frederic Chopin Singing Society of Buffalo, the Iroquois Indian Museum, in Schoharie County, the New York Latvian Concert Choir, Poughkeepsie's Bardavon 1869 Opera House, the Billie Holiday Theatre, in Bedford-Stuyvesant, the Man Fa Center of Chinatown, and the Cucaracha Theatre, in New York, among thirteen hundred other groups that receive money through the council. However enervating her rounds might seem to many people, she revels in dank rehearsal halls, watching "glorious" jazz groups that spring up in crack neighborhoods. "I can't bear to be left out of a thing," she says.

When I arrive at her building, on the East Side, a few moments early for the arts trip, the doorman takes me upstairs to her apartment. The elevator opens directly onto her foyer, a small space with walls covered in red velvet flocked paper, Victorian in its formality. Her apartment is oddly silent; there is no early-morning bustle. Waiting for Mrs. Hart to appear, I look into her living room, a hodgepodge of books, curios, awards, and faded pastel brocade furniture in some need of repair. It is one of those rooms where time appears to have stopped. A celadon-green carpet covers the floor, a grand piano stands beside a far window, and in a bookcase are Meissen and silver pieces, many operettas she once recorded, and a youthful portrait of Mrs. Hart, very forties, her glistening dark hair in a pageboy. As one gazes at her empty living room, it is not difficult to conjure the voices and music of another era: Dick Rodgers playing her piano; her husband, the playwright and director Moss Hart, trading epigrams and smart remarks with Edna Ferber; Mrs. Hart herself rehearsing for her appearances in "Die Fledermaus"—the women speaking in the arpeggios of perfect diction which sometimes hid their modest origins.

And then, from another room, I hear Mrs. Hart: "Halloo, darling! I'll be right there! Oh, you are such a dear to come out on such a day!" Her voice is like a chime, the singer's voice of operetta, actressy yet not artificial, a voice that seeks to charm. For twenty-one years, from 1956 to 1977, Mrs. Hart appeared every week on "To Tell the Truth," where her persona was that of a cultivated upper-class person who deigned to be on television without seeming to be a snob; she was always set apart by a certain kindness.

Mrs. Hart has a performer's sense of timing; she walks into a room as if the Act II curtain had just gone up. Appearances matter to her. Her spine is straight; her double strand of pearls is in place; so is her hair, which is the same raven color as in her living-room portrait. Mrs. Hart has a classic oval face and a smile that gives her the expression of a delighted child. She is slim, and still has the beautiful legs of a showgirl, which she often shows off in pale hose, whatever the season. For the arts tour, she is wearing a lavender Ultrasuede coat trimmed with fox; on her feet are tiny brown suède boots, also trimmed with fur. "I always dress up. I feel that if I don't people will not give me compliments," she says.

She pauses a moment in the foyer. "Let me read where we are going today—it is so interesting! We are going to Weeksville to see a restoration done of an early black community. We are going to Crown Heights to see an arts group that works with Hasidic boys and girls together. Highly unusual! Then the Brooklyn Children's Museum—a wonderful place! An African-American art gallery that serves a marginal neighborhood. A fast—I repeat, *fast*—lunch, which is Dutch treat. These are hard times at the council, and we wouldn't waste money on lunch. The experimental glass blowers. The Brooklyn Historical Society. And then Red Hook, where that marvellous principal was killed." In the light, her face is grande damey, but underneath the mettle is a certain fragility, even pathos.

I follow her down the elevator, into the street, and into a van. "There are no frills here. My dear, we go over a six-hundred-dollar grant like you never saw. Governor Cuomo always tells me that we get more money than any other arts group in the country. We have been cut from fifty-four million dollars to twenty million. I was so angry! But this year we are back to twenty-six million dollars. There was a three-part series in the *Times* on arts in education, and they don't even mention us—and we give away two million dollars a year for arts in education. This is such a terrible time for the arts! I had lunch with Joe Papp's organization. They need millions just to survive. Well, we can't give it to them! I told them that they should think about getting famous stars who have been trained at the Public Theatre to support them—give fellowships in their name. But this generation is not trained in philanthropy. They will give their time but not their money. They'll come to a benefit, but they won't give you ten thousand dollars. They're not used to that kind of generosity." The van crosses the Brooklyn Bridge and turns toward Bedford-Stuyvesant. "Has anyone seen 'Saint Joan' at the Roundabout? It is to die! The ideas are profound."

When we stop at the Weeksville restoration, a collection of restored nineteenth-century frame houses in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Mrs. Hart skitters through a torrential downpour into a small house. There the executive director, Joan Maynard—she is the daughter of the great ventriloquist John Cooper, whose career began in Negro vaudeville—mentions the black child and the young Hasidic scholar who were killed in Crown Heights in August of 1991, saying, passionately, "Mrs. Hart, kids here need to know who they are! You wouldn't have Gavin Cato's and Yankel Rosenbaum's deaths if you had pride in your history. Hundreds of schoolchildren went to the Landmarks Commission to affect our status. We can't afford another generation who are not using their energies. Mrs. Hart—you dear, dear lady—if we don't get funded again, I will just die!"

All day long, making her way in and out of lofts, studios, and museums, Mrs. Hart tries to soothe desperate curators and theatre directors. On several occasions, she is recognized by an admirer who remembers her trilling "Alone, Alone" from the deck of an ocean liner in the Marx Brothers movie "A Night at the Opera." She takes great pleasure in these encounters; they seem to reassure her. At the end of the afternoon, we are in Red Hook, in a surprisingly upbeat school in the middle of a desolate area. By now, gales and rain have made navigating the streets a challenge, but she hardly notices, rushing into P.S. 15 in time to watch a dozen elementary-school students rehearse a jazz routine to the nerve-racking pounding of an African drum. "Oh, you are too marvellous!" she says to the dancers, clapping for them, and smiling. Then she is picked up by a special car, so she can be at her apartment in time to greet seventy New York State legislators whom she has invited to a reception with a group of arts administrators, the better to persuade them to pass an increased budget for the arts. "You wonder where I get my energy? My dear, it was an absolute necessity." She no longer smiles. "I had to survive."

IS it unkind to report that on her next birthday Kitty Carlisle Hart will be either eighty-three or eighty-four? If she suffers the normal private despair of the human condition or physical deterioration, it rarely occurs to anyone who meets her that she is old. An almost impenetrable bloom of creamy optimism has made her a beloved figure in the city. Her conversation is filled with enthusiasm, French phrases, and an infectious hyperbole. "Darling, I'm still in a glow!" "Too wonderful!" "We were dining *à quatre*." She appears to have a nature that is permanently sunny and filled with hope. "Who wants to be around anyone who complains?" she asks. "It is so unpleasant." Mrs. Hart came of age at a time when such resolute behavior reflected the highest standards. "I believe in denial," she says. "Denial is a marvellous thing." Each morning, very purposefully, Mrs. Hart dresses herself in ebullience. She gazes into her bathroom mirror—a Hollywood-style mirror surrounded by bulbs, which is propped against a wall covered in the same red velvet flocked wallpaper as her foyer—and she thinks about any subtle indiscretions or cavalier behavior she might have perpetrated the day before. Then, in the silence of the bathroom, she smiles at herself and says out loud, "Kitty, I forgive you!"

Like most people who have ever encountered Mrs. Hart, I was immediately drawn to her cheerful demeanor, her way of whistling in the dark. She often speaks about her past in anecdotes, as if she had firmly shaped her memories into amusing stories, as a performer would. It is clearly her belief that her inordinate charm has enabled her to survive a complicated childhood and a complicated marriage; she relies on it in the most difficult circumstances. A few years ago, just after her close friend Marietta Tree died, I went to have tea with her. Mrs. Hart was unusually subdued. We sat in her pale-green living room. Suddenly, she was near tears. She said that she felt "betrayed" by Marietta, who had never told her that she had cancer. She was trying to reconcile their long relationship with Marietta's intention to disguise the truth about her health. At the request of Marietta's daughter, Frances FitzGerald, Mrs. Hart had gone to see Mrs. Tree at her apartment, not long before her death. The moment she walked in, she knew that her friend was dying, but she behaved as they had always behaved with each other, pretending that nothing was amiss. Sitting by her bed, Mrs. Hart regaled Mrs. Tree with the story of how she had saved a community of a hundred houses near Jones Beach by appealing to the state attorney general and the Governor. "It was the performance of a lifetime," Frances FitzGerald told me later.

"Who were we to start with?" Mrs. Hart said to me one day. "We were a circle of friends. We understood each other. We knew that in life it all comes down to discipline. We were all very disciplined. We made time for each other. We showed up when we said we were going to show up. We made a point of remembering to call when things were not so good in each other's lives. We never said anything harsh that could be repeated. We were very careful."

MRS. HART is famously intrepid. At thirteen, on being instructed by letter to leave her Swiss boarding school and, unaccompanied, take three trains, a ferry, and several taxis across the Continent, the Channel, and England to meet her neurotic and indomitable mother in London, Kitty did so unquestioningly and without complaint. "I made it," she announced to her mother as she strolled into the lobby of the Savoy Hotel exactly on time.

Her buoyancy does not encourage introspection, and she propels herself forward with a belief in the need to contribute to the common weal. Most people who know her resort to stock phrases to describe her: she "lights up a room," or "exudes radiance." She is a woman who suffers blows in silence, who leaves unsaid much of what she is really about, who hides from the outside world any signs of family conflict. Façade takes precedence over inner feelings: in talking about the past, Mrs. Hart glides over her mother's sulks and rages, and over Moss Hart's manic-depressive torments. Like many women of her generation, she unquestioningly assumes that such deceptions about her life are benign. They are intended to make her world easier or to move it into a better place. Yet each September, near her birthday, she sinks into a private melancholy, as if the energy she expends maintaining her exuberance did take a toll. "I'm depressed," she will matter-of-factly tell her daughter, Catherine Hart, who is a physician. The malaise will last some days, and then, as if she were facing a new season in the theatre, what Catherine calls "the machinery of my mother's discipline" grinds into place, and her spirits lift.

For years, Kitty Carlisle Hart was a professional charmer, a woman, like many of her era, with a figure, a show-business career, several houses, many parties, and a famous and accomplished husband to propel everything along. Her true strength did not show itself until after Moss Hart died, in 1961, fifteen years after their marriage. Although one of the facets of her character is the keeper of the flame, it was only after his death that she transformed herself through the force of her personality into a culture czar. Ever since, she has worked tirelessly in service to tough issues in an atmosphere where money is so tight that the New York State Council on the Arts cannot afford to serve even coffee and doughnuts at its panel sessions discussing which of thousands of worthy applicants should receive state funding.

Mrs. Hart's skill as an arts administrator is based on her impressive understanding of the infinite problems of the various groups around the state. After assuming her post, she worked out an innovative decentralization budget with the legislature which gave each of the state's sixty-two counties fifty-five cents per citizen from the annual budget allotted to the arts. She then travelled by plane, car, and train through rural upstate New York, assisting each county to create its own "re-grant" mechanism, through which funds could be channelled to the smaller arts groups. "We had to change everything," she says. "To get money was like Rube Goldberg be-

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fore. If Onondaga County wanted a hundred and fifty dollars for costumes for a local theatre production, it would have to spend months filling out the forms. We made it so they could just apply to their local council to get the whole thing going."

Mrs. Hart's ability to enchant the rural legislators in Albany has perhaps preserved the New York State Council on the Arts. "She flies to the dinkiest places. If she falls down and breaks a leg, she goes there wearing the cast!" Linda LeRoy Janklow, the chairman of Lincoln Center Theatre, says. When her arts budget was cut in half several years ago, she cried, threatened to quit, then began to work the offices of the Albany legislators. "You have to realize, here comes an extremely attractive woman into an office that is about as dour as an office could be," says Peter Duchin, the Arts Council's vice-chairman. "And there is Kitty, and she suddenly crosses her legs and the whole office smiles. The minute she opens her mouth, the legislator knows that she knows what she's talking about. She'll say, in effect, 'You may think that your highway budget is important, but *nothing* is more important than money for the arts—this is a matter of the *soul*.' " Mrs. Hart has fought for funding for unknown talents who have gone on to great careers, such as Spike Lee, Nam June Paik, and Barbara Kopple. She is never afraid to call in favors. When Michael Bennett's vast dance and theatrical rehearsal space at 890 Broadway was threatened after his death, she appealed to the real-estate man Lawrence Wien, a former beau, to save it. After weeks of meetings, phone calls, and feasibility studies organized by Mrs. Hart, Wien contributed fifteen million dollars, and the rehearsal studios are still intact.

Like the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council has been involved in the ongoing debate about arts funding. Mrs. Hart questions her role frequently: Which is more important—the vision of the artists, no matter how potentially offensive, or the politics of Albany? "So far, we have been able to navigate it," she says. One morning in 1986, she awakened to headlines reading, "STATE SPENDS MONEY ON MEN IN DRAG." Conservative legislators in Albany were outraged that the state was funding an exhibition of photographs of gay writers such as James Baldwin. "We had given an artists' residency grant to someone who was doing a photo essay on cross-dressing," Mary Hays, the executive director of the council, says. "We were very nervous about the hearing after this headline, because, depending on how we did, five or six million dollars was at stake." Of course, Mrs. Hart prevailed.

"WHAT would your life have turned out like if you had remained Catherine Conn in New Orleans?" I asked Mrs. Hart one afternoon this spring, pronouncing the name with a long "o."

"Conn—C-O-N-N," she corrected, quickly and coldly, as if it were an involuntary reflex.

"After all these years, you're still trying to pass," I suggested.

"Yes," she said seriously. "I suppose I am."

Catherine Conn grew up in a world whose underpinnings were Victorian. She was of a time and a state of mind when it was believed possible to jump into American society through the free pass of stardom, as if such enchantment would automatically rob the world of its prejudices. Denial was often a necessary tool for advancement, even in the theatre: names were changed, accents Anglicized. The composer Arthur Schwartz, who spoke with a distinctly British accent, told his son, Jonathan, "We're not Jewish, we're in show business." Getting out of a taxi once, Kitty Carlisle's mother was asked by a curious driver, "Is your daughter Jewish?" "She may be, but I'm not" was the reply.

In the world of Southern Jewry, Catherine Conn came from a successful family. Her maternal grandfather, an immigrant from Germany, had been a gunner on the Merrimack during the Civil War, and became the first Jewish mayor of Shreveport, but her mother, Hortense ("God, how she hated that name!"), was eager to advance into the sugar-plantation society of Edwardian New Orleans—daring behavior for a Jewish woman of that era. Hortense Conn was highly contradictory: she was an accomplished violinist, and she had exacting standards of intellectual probity; at the same time, she was grasping, and she made harsh judgments of her only child. She hardly ever showed affection. "The moments of physical closeness were so rare that when I was fifty years old, I was still trying to crawl into her lap," her daughter wrote in her memoir, "Kitty," published in 1988. Living a luxe Park Avenue life as Mrs. Moss Hart, Kitty often started her day with tears brought on by a phone call from her mother. Her son, Chris, remembers going in to tell his mother goodbye as he left for school and discovering her in a satin bed jacket, breakfast tray in front of her, crying, "Yes, Mommy. Yes, Mommy," into the telephone.

Mrs. Conn obviously saw her daughter as one means of advancement. She rapped the child's knuckles if she made a mistake in her daily piano practice, and offered bromides like "Furnish your mind." She was also deeply concerned with appearances, going to such extremes as having her child's clothes copied from the Paris frocks brought back by New Orleans society ladies. "We lived on St. Charles Avenue and had a cook, a maid, and a governess," Mrs. Hart recalls. "My governess was so beautiful she wound up at Henri Bendel's as a model. Years later, I asked Lillian Hellman—who also grew up in New Orleans—if she had been invited to go to Mardi Gras, and Lillian said, 'Mardi Gras? They don't take Jews.' And that was the world I grew up in. My mother was eager to move me into Gentile society. I went to Miss McGehee's, and I must have been the only Jewish girl there. I guess that's why I was ignored. But my mother's entrée was through the arts. She had a foot in the Gentile world because of her music. She played the violin in the interval at the Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré." Kitty's father, a doctor, died when she was ten. Her mother startled the locals by selling her house and taking her daughter to Europe, with the intention of marrying her off to nobility, as if she were a character in a Henry James novel.

Beginning in 1921, the imperious Mrs. Conn roamed the Continent with her daughter, using her modest amount of money to stay "in the worst room at the best hotel," as the daughter once wrote. The mother had been determined to go to Europe because she knew "that to marry me into Jewish society, the Schiffs, the Warburgs, and the Lehmans, would be impossible," Mrs. Hart says. "They were such terrible snobs and only married each other. But to marry European royalty was not nearly so difficult for a Jewish girl." As Mrs. Hart describes it, she was a juvenile Sancho Panza to her mother—as an eleven-year-old, she carried her mother's heavy luggage off trains, so her mother could pretend to be an empress in exile with servants behind her; Kitty called for porters in five languages; she spot-cleaned and pressed her mother's clothes. She mothered her mother, and never once questioned these pretenses. Arriving in Paris, her mother would pose outside the Hôtel George V in front of a line of Rolls-Royces, "pretending that one of the cars was ours," Mrs. Hart told me. "Our life in Paris was like a Potemkin village—it was all façade. We had a beautiful apartment with two or three awfully large public rooms and a dreadful little bedroom in the back with a miserable bathroom. My identity was called into question for so long because we didn't have any money. And we were always pushing our way into places where we didn't belong."

Her mother did, however, provide her with an excellent education, the finest singing lessons, and the model of her toughness. The daughter dropped Catherine for Kitty at the Swiss boarding school, which her mother had got her into by sheer force of will; she later picked the name Carlisle from the New York phone book, rejecting Vere de Vere. As Kitty perfected her languages, her mother wrote her affectionate letters describing her visits to Sigmund Freud in Vienna, the opening of King Tut's tomb, her temper tantrums in the Sahara. During the holidays, they travelled together. "Before I went into a room, my mother would pinch me in the back and hiss, 'Be gracious!' And I always was." (In Paris, she was introduced as "Mademoiselle Conn" at a ball given by the Duchess of Albufera.) She was frightened that someone would discover the modesty of her mother's rooms. She was often treated as a "nobody," she wrote, and later, by one Italian family, as the adventuress that perhaps she was.

By the time she was a teen-ager, she had been thoroughly trained to achieve her mother's desires. Sent to Rome to spend a season with a wealthy family, she arrived with a collection of tacky dresses that were copies of Chanel and Lanvin *robes de style*. "I hope you'll take good care of these clothes," her mother told her peevishly. In a rare moment of rebellion, Kitty answered testily, "I should know how. I've been taking care of your clothes long enough." In her memoir she wrote, "She treated me to theme and variations on being an ingrate, ending up with, 'You're a cold fish.' Mother probably never remembered it, but I did, for a very long time," but just before the book went to press she cut that passage out, believing it in some way unduly harsh.

It could be argued that a subtext of Kitty Carlisle Hart's life is fear. If Hortense Conn implanted in her daughter a certain resilience and confidence by making her the sole object of her interest and her aims, she also frightened her through mood swings and sulks, during which Kitty struggled to placate her. Kitty was "a rather unattractive, withdrawn child," who had to learn to tell amusing stories to "turn away my mother's wrath," she now says. "My mother would go into moods where she would lock me out of our room—this when we were staying at resorts where it was imperative that you change your clothes several times a day. I would have to push pleading little notes under her door or offer her little bouquets of flowers to get her to forgive me." Once, when Kitty was fifteen, her mother flew into a rage just before fifty people were to arrive at their hotel for a cocktail party. "She slammed the door," Kitty says, "and I was left to do everything and entertain her guests, forced to make excuses for her."

"I am desperately afraid of any kind of rupture," she says. "If a housekeeper leaves me, I will take to bed. Everything came from my mother. I think it was my fear of losing her. I was convinced that every time we quarrelled she would leave me. It has affected every area of my life."

MARRIAGE can be a paradox, filled with surprise and evasion. When Kitty Carlisle married Moss Hart, in 1946, she was suddenly brought into a world of ideas and excitement, where people gave toasts in doggerel and signed guestbooks as Edna Ferber once

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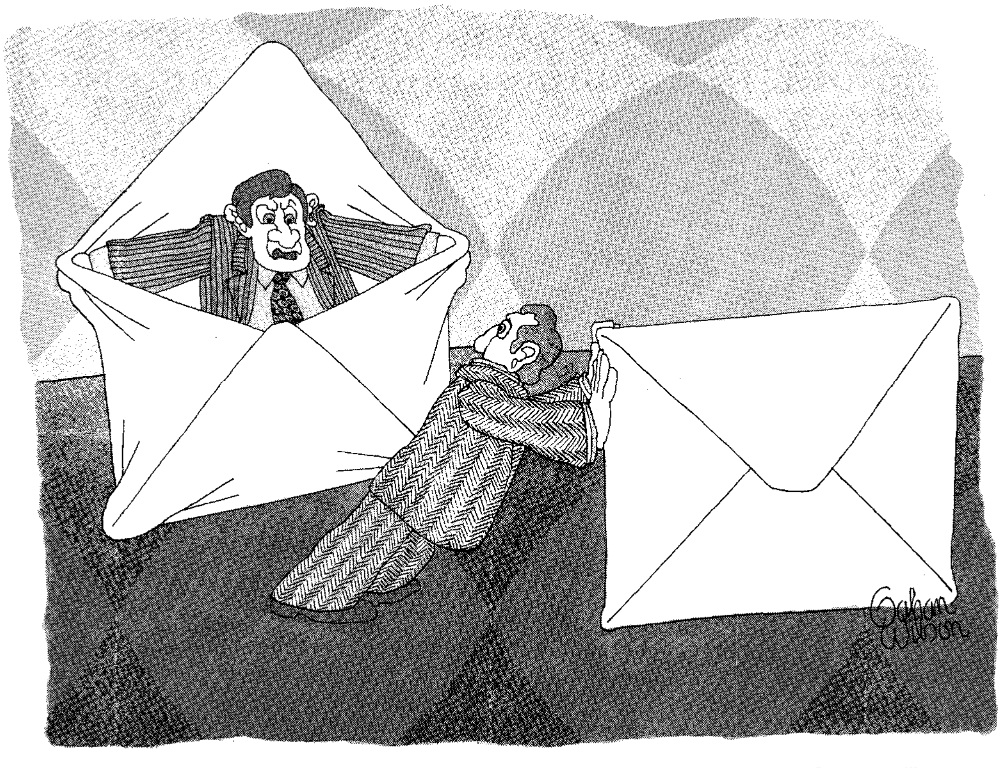
did at Hart's estate in Bucks County: "You know I love you, don't you Mouse, but I would kill you for your house!" The marriage was an odd alliance. "We saved each other," Mrs. Hart says. Moss Hart's childhood had been as lonely and as desperate with longing as hers. He had grown up in the Bronx "in an atmosphere of unrelieved poverty," he wrote in his 1959 autobiography, "Act One," with "the grim smell of actual want always at the end of my nose." In the nineteen-twenties, while Kitty was studying drama and singing in Paris and in London in an attempt to find a noble husband by appearing on the stage, Hart was withdrawing into the theatre from his own unpleasant family circumstances. "Certainly the first retreat a child makes to alleviate his unhappiness is to contrive a world of his own," Hart wrote. When Hart's father, a cigar-maker, lost his job, in 1911, because of the automation of the craft, the family was forced to take in boarders. Hart dropped out of school after the seventh grade to earn money. When he was asked later where he had attended college, he would say, "Hebrew Tech." Mrs. Hart says, "I don't know which is worse, being poor when everyone around you is poor, the way Moss was, or being poor, the way I was, when everyone around you is rich and you have to keep up with the Joneses."

Hart's passionate ambitions, inspired by his eccentric Aunt Kate, who took him to theatre performances as a child, led him to take menial jobs working as an office boy, a floorwalker at Macy's, and a camp social director in the Catskills until, in 1929, at the age of twenty-five, he was able to interest George S. Kaufman in his first play, a Hollywood satire called "Once in a Lifetime." That collaboration eventually led to the moment of euphoria described in "Act One" when, on a high from an all-night celebration, he arrived back at his family's apartment in Brooklyn, gave them forty-five minutes to pack their bags, and moved them all to Manhattan.

By the age of twenty-six, Moss Hart was "the prince of Broadway," according to the columnist Leonard Lyons, and over the next three decades he was acclaimed for his collaboration with Kaufman on such plays as "You Can't Take It with You" and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and, later, for his direction of such shows as "My Fair Lady" and "Camelot." His neuroses and extravagances provided his famous new friends, such as Edna Ferber and Alexander Woollcott, with plenty to tease him about. "For years, I heard about the brilliant Moss Hart in his apartment on the twenty-sixth floor of the Waldorf Towers, blocked in his writing and threatening suicide," Mrs. Hart told me.



"You're supposed to push your envelope from the inside, Conners!"

Moss Hart could command a room with his physical presence: he was a tall man with dark hair and Mephistophelian arched brows. His speech, perhaps because his father was born in England, was vaguely British. Known for his wit and his sense of drama, he was "the kind of person who if he came to your party it was made," Bennett Cerf said. However, Hart's relationships with women had never endured. Although "Act One" provides a haunting evocation of a boy's coming of age, romance is noticeably absent. It was thought that he was epicene, a bit of a dandy, writing hit after hit, taken care of by George and Beatrice Kaufman and Cole and Linda Porter, with whom he often travelled. His first encounter with his future bride came on the movie set of "A Night at the Opera" as he and Porter were looking for a leading lady for their upcoming Broadway show, "Jubilee." When Kitty Carlisle was told that Moss Hart wanted to meet her, she ran toward him and fell directly at his feet—perhaps an omen of their relationship to come. He didn't cast her for the show, and hardly encountered her over the next ten years. Meanwhile, she made her way as a middle-range singer, introducing such songs as "June in January," in "Here Is My Heart," and "Love in Bloom," in "She Loves Me Not," both with Bing Crosby. She starred in a Broadway adaptation of "Die Fledermaus" called "Champagne, Sec" and an Austrian operetta, "White Horse Inn," but true stardom eluded her. During the war, her stage career faltered, and she supported her mother and herself as a night-club chanteuse, making an occasional movie and once in a while christening a warship.

Her career setbacks may have contributed to her becoming more serious and politically aware. Although she had returned to America in 1932 as a pan-European, she grew tired of camouflaging her religion. One night at a dinner party, she recalls, "they were saying dreadful things about the Jews, and in the middle of the fish course I got up and I said, 'I cannot sit here another minute and listen to this kind of talk.'" The night F.D.R. died, she was working at the Versailles. "All these people came

"A world that seems to be working right for a change."

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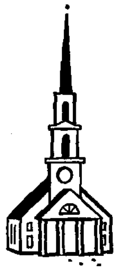
to the Versailles to celebrate! I was singing 'The House I Live In' with tears streaming down my face."

Meanwhile, Hart, compulsively introspective, at a time in his life when he had one hit play after another, retreated into a lengthy psychoanalysis. It was said by his contemporaries that Hart, who was then in his thirties, was seeking help for his depression and for his inability to maintain satisfactory relationships with women. Later, in a letter to Kitty, Edna Ferber referred to these years euphemistically as the time of Hart's "illness." Hart's psychoanalysis inspired "Lady in the Dark," but in 1941, when it opened, he was thirty-six and he was still alone. A girlfriend, the actress Edith Atwater, inspired a Kaufman joke: "Have you met the future Miss Atwater?" One night near the end of the war, Hart ran into Kitty Carlisle at a Bond Rally party at Lillian Hellman's. To him she revealed an ability to listen so carefully that it seemed as if no one else were in the room. "I knew I had riveted his attention," she recalls, and when she got home that night she wrote in a journal, "Quite an evening . . . snatched [Henry] Wallace out from under Sylvia Fine's nose. . . . Moss Hart, after his trip to the Pacific, stopped going to his analyst. . . . Edna Ferber perfectly delightful. Moss ditto."

"I had the best training for Moss's wife that any woman could ever have," Mrs. Hart told me. "The first time we really talked a great deal is when I was playing at the Brook Club, in Miami, in 1946. He told me all about his childhood, his mother, his poverty, and his analysis. I remember saying to myself, 'I am like Elsa von Brabant in "Lohengrin." I must never ask what his name is.' I swore I would never ask him about his analysis, and I never did. He once said to me, 'You are the most incurious woman I know. A package could stay on the hall table for a week and you would never try to find out what was in it.' I'd learned my lesson from 'Lohengrin.' "

Almost immediately, he began to talk to Kitty about a new psychiatrist, Dr. Lawrence Kubie, who was a strict Freudian, and whom he saw regularly. All through their courtship and throughout their marriage, she was able to talk to Moss without a moment of boredom or discontent, bestowing upon him the rapt attention, the sympathetic nod, the implicit understanding of every nuance—all qualities that still are at the very center of her charm—but what went on in the sessions with Kubie was taboo. "Until much later, I never figured out that Moss had periods of mania and depressions," she told me.



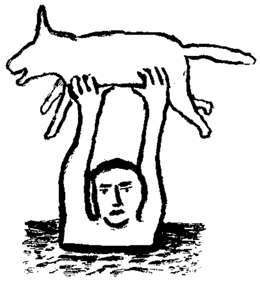
It quickly became clear to Hart's friends that he was serious about the relationship. George Kaufman wrote to his daughter, Anne, "This afternoon I am having Barberry drinks with Mossie, and it seems that romance is really in the air between him and Kitty. . . . It would not surprise me if it were marriage this time."

Kitty recalls, "I had absolutely given up ever finding anyone! I used to say to my mother, 'I'm not married. I don't have any children. I'm going to wind up like Sophie Tucker singing "Some of These Days" in a café in Montana.' " Instead, when she married Moss Hart, a year after the war, she was at first so afraid of boring him that she "acted like a houseguest—Moss did everything," Phyllis Cerf Wagner recalls. "He hired the servants, he decorated the apartment," her friend Leonora Hornblow says. Once, while Kitty was playing cards with George S. Kaufman, she lapsed into baby talk. Kaufman slapped her and said, "Stop that." Hart defended Kitty, saying, "She can talk any way she wants." She later wrote, "Whatever réclame I'd had as Kitty Carlisle was as nothing compared to being Mrs. Moss Hart."

As if directing a play, Hart liked to cast family members in roles he devised for them. Kitty's mother was renamed Hydrangea—which is Hortensia in French—by Moss, who found it hilarious that she called Beach Haven, their summer house on the New Jersey shore, "Bèche Hahven." Moss's father, who had once rolled cigars in a store window under the El, was given a sailor's jaunty cap and called the Commodore. Kitty was reinvented as well: she was no longer a full-time singer but, rather, a glamorous socialite, managed and dressed by her husband. He was instrumental in helping her develop her persona, partly through extravagant outfits of feathers and chiffon, which her new friends, like Florence Rome, called "a hoot," but which made her a national figure when she began to appear on "To Tell the Truth." On those weekly shows, a group of New York bon vivants—among them Polly Bergen and Hy Gardner—made quips as they attempted to unmask frauds and poseurs.

As a couple, the Harts were at the very center of the hilarious, hobnobbing world of the Broadway theatre at a time when it still defined American popular culture. They lived in a vast duplex on Park Avenue, which had a soundproof solarium, so Hart could work at home. At his insistence, he and Kitty ate lunch together almost every day. "We lived in each other's pockets," she says. "Moss hated to let me out of his sight. We slept in a double bed, and he wouldn't even let me leave the bed to go in to the children when they were sick. It used to drive me crazy!" At night, suffering from chronic insomnia, he would turn to Kitty and say, "Tell me the story of your life again," and, uncomplainingly, she would regale him until he fell asleep with anecdotes of Princess Mestchersky's finishing school in Paris and tales of her adventures while she was playing a thousand performances on tour in "Rio Rita" or performing with Danny Kaye at the Chez Paree in Chicago. "My parents had a mystical marriage," Chris Hart recalls. "They were both very high-strung and creative. They fought with everyone—the servants, the children, their friends. But they never fought with each other."

In 1951, on their fifth wedding anniversary, Hart wrote to her, "Is there a way of saying 'Thank you' for the greatest gift one human being can give to another? In these five years you have given me the purest happiness I have ever known—and my love for you has grown and deepened with each year. How can I find words to thank you or even tell you how much you mean to me? . . . Perhaps I can only go on loving you more—though that does not seem possible."



At the height of their happiness, it was "delicious beyond dreams" to observe them, Leonora Hornblow recalls. In the winter of 1959, the Harts went to Jamaica with Phyllis and Bennett Cerf, and Leonora and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, the producer of "Witness for the Prosecution." It was a golden trip. As a lark, Hart was nicknamed "the leader." Lolling around on the beach at the Round Hill Club, he made up a series of songs about their trip: "We are 22A, the only house with no view of the bay!" As they strolled by the water singing, they noticed that "everyone at the Round Hill Club had 'Act One' at their chaise," Mrs. Hart recalls. Although "Act One" was No. 1 on the *Times* best-seller list, Hart was nettled that Cerf and Random House were not taking out enough ads. This led to another ditty: "On the road to Doubleday/Where the happy authors play." That winter, the six friends knew that this time in their life was supremely happy. "We were all talking so much with each other that we felt we needed an appointment to speak!" Leonora Hornblow says.

The Harts were out at parties "every night of the week, or so it seemed," Chris Hart says. "My memory is of zipping my mother up into her ball gowns and watching her put on the diamond necklace supposedly given to my grandmother by the King of Bulgaria after a romantic weekend." For their own dinner parties, Kitty would descend her curved staircase wearing a long velvet gown. Moss would cast the party and plan every detail except the food. Like Kitty, he was concerned with presentation; in front of his bathroom mirror while he shaved he would often practice lines he wanted to use at the table. At the Harts' dinners, the guests might perform their signature songs, Florence and Harold Rome doing "Lucky Lindy!," Kay and Arthur Schwartz "Alone Together," the Harts "Me and Marie."

Despite the gaiety, the Harts' lives were not unaffected by McCarthyism; dinners often broke up over politics. Moss Hart spent days watching the McCarthy hearings on television and recorded his rage in his diary. Once, Mrs. Hart recalls, Bernard Baruch came to her and said, "I have to warn you. There are friends of Moss's that you must never see again!" At that, she says, "I ran to Moss. Moss said, 'That is out of the question. We don't behave that way.' He called me Mrs. Antrobus, the character in 'Skin of Our Teeth.' 'Any time any-

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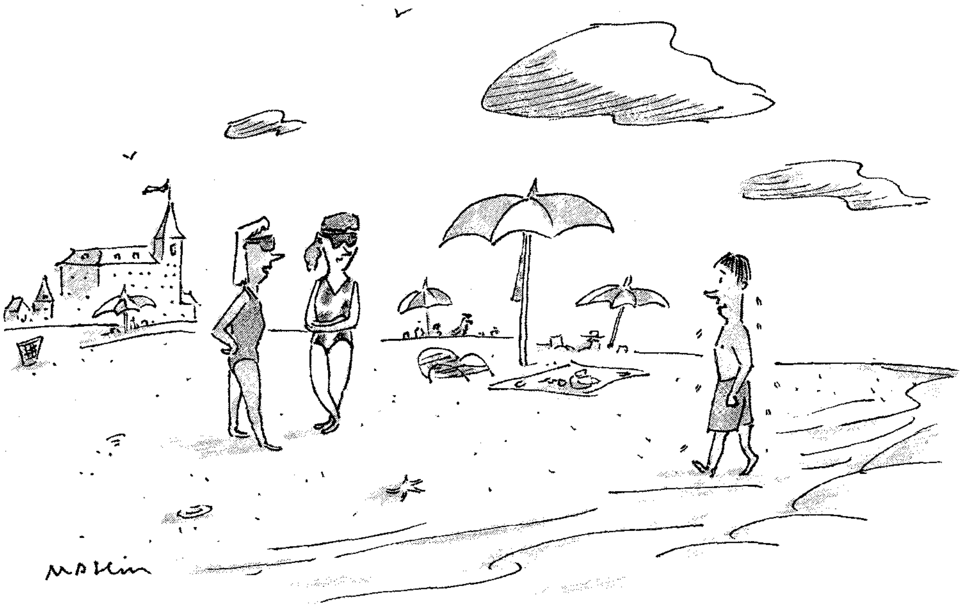

"Ron looks better wet than dry, just like those pretty little stones you collect along the beach."

• •

thing goes wrong, Kitty runs for the umbrellas,' he said. Mrs. Antrobus was always trying to save everyone."

Lawrence Kubie, Hart's psychiatrist, was a continuing problem for Kitty, according to Leonora Hornblow. He insinuated himself into their social life, often attending their dinner parties, and visiting them at their summer house. On one occasion, when Leonora and Arthur Hornblow were invited to a dinner along with Dr. Kubie, "Moss made me crazy," she recalls. "He called me twice to see what I was going to wear. He wanted to make sure that I would mind my manners and that I didn't talk too much." Both she and Kitty had disliked Dr. Kubie "instantly," and were always repelled by his "terrible condescending quality." It was commonly believed that Dr. Kubie, who also treated Vladimir Horowitz and Tennessee Williams, had a tendency to gossip about his famous patients. (He attempted to "cure" Horowitz of homosexuality, which he considered an illness, and he advised Williams to stop writing.) Mrs. Hart says, "I knew that Moss sensed my displeasure. I always believed that Moss's depressions could be cured by a pill. And I blamed Kubie for that, because there were pills that they were experimenting with. It was not my role to tell Kubie that he was doing a terrible job. All I knew was that Moss depended on him. I was not going to destroy that."

When Chris Hart was growing up, he often saw his mother walking up and down the beach with his father and trying to pull him out of his melancholy. "He would go into a depression in four days, and it would take months for him to come out," Mrs. Hart says. Often it was after his greatest successes that he would plunge into despair. As she had once been forced to soothe her distraught mother, she did everything possible to help. "He would say that success was no anodyne, because he had hoped that success would change him, and he would wake up the next morning and be 'the same shit' who had gone to bed."

When Hart was depressed, he would try to tough it out, locking himself in his study and attempting to write. For the children's sake, he would try to camouflage his mood by a show of manners, but sometimes "the sadness in his eyes" would send Mrs. Hart walking alone up and down Madison Avenue to escape. "Moss was tormented about everything," she recalls. "He had problems with his mother, then he tried to understand her. He had hated being poor. He couldn't stand the boredom of it. He was particularly angry at his father, whom he could not forgive for not having provided him with an education."

Often, to combat his increasing bouts of depression, Hart would take a directing job. Early in the rehearsals for "My Fair Lady," in 1955, it became clear that Julie Andrews was having trouble with the role of Eliza Doolittle. "We got into a taxi one day after rehearsal and I said, 'Moss, she is so awful! What are you going to do?' " Mrs. Hart recalls. "And Moss said, 'If I were David Belasco"—the theatrical impresario—"I would lock her into a room and paste the part on her.' And I said, 'Why don't you?' " Hart shut down rehearsals for two days and worked alone with Julie Andrews until she had mastered the part. The intensity of rehearsal lifted his depression, but then he became manic. Mrs. Hart says, "Moss conceived the great black-and-white scene at Ascot on a manic high. He told me later that he could never have visualized that scene except in a mania."

MRS. HART is a few minutes late for our appointment today, having been detained at a lunch where she was being honored for her contribution to the arts. At this stage of her life, every month brings tributes. I sit waiting for her on the sofa where I once talked with her about Marietta Tree. When Mrs. Hart arrives, she is slightly out of breath and says she is famished, explaining, "In all the excitement, I didn't have time to eat." Her maid, Pilar, brings her sliced chicken and salad on a tray. "What a week I've had!" she says. "I am too old to be a movie star." During the first days of the week, she was playing the role of a hostess at a lunch party in the film adaptation of John Guare's "Six Degrees of Separation." "On Monday and Tuesday, I was up at five each morning to be at the studio, and I did not get to bed until late at night! I had flowers from everyone. From Stockard Channing, from Donald Sutherland, from John Guare."

While she is eating her lunch, I ask, "Why have you never allowed anyone to write a biography of your husband?"

"He wrote his own," she answers quickly, and repeats a remark of her husband's that she has quoted in the past. "Moss always said that beginnings were the most fun and the most interesting. And he said that in later life it became 'And then I met and then I wrote.' " Mrs. Hart seems suddenly on her guard. However outgoing she may appear to the outside world, there are areas of her life that she will never talk about to anyone, including her own children.

Mrs. Hart has donated much of Moss Hart's correspondence and scrapbooks to the theatre archives of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, but a good part of the collection is to remain sealed until after her death. For years, the conditions of her gift have generated speculation among theatre historians. It was commonly believed by Hart's contemporaries that he was sexually troubled, perhaps as a side effect of manic-depression. Although Mrs. Hart has discouraged several potential biographers from exploring his life, she did give the archives a diary he kept in 1953 and 1954. The diary, according to the catalogue description, "was undertaken by Hart as self-therapy during a period when he was apparently depressed and experiencing difficulty with his writing." It includes "frank comments about theatrical friends and associates, his theatrical work, and the Harts' social activities." Because Mrs. Hart is of a generation that shrouded such matters, I was surprised that she had given the material to a library, despite the restriction on its use.

The subject of how Hart's manic-depression and years of bachelorhood affected their marriage enters the conversation. Mrs. Hart's voice remains steady, and she looks at me coolly. "I asked him about it. I said, 'Are you homosexual?' This was before we got married. And he said, 'Absolutely not.' He said there had been a couple of people who had made passes at him. And that was it. I never gave it another thought. His love letters were so obvious and so tender. When he wrote 'Act One,' he signed it to me, 'Whatever I am, whatever I may be belongs to you.' "

When I ask if she'll permit me to see the diary, she says, "Darling, I can't let you have it. Moss wrote in an entry that the diary was for his eyes only, and I have to respect that."

As it happens, her son had a copy of the diary; he considered it harmless, and read it to me. I then realized that I had been misled by Mrs. Hart's refusal of my request. The diary details Hart's happiness in marriage and his increasing melancholia through the final stages of the writing and directing of, respectively, "A Star Is Born" and "Anniversary Waltz,"

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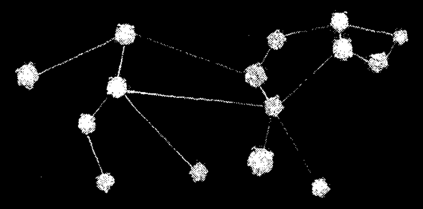

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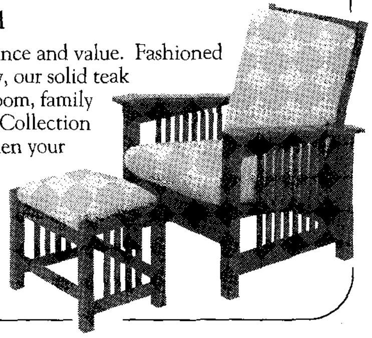

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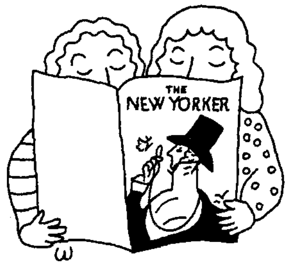

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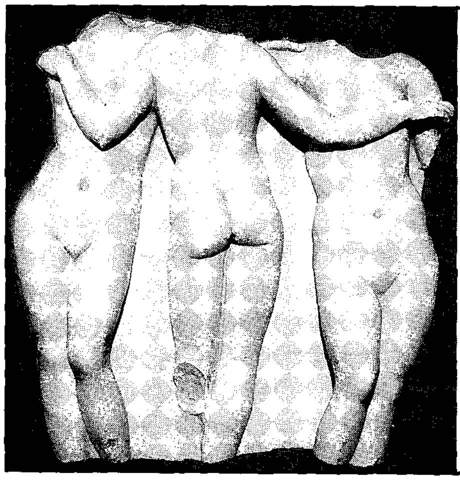

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which was written by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields; it was produced by Hart's brother Bernie and Joe Hyman, and Mrs. Hart was to star in it. In November of 1953, Hart wrote:

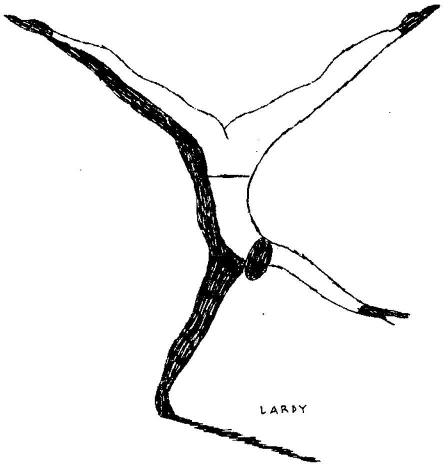
> Awoke in a foul humor which did not lift. . . . Lunch with Chodorov and Fields. Joe and Bernie in an all day casting session in the office. I was in a terrible mood and I was constantly aware of my hostility towards Joe . . . Mood of enormous antagonism and rage which fastened itself onto Joe. However, being aware of it I behaved extremely well and let no aspect of it show. I noticed as I left the office there was an enormous compulsion to buy something which apparently goes side by side with both rage and elation. . . . The mood lifted completely in some magical way as I came into the house and saw Kitty.

Although I was puzzled at first by Mrs. Hart's secretiveness about a document that most readers would see as a monument to a marriage, I gradually came to see that her rare moments of anger are directed mostly at anyone who she believes has either questioned her control of Hart's image or, more understandably, has diminished Hart in any way. "Moss was everything to me," she says. "And even to discuss him in any way that I find unattractive makes me feel as if I had betrayed him." (After Hart's death, she was seriously courted by several suitors, including Thomas Dewey; she rejected them all.) When I asked Dr. Catherine Hart about her mother's angry moments, she answered quickly, "Anything to do with my father. She is very tough. There is a don't-mess-with-me quality about my mother. When she gets a grudge, it is hard to move her." Mrs. Hart once told me, "At the closing night of 'My Fair Lady,' Alan Jay Lerner did not thank Moss. I called him up the next day, and I called him every name in the book. And I refused to speak to him for years."

One afternoon, I walked along Amsterdam Avenue with Dr. Hart. She has the same slim, dark good looks as her mother, but she is very much a woman of her generation, serious and without façade. Mrs. Hart resolved when her children were born that they would never have the same cold relationship with her that she had endured with her mother. She and Chris, who is now a theatre producer and a director in Los Angeles, have sustained an affectionate relationship through years of complexities, but Mrs. Hart is particularly close to Cathy. "I knew what children of famous parents can turn out like, and I was determined that my children would have a normal life," she told me. When Hart died, Cathy was eleven and Chris was thirteen. Chris later went to boarding school, but Cathy remained at home. She told me, "I don't know what my mother and her friends talk about. They are so different from my friends. I think it is generational. We can talk about anything with each other. Our marriages. Our lives. We can be free to complain. My mother is not introspective at all. There are so many things we just never discuss." As we walked together, she added, "So much of my mother's memories are mythology. But isn't it wonderful how she has made it all work for her? I really admire her for that."

ON another afternoon, I have tea with Mrs. Hart. Again arriving a few moments late, she says that the morning was "a triumph." She had been asked by Governor Cuomo to give a speech at the Shubert Theatre to launch a year-long national centennial celebration of Broadway. "I was onstage with the dancers from 'Crazy for You' and got out of the Rolls-Royce in that marvellous scene in the first act. And then I gave my speech and got back in the Rolls-Royce."

As it happens, the new Ambassador-designate to France, Pamela Harriman, is staying with Mrs. Hart for several days. Suddenly, she appears in the living room. The two women have been close friends for forty years. Both of them radiate an almost incredibly youthful quality, as if passing their seventieth birthdays had given them full possession of their vitality.



"I've been all the way down to the World Trade Center to be drug-proofed!" Mrs. Harriman says, in a smoky voice. "It's like either going to prison or going back to school. There are all these things! Then, at four-thirty, I have to call the White House and be interviewed for forty-five minutes on God knows what."

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Hart says.

"It never ends! That was Ambassador Dobrynin who just called. I asked him if he was glad to be out of Moscow, and he said, 'I certainly am.' "

"My dear!"

"He said, 'I think you have a hands-on President, the first you've had in many decades.' "

"Have you had many calls?"

"My secretary is going mad!"

Recently, Mrs. Hart was approached about heading the controversial National Endowment for the Arts. It was Pamela Harriman, Mrs. Hart later told me, who persuaded her to "withdraw my name from consideration," on the ground that the agency was absurdly overpoliticized and not something she should be attempting to take on. As always with Mrs. Hart, it was difficult to reconcile her level of enthusiasm with her age. "I do wish that I had had my turn at the National Endowment for the Arts," she added. "I just know that I could have done something to make it better."

In the style of their era, both Mrs. Harriman and Mrs. Hart spent years in the shadow of complicated and demanding men, acting the part of hostesses and biding their time, as if they were tortoises waiting to emerge from their shells. Both women understand the necessity of discipline.

One morning, I asked Mrs. Hart to do her spine exercises for me. She did so without hesitation. "Martha Graham said, 'Your spine is your tree of life,' " she told me, and then she was on the carpet in her sitting room, her legs stretched out, as supple as a dancer's, her head touching the floor. "First, the stretch!" she said. "And then I do this thirty times." With that, her legs were in the air moving up and down as, counting to thirty, she executed a series of perfect leg lifts for the stomach. As her pink-and-white ruffled dressing gown fell away, I noticed that Mrs. Hart's legs do not have a curd of cellulite or any mark that would indicate her age. "I got these exercises from Marjorie Craig forty years ago, and I do them four times a week," she told me. "It's eight minutes from start to finish."

On a warm afternoon, Mrs. Hart takes me to see another school that the New York State Council on the Arts helps to fund. "I hope you agree that the circus is an art," she says as we drive to Harbor Junior High School for the Performing Arts, on East 109th Street, in Harlem, whose faculty includes four performers from the Big Apple Circus. At the school door, Mrs. Hart is greeted by the director, Victor Lopez, as if she were royalty, for her belief in the rightness of her cause has helped hundreds of his students. As we walk down a hall toward the gymnasium, a young boy on a unicycle careers dangerously close to Mrs. Hart, but she just laughs. "Our attendance figures are way up," Lopez says. "The logic here is to understand how important the arts are for kids to stay in school. You have to figure that if these kids can break down a circus step it gives them confidence to try a math problem, and it works!"

In the gym, dozens of children tumble, cannonballing onto mats, hanging perilously from a Spanish web. Several more unicycles carom near Mrs. Hart. "Isn't this marvellous!" she exclaims. "Oh, I am so glad we came today!"

Back in the car, Mrs. Hart says she is "positively vivified" at seeing the practical application of the money from the council's grant. "You know, you can do so much! I think I've figured out a way to light the ruins of the Smallpox Hospital"—on Roosevelt Island, in the East River across from Beekman Place. "It would only cost two hundred thousand dollars, and wouldn't it be glorious illuminated? We've sent a letter to every resident of Beekman Place." Driving down Fifth Avenue, she takes out her datebook to check on an appointment. Each page is dense with her handwriting, detailing coming arts trips, dinners in her honor, meetings, parties, benefits, lunches. Mrs. Hart sees me looking at the list of the activities of her daily life. "My dear, it's madness, isn't it? I never say no to anything! It has made such a good life for me." ♦

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As the N.Y.P.D. confronts new revelations of misconduct, officials might do well to review the hard-won lessons of former detective lieutenant David Durk. Since he and Frank Serpico exposed systematic police corruption with their unprecedented testimony before the Knapp Commission, twenty-two years ago, Durk has been on a one-man crusade to make the force come clean.

BY JAMES LARDNER

"I OPEN the door, and I see five sergeants, a lieutenant, and a captain sitting at the desk. And the captain says, 'Sit down, because what I have to tell you I have never had to tell anyone before.' " It is between classes, early in 1993, at the William Acosta School of Tae Kwon Do, a storefront in Queens, and William Acosta is telling David Durk—one ex-cop to another—the story of an unexpected summons to his precinct commander's office. Acosta is a short, thick-torsoed man of thirty with a brush cut of dusty-blond hair. He is wearing a blue-and-green warmup suit. Durk is a fit-looking fifty-seven-year-old, tall and (by police standards) thin, with downy silver-gray hair of the kind favored in the United States Senate, droopily handsome features, and spider tracks that radiate out from the corners of his eyes. He is wearing a navy Brooks Brothers jacket that has seen better days, and a triceratops-studded tie that is traceable to the Smithsonian Institution.

"I look around the room, and they all have their hands resting on the grip of their guns," Acosta says. "I'm thinking they're going to tell me my daughter was just killed or my wife was just killed, and they don't want me to kill myself. And the captain says, 'Please give over your weapon,' so I reach for it, and I see one of the guys pull the gun out of his holster—and I throw my hands in the air and I say, 'You take it!' So a sergeant came over and took the gun, and they gave me a piece of paper to sign, and they said, 'If you don't sign this resignation, we're going to damage your record for life.' And the captain said, 'By the power of the police commissioner, effective four o'clock this afternoon you are no longer in the Police Department.'

"I was numb. I didn't know who I was. I started to drive to the P.B.A. office, because I'd paid my dues from day one." He is referring to the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, from which he hoped to obtain legal assistance. "Two times, I almost got into major accidents. Finally, I had to park. I called my mother and I asked her to meet me at the P.B.A.—I said, 'Mom, take a taxi, do whatever you have to do, because I cannot drive home.' I was having an anxiety attack, you know? Hispanics and Latinos, we never cry. My father used to beat me if I cried. But I cannot lie to you, I broke down and I started to cry. I'm sitting on the embankment of the Long Island Expressway pounding the dashboard. The image of the man who can't provide for his family is haunting my mind."

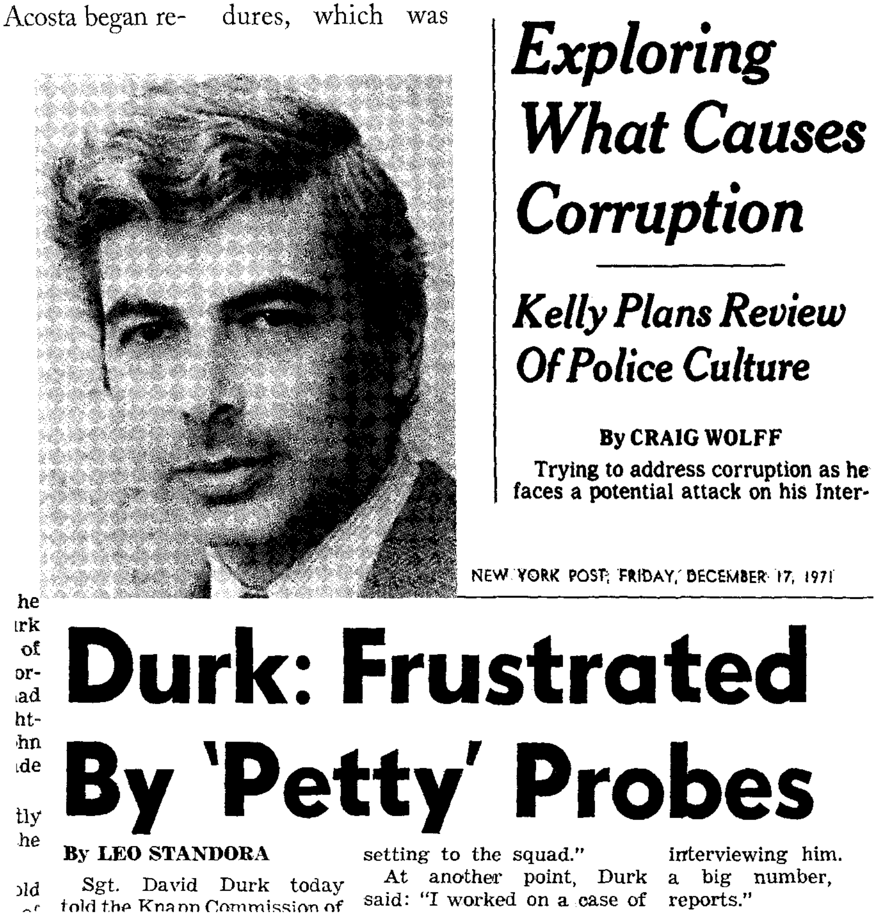
Acosta realized a boyhood dream when he entered the New York City Police Department, in October of 1990, and he fancied that the department, too, was getting something out of the deal. Colombian on his mother's side, Italian on his father's, he spoke seven languages, and he had won commendations for his work as an undercover agent for the United States Customs Service, running a sting operation that nabbed a ring of thieving inspectors and baggage handlers at Kennedy Airport. In the N.Y.P.D., however, no one much noticed his prior law-enforcement experience until some of his fellow-cops in the 114th Precinct, in the Astoria section of Queens, seized on it as supporting evidence for their belief that he was a "rat"—an epithet that occasionally rang out from the rear of the muster room as he was delivering his "Here, sir!" at roll call.

Acosta's rathood was proved when investigators from the Internal Affairs Bureau came to inquire about a roll-call incident in which a white policeman had struck a black policewoman with his nightstick and she had responded in kind. Assured that anything he said would be kept in confidence, Acosta answered the investigators' questions—only to find, the next day, that the whole precinct knew about his testimony. (The reaction suggested to him that he had been the only witness, in a roomful, to admit seeing anything.) From then on, he says, he was treated with conspicuous disdain by a group of cops who had dubbed themselves "the Massapequa boys," after the Long Island suburb of that name.

One day, while Acosta, a sergeant, and another cop were searching a dead man's apartment, Acosta found a stash of large bills, including hundreds and twenties in seeming abundance. No sooner had he handed the money over than the sergeant ordered him to leave. Later, back at the precinct, Acosta checked the report on the dead man's property and saw that the sum found at the scene was listed as several hundred dollars, although he believed it to have been in the thousands. (The deceased's bankbook, he had been told, indicated a recent withdrawal of nearly sixty thousand.) Acosta called an Internal Affairs hotline that was supposed to take anonymous complaints, but as soon as he began to explain his purpose he was pressed for his name and badge number, and he hung up.

His police career lasted a little over a year. His final run-in, he says, was with an off-duty chief who was coming out of a convenience store, staggering toward his car. Acosta told the chief that he shouldn't be driving, and offered to call a taxi or a patrol car to take him home. The chief cursed at him, pushed him away, and got into his car. As it happened, a minor disciplinary matter involving Acosta—he had miscounted the number of parking tickets he had written—had just reached the office of the same chief for review. Acosta had been told to expect a written reprimand or, at worst, a few days of docked pay. Instead, word came back that he would have to defend himself before a departmental trial board on the unexpectedly grave charge of "falsifying police records." Then came the order to report to the captain's office, and the ultimatum to resign or else be fired and have his record blackened for life.

After signing, in panic, Acosta looked for help. His search took him, successively, to the P.B.A., to the police Hispanic and Italian societies, to a lawyer, and to a reporter for *Newsday*. The reporter wrote an article about Acosta's plight, and the article mentioned a number of incidents that did not reflect well on the 114th Precinct. Acosta began receiving threats on his life—and occasional gestures of reinforcement, such as five rats, their throats slit, left on the hood of his car. He consulted the reporter, who suggested that Acosta talk to someone he had never heard of—a retired detective lieutenant named David Durk.



THE NEW YORK TIMES
SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1993

Exploring What Causes Corruption

Kelly Plans Review Of Police Culture

By CRAIG WOLFF

Trying to address corruption as he faces a potential attack on his Inter-

NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1971

Durk: Frustrated By 'Petty' Probes

By LEO STANDORA

Sgt. David Durk today told the Knapp Commission of

setting to the squad."
At another point, Durk said: "I worked on a case of

interviewing him.
a big number,
reports."

History repeats: a headline from the Knapp Commission hearings and one from the most recent cycle of misconduct charges. In the seventies, Durk was a hero to many New Yorkers, but he was still clashing with Police Department officials.

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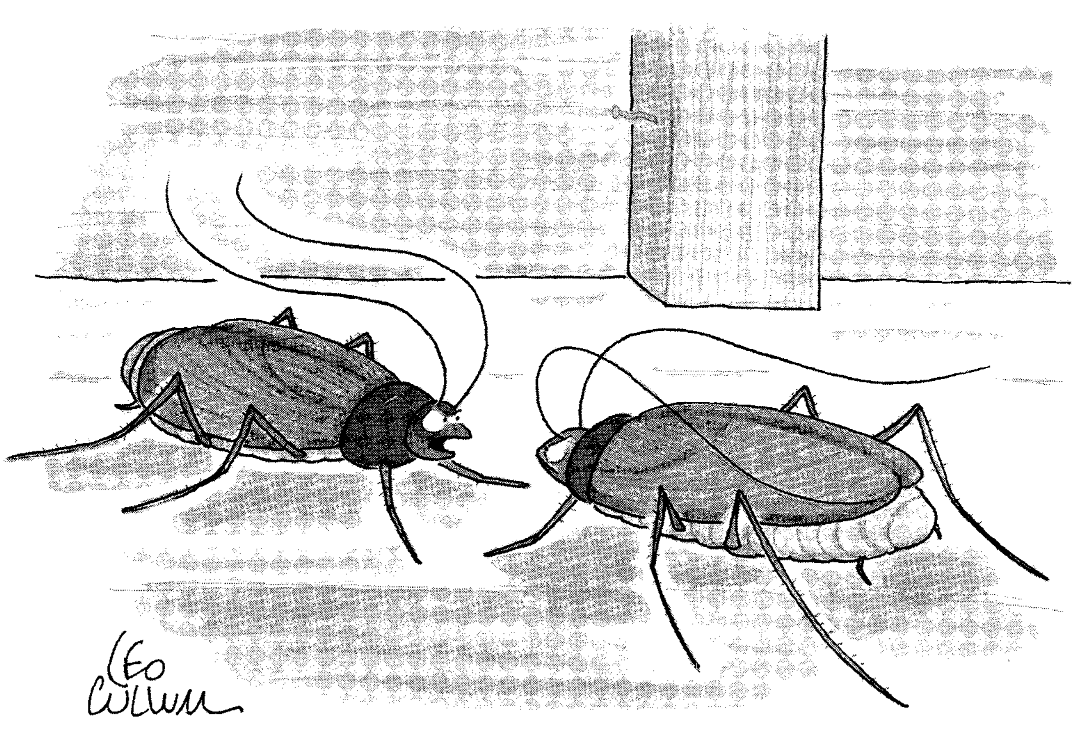
If Acosta had been a little older (or if the Police Academy curriculum included a class in the department's own history), Durk's name might have been familiar to him. For New Yorkers of a certain age, it evokes, along with the broad topic of police corruption, a cluster of other names—among them, Whitman Knapp, Michael Armstrong, William Phillips, and Frank Serpico—and a period that seems very distant and yet, as far as the police are concerned, oddly immediate. In recent months, there have been reports of cocaine-dealing cops, cops riding shotgun for drug dealers, cops committing stickups and murders, and cops failing to give evidence in the murder of another cop. Such items seem headed toward becoming as large and numbing a presence in the news as crime itself. The Mayor has appointed a commission of inquiry, and the commission has hinted at its intention to hold public hearings this fall. Police corruption has burst back into the city's consciousness, continuing a twenty-year cycle of corruption scandals which dates to the nineteenth century—one of those freakish recurrences which historians write footnotes about, and which make a layperson wonder what a scandal is for.

In December of 1971, Durk appeared as a witness before the Commission to Investigate Allegations of Police Corruption and the City's Anti-Corruption Procedures, which was generally known as the Knapp Commission, after the Wall Street lawyer and onetime prosecutor who was its chairman. Most of the other witnesses were either corrupt cops or public officials who had ignored charges of corruption. Durk was a young detective sergeant who had been struggling for five years to get something done about the problem.

Although he had an unusual pedigree for a police officer—he had gone to Amherst; his father was a doctor; his ancestors on both sides of the family were Eastern European Jews—Durk's testimony was a cry from the heart which seemed to speak for the profession as a whole. The average cop, he declared in his closing statement, longs to be honest but is convinced that "he lives and works in the middle of a corrupt society." The Police Department had become "a home for drug dealers and thieves," in which "men who could have been good officers, men of decent impulse . . . were told in a hundred ways every day, 'Go along, forget the law, don't make waves and shut up.' " Any anti-corruption campaign that failed to fix responsibility outside the department as well as inside—and in high places as well as low—would be viewed by cops as a "swindle," he said. To most people, police corruption was a nasty but abstract problem; to Durk, it was what stood between cops and their pride. At the end of his statement, fighting back tears, he stalked out of the room, leaving the audience to applaud the chair in which he had been sitting. Chairman Knapp, visibly nonplussed, called a brief recess so that people could collect themselves.

The spectacle of a young police officer driven to tears by the fact that his job hadn't turned out as advertised was one that New Yorkers—a famously hard-nosed people—found appealing. Durk's testimony was played and replayed on TV and radio, and printed and reprinted in newspapers and magazines. The New York *Times*, in an editorial, called him a municipal hero.

In July of 1972, seven months after the hearings, Durk was attacked by a pair of would-be muggers, one of them armed with a stiletto. The story found its way onto page one of the *Times* under the lilting headline "SGT. DURK, OUT



"I got over DDT, and I'll get over you!"

• •

FOR PIZZA, SHOOTS A MUGGER AND SEIZES ANOTHER."

"He was the star attraction at every party—at every law-enforcement conference," Thomas Reppetto, the president of the Citizens' Crime Commission of New York City, says, adding, "If I'd been the central figure in the Knapp investigation, I would have dined out on it for the rest of my life."

These days, Durk runs a sort of underground railroad for the delivery of whistle-blowers and their information to safety. It's the rare client who is in a position to pay anything, but, that consideration aside, business has not been too bad. There seems to be no shortage of cops and other civil servants who, like William Acosta, want to call attention to illegalities committed by their colleagues or superiors and have been unable to find, in the profusion of agencies and officials lawfully charged with investigating such matters, anyone they care to deal with. From Durk, they get a ready understanding of the mental stresses that whistle-blowers are prone to, and a lifetime of experience in the circumvention of regular channels.

Durk has occasionally been encouraged by, among other people, his wife of thirty-four years, Arlene, to consider a different line of work. Arlene, who is a psychiatric social worker, has indicated that she would not stand in the way if he decided to accept, as she puts it, "a quiet teaching post in Montana." But no one, least of all Arlene, expects such a move.

Durk lives an hour north of the city, on a road lined by trees and fields. Deer cruise the bushes and flowers on his back lawn. Wild turkeys have been known to parade past his bedroom window. He begins a typical day with a quick trip to a nearby supermarket in quest of the New York City newspapers: the *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *News*, the *Post*, and, when he can get it, *Newsday*. By mid-morning, he is sitting in his study—a loft above his living room—with the papers arrayed before him; and more often than not he is worked up over something. It might be a small item nestled in the ad-crowded inner pages of a tabloid: a letter to the editor of the *News*, say, from a citizen who tried to point out an armed drug dealer to a couple of plainclothesmen, only to be told he would have to call 911, because they were from another precinct. "The Police Department is constantly telling people they have a duty to come forward if they have knowledge of a crime," Durk says. "Here's someone who came forward, and look how he was treated!"

Or it might be a bigger story, like the recent murder in Prospect Park of a schoolteacher who tried to flee from a group of teen-agers who were after his mountain bike—and the Police Department's massive response. "They've got radio cars, scooters, horses, helicopters—it's wall-to-wall cops in Prospect Park now," Durk says. "Will people be safer? Sure. For a few weeks—if your idea of a trip to the park is being constantly buzzed by helicopters. It's absurdly expensive, but it's the way the department always reacts to these things—they gear up, after the fact, with this enormous show of force that can't possibly be sustained. They act as though it's a big shock to them that people don't feel safe in Prospect Park. But for months there had been constant reports of bike thefts and rapes and robberies; clearly, you had a marauding gang of youths operating. The department could have put a handful of decoy cops on bikes, and saved themselves probably hundreds of thousands of dollars, to say nothing of saving this teacher's life. Everybody talks about community policing and 'quality of life' problems. Well, here was a quality-of-life problem par excellence."

A call from Durk (who does most of his business by phone) begins with a ghostly pause, which results from his use of a speakerphone button when he dials. The pause is an opportunity for the listener to take a deep breath, since the rest of the conversation is likely to be conducted at the intensity level of a pilot's last radio transmission from a burning plane. On a given morning (he does most of his telephoning in the morning), Durk might be in the midst of a byzantine negotiation to bring some scandal to light—the dumping of eight hundred gallons of battery acid by an official of the city Department of Environmental Protection, say—and wherever Durk is, there the listener is plunged. Exposition, chronological order, pyramidal structure—these timeworn narrative devices are foreign to Durk. The characters in his stories, great and obscure alike, enter unannounced and are referred to by their last names exclusively. A newcomer to the experience may feel a little like Dorothy travelling by cyclone in "The Wizard of Oz": from time to time, familiar elements pass through the conversation (asbestos . . . Trump . . . gypsy cabdrivers . . . the Queens D.A.'s office . . . Colombian hit men), but the connections between them are not evident, nor is the ground beneath their feet.

Novices may be inclined to blame themselves for being unfamiliar with the sort of skullduggery he is describing. But Durk's stories can be a challenge even to people who, like Reppetto, make it their business to know about such things. "I listen to David, and a lot of the time I'm three paragraphs behind," Reppetto says. "And I'm probably as familiar with the history of law enforcement in New York City as anybody around. I mean, I hope I'm not immodest, but I'm considered an expert."

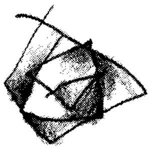
Durk is often in a position to give information to people—journalists, prosecutors, law-enforcement agents—who depend on it for their living. There would seem to be the makings of a happy symbiosis here, but, what with one thing and another, tension often intrudes. "You get crazed listening to him," Tom Robbins, a reporter at the *News*, says, "and sometimes you want to shout 'Stop!' " The columnist Sydney Schanberg, of *Newsday*—a friend of Durk's for more than a decade—felt a need a few years ago for a temporary cessation of contact. "He wore me out," Schanberg explains. (Durk obligingly stopped calling for six months—until Schanberg indicated that he was strong enough to resume their conversations.)

Notwithstanding the difficulties, Durk's regular conversants can cite a history of occasions when they have determined, ultimately, that he knew something nobody else knew. Beyond the lure of the sensational case or the socko story, they profess to find in the white-water stream of his consciousness useful clues to an understanding of current events. "He provides you with an education that you're not going to get—ever—from talking to the official police spokespeople," Schanberg says.

Durk's friends in the active ranks of the criminal-justice system tend to express themselves more circumspectly. "When somebody brings up Durk's name, I have a standard response," a city investigator (who didn't wish to be named) told me. "I say, 'Durk's a character,' and I wait to see what the other person says, because you never know which way someone is going to go."

Lawrence Goldman, a criminal lawyer and a former Manhattan assistant D.A., has been a friend of Durk's since the late nineteen-sixties, and he has had occasion to discuss him with more prosecutors, police bosses, and other officials than he can count. "If you made up a list of the most hated people in New York City law enforcement, David's name would be right up there with John Gotti's," Goldman says. "Malcontent" and "loose cannon" are terms often applied to Durk by people in authority. Move a rung or two down the chain of command, and you encounter a pervasive reluctance to get involved with him—or to acknowledge a past involvement.

IN the early sixties, academics, editorial writers, and political activists in New York and other cities were starting to talk about an "urban crisis"—a notion that reflected a sense of opportunity as well as alarm. The city, with its neighborhoods, its parks, its landmarks, and its cohesiveness, was a great resource, which could be saved; there might even be some fun to be had in saving it. In the fervor of the moment, people made career moves that would later seem bizarre. John V. Lindsay, an unusually bright and handsome congressman who had no quarrel with those who sized him up as a future President, began laying plans to run for mayor of New York—a notorious political dead end. David Durk, who had entered and dropped out of Columbia Law School and was making his living as an importer of African carvings, joined the Police Department.



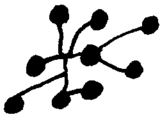
Durk was sworn in on June 26, 1963. That fall, soon after reporting to his first assignment—the 18th Precinct, in midtown Manhattan—he committed the high crime of "losing a prisoner." The prisoner was a prostitute who had been arrested on the previous shift; complaining of a medical problem, she had been transported to a nearby hospital, and Durk was sent there to keep an eye on her. She escaped when a fight broke out in the emergency room and Durk rushed to the assistance of a fellow-officer whose neck was in the grip of a madman. The duty captain acknowledged that Durk had behaved properly but later added that a complaint—"a small one"—would have to be entered on his record. "When a prisoner gets lost, someone has to get a complaint," he explained apologetically. Durk, against the captain's advice, insisted on the formal hearing to which he was entitled, and prepared for it with the thoroughness of a lawyer defending a capital case. He collected the names of eleven witnesses, two of them nuns, who could testify to the desperate circumstances that had distracted him from his assigned task. He interviewed a psychiatrist who confirmed the dangerousness of the man Durk had helped subdue, and he obtained the suspect's criminal record, which featured two prior charges of assault on a police officer. The hearing officer, Inspector Alfred Anger—widely known for his dedication to discipline and his erect posture—no longer recalls his part in the thirty-year-old affair, but for Durk every thrust and counter-thrust remains vivid. "When he was strangling your brother officer, you did not know his prior record," he remembers Anger saying.

Durk conceded the point, but asked the Inspector to suggest an alternative course of action he could have pursued. "Before you went to that cop's aid," Inspector Anger replied, "you should have stopped and handcuffed your prisoner to her bed."

Durk protested that the cop had "already turned blue," and after some further debate he was told that his record would remain unstained. But the complaint that he had been spared wound up being given to someone else, because the complaint number had already been issued, and the voiding process involved explanations and paperwork that Durk's supervisors deemed too onerous. Thus, another cop in Durk's squad was cited that same day, Durk remembers, for failing to be alert on his post—specifically, for not hearing the frantic cries of an ice-cream deliveryman who had inadvertently locked himself in the back of his own refrigerated truck. The cop protested to his fellow-officers that the cries had been inaudible, but, being more reconciled than Durk to the workings of the department's disciplinary processes, he made no attempt to appeal the judgment against him.

On another occasion, Durk was ordered by his sergeant to spend a tour of duty cleaning the borough commander's office, and he unhesitatingly declared that the task was outside his job description. His attitude, Durk says, earned him a lecture from Inspector Anger on the twin themes of discipline and cleanliness—which, Anger reminded him, was next to godliness. Durk remarked that the precinct had civilian cleaners, who cost the city a lot less money than police officers did. The Inspector—no doubt caught up in the surreal experience of arguing policy with a patrolman—made a disparaging comment on the work of the civilian cleaners. "Well, that's not my problem—you're management," Durk replied. Their colloquy came to an end when Durk produced a copy of a police management journal, and pointed to an article called something like "Seven Reasons Why You Can't Get a Cop When You Need One." "How would you feel," he asked the Inspector, "if you read in a newspaper that you can't get a cop because they're watering plants and waxing floors?"

Like many mixed marriages, the alliance between David Durk and the N.Y.P.D. was a source of alarm to both families. It was obvious to Durk's mother and equally obvious to most of his superiors that he had no business being a police officer. But he had found his calling. In New York, as in other cities, the police were sworn to uphold the law twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Few cops took this vow as much to heart as Durk. Sometimes he would corner a suspect in front of 18 West Seventieth Street, his address through most of the nineteen-sixties and seventies, and shout up to his wife (they lived on the fifth floor), who would call the police dispatcher. When the Durks' older daughter, Joan, was ten, she announced that she would no longer accept lifts from her father. "I don't want to go in the car with Daddy anymore, because he's always arresting people," she explained.



The mission of every cop, according to the police manual, is the protection of life and property, in that order. It troubled Durk that he and his co-workers seemed to spend the greater part of their time tending to the needs of the precinct's commercial interests, which included Cartier, Bergdorf Goodman, "21," Toots Shor, and the Plaza hotel. The Plaza, Durk says, treated cops like "hired muscle." So he made it his business to gum up the works whenever possible. One day, he was sent to the Plaza to stand watch over the remains of a guest who had died in residence. The management would deliver breakfast, lunch, dinner, and any amount of alcoholic refreshment to a cop with this taxing assignment. All that the Plaza asked of him—and most cops were glad to oblige, he says—was to instruct the morgue-wagon attendants to remove the body discreetly. "They had to carry it down a service staircase into the basement and back up another staircase and out a side door," Durk says. "It was a lot of extra work." Durk directed them to go out the main entrance instead, and to pause for a rest in the Palm Court café, in the middle of the lobby. When the maître d' had calmed down enough to put his feelings into words, Durk invited him to lift the body himself if he doubted how heavy it was.

Most of Durk's fellow-officers would never have done something like this themselves, but they were by no means incapable of appreciating the charms of such a gesture. Sometimes when they were tangling with a cantankerous individual who boasted of his power and influence, they would bring Durk in as a consultant and ask him to handle the situation. Gregory Roth, who later became a radio-car partner of Durk's, admired the verbiage that poured out of his mouth on these occasions. "Dave used to get people excited," Roth says. "He could agitate a group of people, for good or evil. He gave us the moxie to go after these guys."

Durk was gaining a following, but, from a career perspective, he was going nowhere fast. Of all the divisions of the Police Department, the uniformed forces got the least respect; of all the cops who worked in uniform, footmen got the least respect. The ambition of every rookie who had any was to get "a seat"—a regular place in a radio car. While some of Durk's academy classmates were already riding, he found himself being assigned to sports events, school crossings, and, when his superiors could think of nothing else to do with him, a foot post that amounted to guard duty for a men's clothing store called Martin Burns, on the Central Park South side of Columbus Circle. Martin Burns, Durk recalls, had become a target for break-ins. Winter had arrived, accompanied by a mean wind blowing off the Hudson. Durk could see no good reason for a store to get so much police attention, or for this thankless assignment to fall to him with such regularity. But burglars were burglars, and when he realized that they were making a practice of striking during his meal break he made it his goal to catch one in the act.

He decided to hide behind the stone wall at the edge of the Park, hoping to spot a burglar before the burglar spotted him. One night, he waited behind the wall until he heard the crash of glass and the wail of the alarm, and then two men, each with an armful of clothes, raced across the street and into the barrel of his drawn revolver. The cops assigned to the car that covered Columbus Circle, Jameson and Bellotti (as they will be called here), were apparently amused by this display of zeal. They had been curious about Durk. Unable to think of a good reason for someone from his background to become a cop, they had theorized that he was a spy planted in their midst by Internal Affairs. But soon, he recalls, their suspicions gave way to concern for his safety. A lone footman engaging in high jinks of this sort could get killed. "You're not getting paid enough for this stuff," Jameson observed. "What are you trying to prove?"

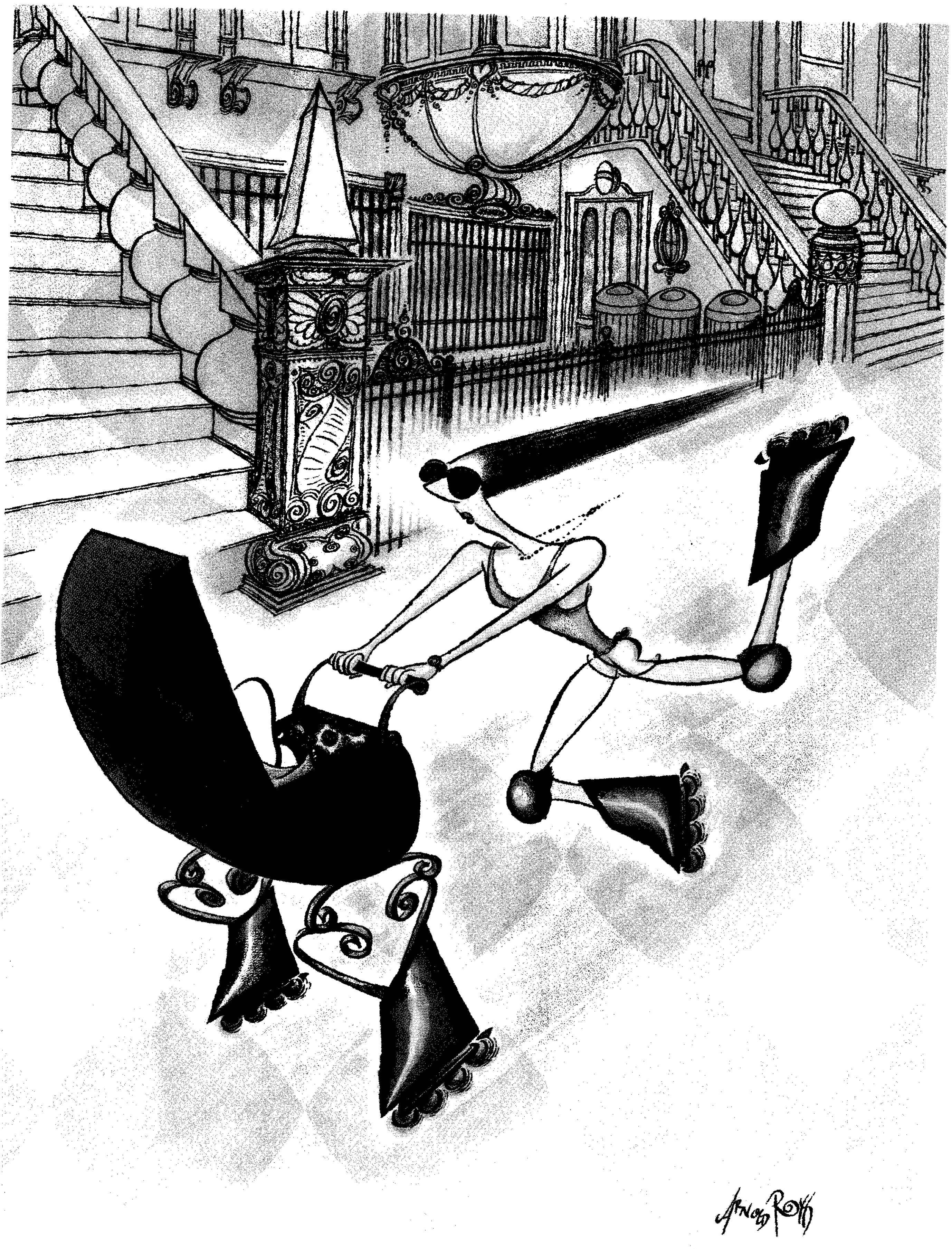
Durk replied that he wasn't going to "stand out there like a penguin."

A few weeks later, still stuck on the Martin Burns post, Durk had an intuition about two men he observed on the park side of the circle. He crossed the street and, with his right hand resting on the butt of his revolver, asked them to produce some identification. (These were the days before Terry v. Ohio and the formal delineation of the right to "stop and frisk.") While he awaited a response, Jameson and Bellotti's car came barrelling onto the sidewalk, all but pinning the two men against the park wall. Jameson picked up the smaller of the two suspects by his feet, turned him upside down, and started shaking him by his ankles—causing a knife to come tumbling out of his pocket. Bellotti stuck a gun in the ear of the other suspect and said, "If you move, I'll fucking kill you." In the same spirit, he advised Durk to "get out of the fucking way."

"Hey, kid, you got to be more care-

ARTIST AT LARGE BY ARNOLD ROTH

ROLLING THE CRADLE



ful," Jameson said when things had calmed down. "Didn't you know there was an alarm out for these two?"

"How would I know?" Durk said. "I don't have a radio. Nobody came by and told me."

The men were wanted for armed robbery. A description of them had gone out over the radio earlier, and Jameson apologized profusely for not having passed the news on to Durk.

"You want the collar?" Jameson asked him. "I mean, you stopped them."

Durk declined the offer, so he did not receive credit for the arrest in the eyes of his superiors. But the incident had a strongly positive effect on his relations with Jameson and Bellotti. They took to paying him regular visits and letting him warm his extremities in the back seat of their car. Eventually, Durk raised a question that had been nagging at him: "How come the other rookies aren't getting the same crazy posts I'm getting?"

"Well, it's simple," Jameson replied. "You didn't see the roll-call guy."

So Durk went to see the roll-call officer—a patrolman who made up the daily list of assignments in consultation with his superiors. "What does a person have to do to get a decent post?" Durk asked. The roll-call officer opened a desk drawer and pointed inside. It was full of crumpled bills.

As long as New York City has had police, it has had police corruption. In 1894, Captain Max Schmittberger, who was a leading bagman, or bribe collector, made a lengthy public confession before a committee of inquiry headed by State Senator Clarence Lexow. According to Schmittberger and others, every rank was for sale, at a price set by Tammany Hall. To join the force, you paid three hundred dollars; to get promoted to sergeant, the fee was sixteen hundred dollars. Captains were charged according to the value of their commands—the added income they brought, in protection money. A lucrative precinct could cost twelve or fifteen thousand dollars. An unfriendly witness, Inspector Alexander (Clubber) Williams—he had once declared that there was more law at the end of a policeman's club than in all the statute books—acknowledged having a large personal fortune plus an estate in Cos Cob and a steam-powered yacht. Williams claimed to have accumulated his wealth through real-estate speculation in Japan—an explanation so fantastic that no one could disprove it.

The Lexow Committee paved the way for the installation, in 1895, of Theodore Roosevelt as the city's top cop. "I have the most important and the most corrupt department in New York on my hands . . . and I know well how hard the task ahead of me is," Roosevelt wrote to his sister. "Yet, in spite of the nervous strain and worry, I am glad I undertook it; for it is man's work." He created a call-box system and a bicycle squad, instituted formal recruit evaluations, and ran around catching errant policemen sleeping or in saloons. The *World* published an ecstatic prose poem soon after he got going: "We have a real Police Commissioner. His teeth are big and white, his eyes are small and piercing, his voice is rasping. He makes our policemen feel as the little froggies did when the stork came to rule them."

Like others who have tried to get a handle on the N.Y.P.D., however, Roosevelt did not last long. The public turned against him after he decided that he had no choice but to enforce the blue laws rigorously. "I do not deal with public sentiment—I deal with the law," he explained. After less than two years of policing the police, Roosevelt, as one observer put it, beat a "glorious retreat" to the simpler post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy and unloaded his anger on the Spanish.

The police of the eighteen-nineties, according to the Lexow Committee, were engaged in selling protection to—that is, extorting money from—gamblers, "disorderly houses," and "all classes of persons whose business is subject to the observation of the police, or who may be reported as violating ordinances, or who may require the aid of the police." More than half a century later, the situation had not altered radically. Police payoffs were an inescapable fact of city life for anyone involved in the bar or restaurant business, the grocery business, the construction business, the parking business, or a host of other legal endeavors, to say nothing of gambling and prostitution.

Many of the veteran cops with whom Durk served in the mid-sixties had lived through the last major corruption scandal—the Gross scandal of the early fifties, so named after the gambler Harry Gross, who had spent a million dollars a year on police payoffs. But the memory of that experience and the possibility of another like it were subjects no one alluded to. Experts on police corruption sometimes mentioned a "code of silence" that supposedly made crooked cops all but invulnerable to exposure, and it was true that most cops, in the face of a direct question from a superior or an outsider, would deny all. Among themselves, however, they were not so circumspect. When Durk's class was about to graduate from the Police Academy, he says, a lieutenant brought up the hitherto unmentioned subject of graft. "I don't tell you to take bribes," the lieutenant said, "but if you're gonna do this, carry a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and mail the money to yourself the first chance you get." He concluded with a plea for moderation: "Never go back for more—don't leave a bad taste."

In dollar terms, plainclothesmen and detectives netted the most. The sums available to uniformed cops at the patrolman level were relatively paltry. Behind even these payments, however, lay an exceedingly complex set of administrative arrangements and a great weight of tradition. In the 18th Precinct, merchants large and small contributed on a monthly basis to a kitty that was divided up, according to a prescribed formula, among the members of the command. The monthly payment was known as the "pad," and the money went to radio-car cops and their supervisors. The same merchants, and others, compensated foot cops on a day-to-day basis for certain friendly acts of omission or commission. Groceries and delicatessens, for example, paid for the freedom to do business on Sunday, in violation of the all but unenforced (yet unrepealed) blue laws. The cops, in turn, paid the roll-call officer a few dollars when they were assigned to a post on which such benefactors were particularly numerous or generous. Durk refused to participate, so he didn't get these "money posts," except on the occasional Sunday, when manpower was short. On such a day, if he strolled past a grocery the owner would come running out with a couple of dollars in his outstretched hand, desperately wanting to know why Durk had not stopped to see him. Durk would wave the money away, telling the man not to worry, but sometimes it took a great deal of effort to reassure him.

Just before Christmas of 1963, Durk recalls, he was the first cop on the scene of a liquor-store robbery in which the son of the owner was pistol-whipped. Durk stayed with the owner's son while several radio cars searched unsuccessfully for the perpetrators. When Durk was about to leave, the young man thanked him, adding, "By the way, did you get yours?"

"My what?" Durk asked.

"Your Christmas present. Your name's Durk, right?" He consulted a sheet of paper he had stowed under the counter. "They picked it up for you," he said.

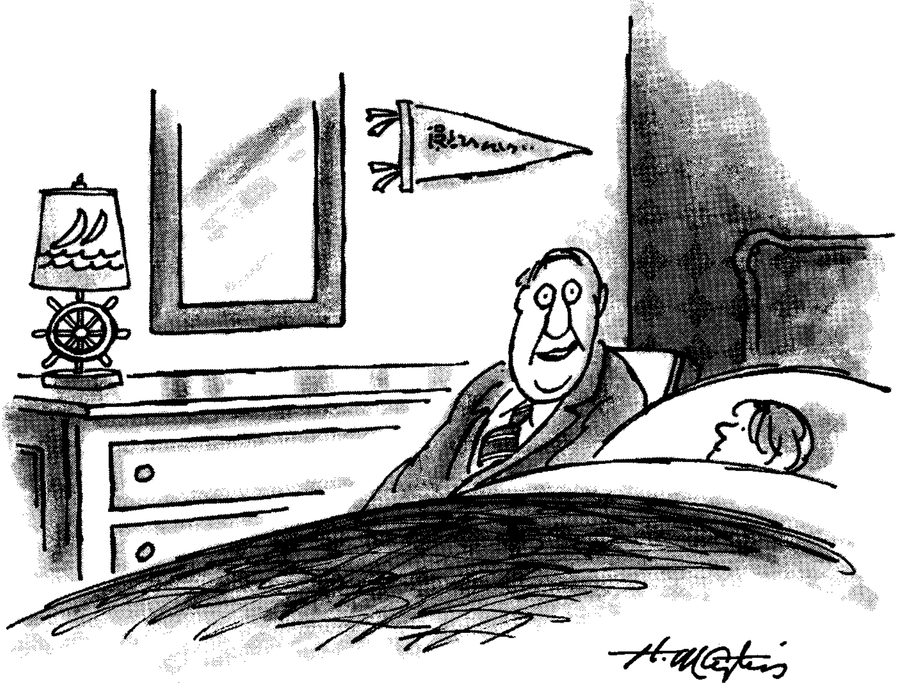
"Can I see that?" Durk said quickly. What he saw was a list of the radio-car cops and foot patrolmen who worked Columbus Circle, and their superiors. One of the names on the list, with a check next to it, was his.

The roll-call officer, when Durk confronted him, admitted that money had been collected in his name. "But what do you want me to do about it?" he said. To return Durk's share of the money would be impossible, he explained, because such a gesture would jeopardize arrangements that involved the entire precinct. "If you don't take it, someone has to take it," he said. "You can't screw it up for everyone else."

The option of reporting what he knew to higher authorities went unmentioned in these conversations, because Durk considered it out of the question. To whom should he make such a report? To the precinct bosses? That could have been awkward, he says, since he saw the names of several of them on the liquor-store list. Internal Affairs was another possibility, but Durk could guess how such a report would be received there. Every so often, acting on a "dime" (a telephone complaint) or a "kite" (a letter), Internal Affairs detectives would stake out a place, snap pictures of a police officer taking a payment, and arrest him. And the relevant officials at Police Headquarters, expressing shock and dismay, would take steps to dismiss that officer from the force.

Durk had only a dim idea of how far up the chain of command the payoffs travelled. But he had a strong conviction that the responsibility lay at the top rather than at the bottom. The precinct pad and the Christmas list were citywide traditions. Most cops took the money,

BEDTIME STORY



"Many years ago, an old Gypsy woman told me to withdraw all my savings and put the money on Fancy Gal in the fifth at Belmont. I did, and Fancy Gal came in seventh. Later, we lost our house in a hurricane. Your grandmother divorced me, and I began to drink and lost my job. Now go to sleep."

but many did so halfheartedly, seeing no alternative. Jameson's participation in the pad, for example, did not prevent him from being one of the more enterprising and idealistic members of the squad. As the son of a detective who had been killed in the line of duty, he had connections he could have used to get started on the road to becoming a detective himself. The first step down that road, however, was the Plainclothes Division, where a far worse order of corruption reigned. Jameson refused to apply for Plainclothes, because, he explained to Durk, he wasn't about to become either a crook or a rat.

Early in 1965, Durk went to the commander of the 18th Precinct and insisted that of all the rookies in the precinct he had made the most collars, had issued the most summonses, and had been, in general, the busiest. "How come I haven't been given a chance to ride?" he asked. A few weeks later, he was assigned to Sector 4. This meant that he would be patrolling the area west of Central Park from Fifty-ninth Street to Sixty-sixth, with a tall, blond, concave-chested cop whom I will call Martin. At the outset of the new partnership, Martin informed Durk that he would have to "honor all the contracts" if he wanted a permanent seat. Durk agreed to honor them, and set out to subvert them. He began with Stampler's, a steak house at Sixty-first Street and Central Park West. Many restaurants had a proprietary attitude toward the adjacent curbside; Stampler's took things a step further by double-parking, and even triple-parking, cars on Central Park West. Outraged by this practice—and more so by newspaper advertisements in which Stampler's boasted of its "free parking"—Durk sent the police commissioner an anonymous letter describing the traffic jams that resulted; he signed it "An Irate Citizen." A week or two later, his letter—stamped with a police commissioner's number, a chief inspector's number, and borough, division, and precinct numbers, reflecting its descent through the chain of command—was handed to Durk by a patrol sergeant. "Take care of this," he was told. "Hand out a few tickets, do what's necessary, but make sure you don't hurt anybody."

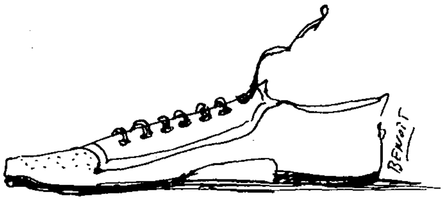
The task of collecting the monthly payoffs was shared by the cops who were regularly assigned to the sector, and Stampler's was Martin's responsibility. "I've seen you go in there to make the pickup," Durk told him. "There was sweat pouring off your head, you were so afraid. And what did you get? You got twenty dollars, right? Plus you got the cop-special sandwich that the chef probably spit in." Durk had brought an extra ticket book with him that night, and he proposed to put a summons on every illegally parked car outside Stampler's. "The only reason you don't want to do this is you're afraid of what the other guys will think of you," he told Martin. "But you're safe, you're protected—this letter will protect you."

There are no written rules governing the relationship between radio-car partners, but for most cops Unwritten Rule No. 1 is to back up a partner who takes action, even if it is action they disapprove of. Thus, while Martin cursed and fumed, he didn't do anything to keep Durk from executing his plan, and even wound up writing a few summonses himself. The next day, after roll call, a sergeant from the midtown traffic office berated Durk for having ticketed a Cadillac that belonged to the head chef at Stampler's. "You are personally going to pay that tag," the sergeant said.

"Look," Durk said, waving the anonymous letter in the sergeant's face. "I didn't have any choice. Here's a communication from the commissioner's office ordering me to take action. What do you expect me to do? If I ignore this memo, I'll get a complaint."

Once it became clear that Durk could ignore the contracts and get away with it, Martin became an enthusiastic convert, and together they persuaded all but two of the eight cops who worked the sector—"the two senior hairbags," Durk calls them—to stop taking money. "All of a sudden, they were cops again, and they loved it," Durk says. "Doormen couldn't order them around anymore."

DURK'S perspective on the issue of corruption broadened when, in the summer of 1965, he was transferred to an élite citywide gambling squad that had just experienced a complete turnover of personnel as a result of some financial irregularities. Durk's new squad was perhaps the only honest plainclothes unit in the department. But his commander, Captain Paul Delise—St. Paul, as some of his former subordinates had derisively nicknamed him—taught Durk that a good detective had to watch for corruption out of the corner of his eye. It was a rule, under Delise, that when you needed a suspect's criminal record you checked the files personally; if you asked one of the clerks at the records office to do the job for you, Delise explained, he was likely to tip off the subject of your inquiry.



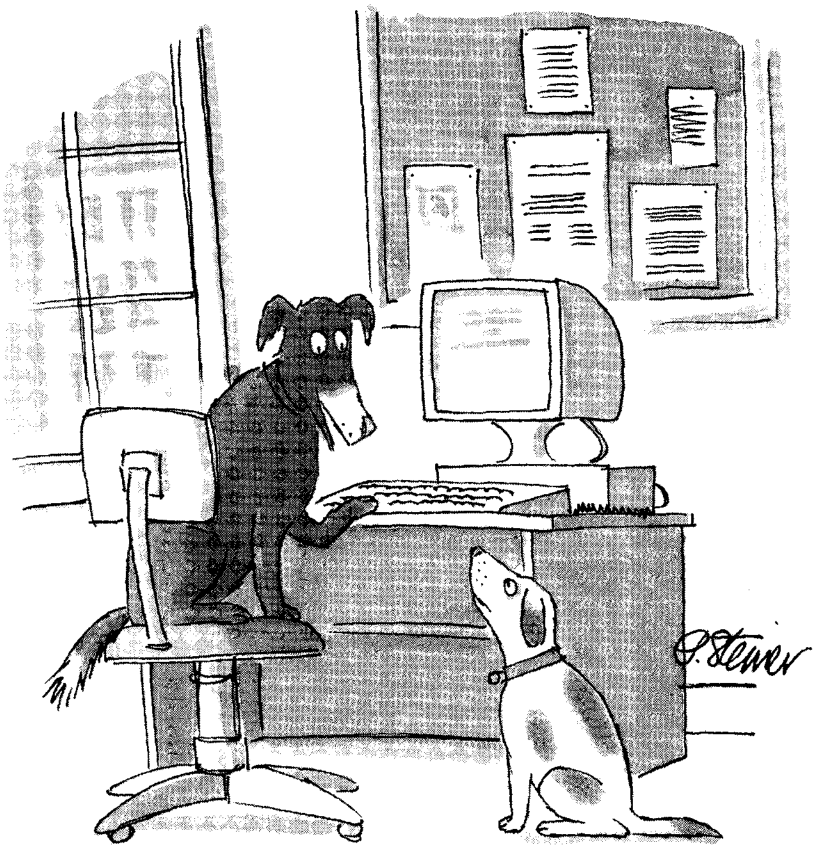
The following year, Durk became a cop on loan to the city's Department of Investigation, whose mandate was to combat waste and corruption throughout city government. The attorneys and investigators who worked at the Department of Investigation often talked about heavy-duty problems like the buying and selling of judgeships, but it seemed to Durk that most of the cases they actually pursued were small potatoes—a sign painter accused of taking home a few gallons of city-owned paint, for example. "We spent thousands of dollars trying to prove the theft of about five dollars' worth of paint," he says.

One Sunday afternoon, on his way to the Museum of Modern Art, Durk chased down a thief who had been fleeing a bookstore on West Fifty-seventh Street with a stash of stolen books. The suspect, a good-looking young man who used the name Eddie Cruz, had a lot of criminal know-how and considerable presence of mind. These qualities emerged in a helpful suggestion that he made as Durk, with Cruz in tow, was preparing to take his place at the end of a long line of cops seeking "yellow sheets"—arrest records—at the Bureau of Criminal Identification. "I like you," Cruz said. "You're a nice guy. We don't have to stand in line. Follow me."

After glancing into a captain's office and assuring himself that it was empty, Cruz marched to the head of the line and asked for the captain by name.

"He's out," one of the clerks behind the counter said.

"I'm in a hurry," said Cruz, who had assumed the persona of a detective. "Here are the prints on Eddie Cruz—I need his record right away." Turning to Durk, Cruz said, "Give the guy two dollars."



"On the Internet, nobody knows you're a dog."

• •

Durk gave the guy two dollars, and the record was furnished forthwith.

From the Bureau of Criminal Identification they repaired to the Ban Hung Inn, a noodle shop in Chinatown. The offer of a trip to the Ban Hung Inn instead of four hours in a holding cell was a standard one in Durk's perpetual effort to cultivate sources and obtain information. Over lunch, Cruz boasted of having done time in prison with Joey Gallo, the local mobster who was later assassinated at a clam house in Little Italy, and he mentioned that his ambition in life was to become a man of consequence in the Mafia.

"Well, you know," Durk said, borrowing a line from a recent magazine article, "the Mafia is not an equal-opportunity employer."

Cruz gave him a blank look.

"I mean the Italians are the Italians," Durk said, "and when it's time to pick a don blacks and Hispanics need not apply."

"You're very unusual," Cruz said.

"*You're* very unusual," Durk said.

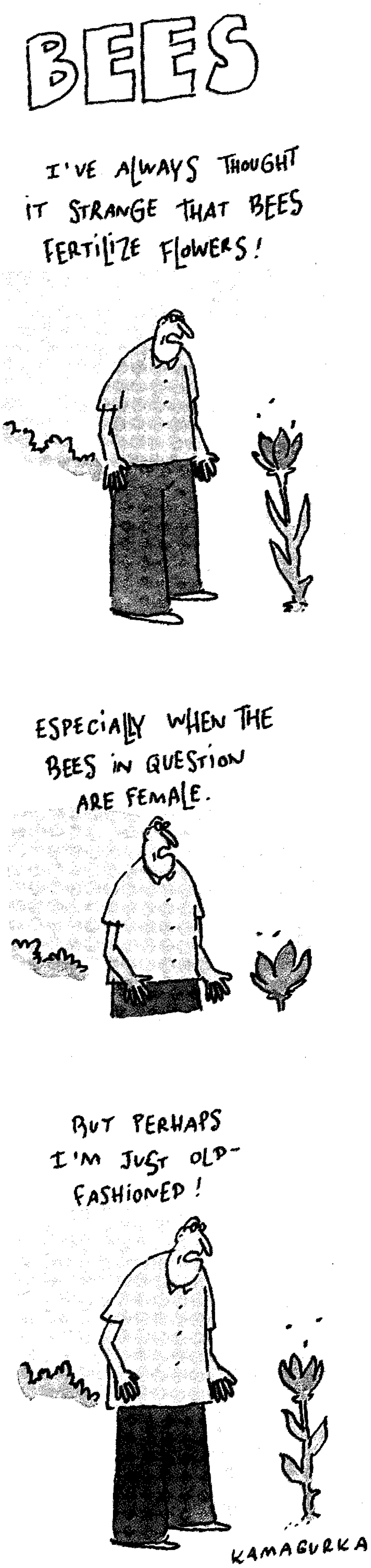
Cruz became a source of Durk's: over a period of years, he supplied information on two homicides, a number of robberies, and the fencing of stolen I.B.M. typewriters, and he fingered a doctor at Bellevue Hospital who would arrange, for a fee, to help murderers, holdup men, and other patients designated as criminally insane to get transferred to less secure facilities, from which they could easily escape.

Durk's new superiors valued him for his ability to handle a sophisticated undercover assignment. He was someone who could show up at the Health Department as a funeral director's son in need of some death certificates and come away with tape-recorded confirmation that a Health Department clerk was soliciting bribes from such people. Or he could be asked to impersonate a doctor as part of an investigation of the alleged theft of milk from a municipal hospital. It was also at the Department of Investigation that Durk first exhibited a tendency that would be a source of lasting career difficulties. His superiors would ask him to get the goods on, say, a minor city operative who was taking kickbacks from the teen-age beneficiaries of a summer-jobs program, and he would return to tell them that the program was riddled with kickbacks and proceed to name important figures in city government whom he believed to be pocketing the big money.

One day, while looking into an alleged police shakedown campaign against the owner of a downtown business, Durk was approached by an employee who had his own grievance. The employee—the "old man," as Durk subsequently dubbed him—was an Italian-American who had worked for significant people in the organized-crime world. What he wanted was help in keeping his son out of the drug trade. To that end, he was ready to give Durk enough information to justify the arrest of one Oreste (Ernie Boy) Abbamonte, an up-and-coming young drug dealer whom his son had chosen for a role model. As Durk listened, it became clear that the old man's knowledge went further, encompassing a whole distribution network based on Pleasant Avenue in Italian East Harlem (a tiny sliver of an Italian-American community along the East River), which served customers across the country.

The old man explained that he had approached Durk because he sounded like an honest cop. It was well known in East Harlem, he said, that officers in the local precinct—the 25th—did the bidding of the drug dealers, and the Narcotics Division was not viewed with much more respect. The old man told Durk that a couple of narcotics detectives had stopped Ernie Boy's car one day and had brought him into the precinct after finding three kilos of heroin, two handguns, and a shotgun in it. Instead of arresting him, the old man said, they had urged him to get on the phone for the purpose of arranging his ransom. Within a few hours, friends of Ernie Boy's had delivered around fifty thousand dollars in cash, and the detectives had agreed to set him free—with the heroin but without the guns. Ernie Boy had balked at the terms. It was unreasonable, he had said, to ask an unarmed man to walk the streets with three kilos of heroin. The detectives had relented and given him back one of his guns.

Durk pleaded with his superiors at the Department of Investigation to let him work the Pleasant Avenue case himself, but they told him that it was essentially a narcotics case rather than a corruption case. Durk wound up giving


BEES
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT IT STRANGE THAT BEES FERTILIZE FLOWERS!
ESPECIALLY WHEN THE BEES IN QUESTION ARE FEMALE.
BUT PERHAPS I'M JUST OLD-FASHIONED!
KAMAGURKA

the old man's information to the Special Investigating Unit of the Narcotics Division—a unit that had recently been celebrated in the book "The French Connection," about two S.I.U. members, Eddie Egan and Sonny Grosso, who engineered what was said to be the biggest drug bust ever. Durk supplied S.I.U. detectives with maps, charts, license-plate numbers, names, and addresses. "I could get this kind of stuff in the squad room of any station house," one detective responded. The only piece of information the S.I.U. wanted from Durk was one he had promised to keep to himself: the name of his informant. When Durk refused to deliver, Captain Daniel Tange, the commander of the S.I.U., accused him of disloyalty to the Police Department and warned him that his attitude would be remembered. If he did anything to embarrass the S.I.U., Tange added, "I'll have your back broken."

One of Tange's subordinates, Detective Robert Leuci, seemed more sympathetic. Leuci was stocky and had round cheeks, gentle features, a head of thick, dark, stylishly coiffed hair, and the street nickname Babyface, which he disliked intensely. He acknowledged that Durk's information sounded good. "The truth is, David was describing what turned out to be the biggest drug cartel in New York," Leuci recalled not long ago. At the time, however, Leuci sent Durk away with a piece of friendly advice: "Don't put your heart in this one."

IN the universe of public service, the person in whom Durk had the most faith was the mayor. John Lindsay had run for office against the machine politics of Tammany Hall; and his administration, as much as that of John F. Kennedy, stood for the idea that society's worst problems would yield to the efforts of a fresh team of public servants, drawn from "the best and the brightest." Durk had a connection to Lindsay—a mayoral assistant named Jay Kriegel. They had met one day in 1965 when Durk, still in uniform, came across a soapbox orator on Central Park South who was being abused by a group of hecklers. Durk gave the hecklers a lecture on the First Amendment. Kriegel—a slight young man just out of law school, whose face was largely hidden by a pair of thick-lensed glasses and a nest of dense brown hair—stopped to compliment him on his handling of the situation. They got to talking, and it soon emerged that both of them had gone to Amherst. Kriegel was working on the Lindsay campaign; after the election, he became a policy adviser on criminal-justice questions, and Durk became a closet consultant to Kriegel in matters involving the police.

Early in their relationship, Durk says, he got onto the subject of police corruption, and Kriegel replied that, unfortunately, Durk's grave assessment of the problem was disputed by people who had more standing. According to the prevailing wisdom, corruption was a phenomenon confined largely to the lowest ranks of the department, and it involved something close to the minimum, irrepressible number of cops who, faced with temptation, would yield. Durk, determined to make his point, offered in the spring of 1966 to bring a group of cops to City Hall to meet with the Mayor personally and—in confidence—relate their observations of misdeeds throughout the department. A few days later, Kriegel reported that he had been unable to sell the idea to Lindsay. At the time, the hot police topic was brutality, not corruption, and, in any case, Lindsay had concluded that it would be wrong to go behind the back of his police commissioner, Howard Leary, whom he had recruited from Philadelphia.

One of the cops Durk had intended to introduce Lindsay to was a young plainclothesman named Frank Serpico. Durk and Serpico had met the previous January, as newly appointed plainclothesmen in a Police Academy training program devoted to prostitution, undercover work, and gambling in all its local varieties. What drew them together—and set them apart from their classmates—was the pleasure they took in the curriculum: the ins and outs of such games of chance as bolita, and the dos and don'ts of undercover work. (A good way to blend into the scenery of a neighborhood bar, one instructor told them, was to wear bedroom slippers and to bring along a poodle.) During class breaks, Durk and Serpico were taken aback to discover that what many of their fellow-students wanted to talk about was the payoffs that would come their way as soon as school let out.

Serpico, who had grown up in the

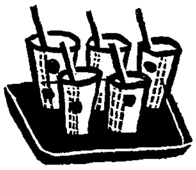
Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, was the child of a devout, hardworking couple from a town outside Naples. His father had a shoe-repair business. His parents had taught him to regard gangsters as bad guys and cops as good guys—a lesson reinforced by the radio show "Gang Busters," which Serpico had never missed, and by more than one occasion when, as a slighter-than-average kid with a shoeshine box, he was robbed by local toughs.

Like Durk, Serpico loved the job. Not the department, but the job. In their feelings about the police, however, there was an essential difference. Although both men were aware of the distance between themselves and other cops, this was a gap that Durk wanted to bridge. He believed that his values and theirs were, at heart, the same. Serpico's mental trajectory was carrying him away from the police world. Durk and Serpico were about the same age (thirty and twenty-nine, respectively, when they met), but, while Durk was a product of the nineteen-fifties, Serpico was molten material for the sixties. Around the time of his transfer to Plainclothes, Serpico left Brooklyn and moved into a basement apartment on Perry Street, in the Village. He came into contact with Scientology, the antiwar movement, and other belief systems foreign to his upbringing, and he responded warmly. He was becoming a sort of hippie cop, who—taking advantage of the liberal dress code of the Plainclothes Division—grew long hair and a beard and began to dress in leather jerkins, lederhosen, and other exotic items of attire.

Serpico became a regular guest at the Durks' apartment on West Seventieth Street, and he would occasionally bring presents for their daughters, Joan and Julie, and sit on the floor and clown around with them. David and Arlene remember helping him with term papers for night classes he was taking at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, and there were countless conversations about the Police Department and Serpico's hopes and frustrations in it. When Serpico's brother officers in Plainclothes began trying to entice him into their financial arrangements, the only person he could think to call—the only cop he trusted—was Durk.

On a Sunday afternoon sometime in 1967 (the date was later a matter of dispute), Durk brought Serpico to City Hall, where he recounted his experiences for Jay Kriegel's benefit. In August of 1966, Serpico said, another plainclothesman had handed him an envelope containing three hundred dollars from a gambler. With Durk, Serpico had tried to report the incident, only to be warned by the Department of Investigation's chief investigator that he could wind up face down in the East River if he persisted. By now, Serpico had been transferred to the Seventh Division Plainclothes Squad, in the Bronx, and he believed himself to be the only plainclothesman there who was not on the take. Serpico had given a confidential report on the situation to a sympathetic captain, Cornelius Behan, who, in turn, had gone to First Deputy Commissioner John Walsh—widely regarded inside and outside the N.Y.P.D. as "an implacable foe of corruption" and, in Kriegel's phrase, "the most fearsome cop in New York City." But Walsh had done nothing, at least that Serpico was aware of. What Serpico and Durk wanted was an independent high-level investigation of police corruption, complete with undercover agents, cameras, and electronic surveillance. The department, they agreed, was not going to clean house voluntarily; the pressure would have to come from outside.

They left Kriegel's office with the strong feeling that something was going to happen. But by the time of Durk's next conversation with Kriegel, several days later, the sense of urgency had faded. Circumstances, Kriegel said, made it impossible to act before the fall. The Mayor was struggling with a number of other problems involving the Police Department. He needed Commissioner Leary's coöperation, and he couldn't afford to "upset the cops." Durk interpreted this as an allusion to the much talked of threat of "a long hot summer" in the slums. Kriegel later denied having made a connection between the two issues, but the danger of large-scale ghetto violence had certainly been on his mind—and his boss's. Lindsay was becoming nationally known as an urban leader capable of taming the inner city, and this was a reputation that everyone at City Hall was determined to protect.



Over the next two years, Durk says, Kriegel repeatedly assured him that a major overhaul of the Police Department was in the offing. But there was always a reason that it couldn't commence just yet. "A mayor doesn't get a lot of credit for exposing a police scandal unless he's brand new in office," Thomas Reppetto observes. "The headline isn't going to say 'Mayor Takes On Age-Old Problem.' It's going to say 'Police Scandal!' "

THE word "whistle-blower" implies the act of a moment—a simple deed, even if you have to screw up your courage to commit it. For Durk, blowing the whistle was a five-year pilgrimage in which, sometimes accompanied by Serpico and sometimes alone, he pressed the corruption question on a succession of what he calls "people with flags in their offices." Even after he decided to go to the press—a move precipitated by another unsatisfactory talk with Kriegel, in the fall of 1969—he continued to encounter resistance, for the press, like the body politic, hesitated to come down on the sins of the Police Department.

In the late nineteen-sixties, the way for a police reporter to improve his career prospects was to best the competition in the daily struggle to know whatever the police knew about the latest gruesome crime or glorious arrest. Even at the *Times*—Durk's vehicle of choice for the exposé he envisioned—such bulletins accounted for much of the police coverage, and the rest consisted mainly of faithful recitations of policy pronouncements coming out of City Hall or Police Headquarters. The *Times* had recently hired a police reporter, David Burnham, with a more ornery outlook. But even Burnham found it hard to credit the idea that the N.Y.P.D.—whose leaders came on as modern men carrying out the reforms of the Lindsay administration—could be rampantly corrupt. At their first meeting, Durk, as was his habit, covered a lot of ground, introducing a vast cast of characters on a last-name-only basis, and Burnham just sat there trying to understand some small part of what Durk was saying. "He laid out quite a lot of stuff," Burnham told me recently. "He seemed quite insane."

In the ensuing months, Durk presented Burnham with memos and documents, taught him the vocabulary of police corruption—words like "pad," "nut" (the individual officer's monthly take), and "score" (a onetime payoff negotiated on the spot)—and introduced him to other policemen, most notably Serpico. Burnham, meanwhile, sought out his own sources of information, and gradually his understanding—and interest—grew.

Durk had taken a leave of absence from the department; toward the end of 1969, with a grant from the Justice Department, he began visiting college campuses and trying to get students interested in becoming cops. The N.Y.P.D.'s own recruiting people gave the idea the cold shoulder, their argument being that no college graduate in his right mind would want the job and that anyone who did was bound to be a troublemaker. But other cities, including Washington and Los Angeles, were more receptive, and Durk had a high time jockeying with his audiences—especially with the contingent for whom the police were, by definition, "pigs." "If the thought of seeing a problem on the street and doing something about it appeals to you, become a cop," he told a group of Harvard undergraduates. "The social potential of the policeman is incredible—self-interest merges with public interest. If you dare to think about it, it's your last chance to be a knight-errant."

Meanwhile, back in New York between recruiting trips, Durk was helping the *Times* assemble evidence of police crimes that were worse than the imaginings of the average campus radical. For the better part of six months, Durk worked with Burnham, in what was closer to a collaboration than Burnham's editors would have cared to know. They met at restaurants, at Burnham's house, at Burnham's mother's apartment, at Durk's apartment, and, most often, at the *Times*, where Durk became such a comfortable presence that he was often mistaken for a reporter. When Burnham was out, Durk sat at Burnham's desk, making and receiving phone calls, and chatting with reporters and editors. If he was on the phone, the *Times* took messages for him.

The most important part of Durk's role, as he conceived it, was to keep Burnham's attention on the real issue—the complicity of the department's top officials—and away from what Durk called "the free cup of coffee." He and Burnham argued endlessly over the cup-of-coffee question. "That's where it begins—it's the training ground, it's where a cop learns the ropes," Burnham would say, attempting to justify his efforts (which Durk ridiculed) to at least document the scope of such behavior.

With Burnham's superiors—Arthur Gelb, the metropolitan editor, and Abe Rosenthal, the managing editor—Durk had a more serious quarrel: they were openly skeptical of his allegations against members of the Lindsay administration, and he, in turn, questioned the *Times*' willingness to criticize Lindsay, for the paper seemed to have a crush on him.

Burnham, too, was concerned about how his editors would handle the story, but his anxiety was more basic. Investigative reporting, though there had been more of it under Gelb and Rosenthal than before, was a marginal affair at the *Times*, and in American journalism generally; it was almost a guerrilla activity, and its young soldiers tended to go into exile after a few years. Worse, Burnham's story would have to rely heavily on anonymous sources—above all, Durk and Serpico. Gelb and the *Times* wanted identifiable sources: cops who would be willing to speak on the record about acts of corruption they had witnessed. Durk and Burnham came back with a counterproposal. What if a group of cops met with Burnham's editors, off the record? What if one of them was an inspector?

"I've got six kids—you know what I mean?" was the first reaction of Paul Delise, Durk's former commander in the gambling unit and now an inspector, when Durk put the idea to him. A few days later, though, Delise chewed it over with Serpico, who had been transferred to a unit that Delise headed. Serpico said he knew about the *Times* meeting—he would be there. "Are you going to go down?" he asked. Delise repeated the concerns he had expressed to Durk but said that he would go if Durk and Serpico wanted him to. "You do what you have to do. I'll back you up a hundred per cent," he said.

In the end, Durk says, he was able to deliver six cops: himself, Serpico, Delise, and three—a captain, a lieutenant, and a detective—who, more than twenty years later, have yet to come forward. Looking back on that meeting, the participants agree that Delise was the key figure. He was nearly fifty, and, like Gelb, he had devoted most of his adult life to serving a single local institution. His experiences with corruption ranged over three decades and many assignments. He did not have long hair. He was not a zealot. Delise was a whistle-blower the *Times* could be comfortable with.

The fruit of Durk's and Burnham's long labors was a page-one story that appeared on April 25, 1970, under the headline:

GRAFT PAID TO POLICE HERE
SAID TO RUN INTO MILLIONS

SURVEY LINKS PAYOFFS TO GAMBLING
AND NARCOTICS—SOME ON FORCE
ACCUSE OFFICIALS OF FAILURE TO ACT

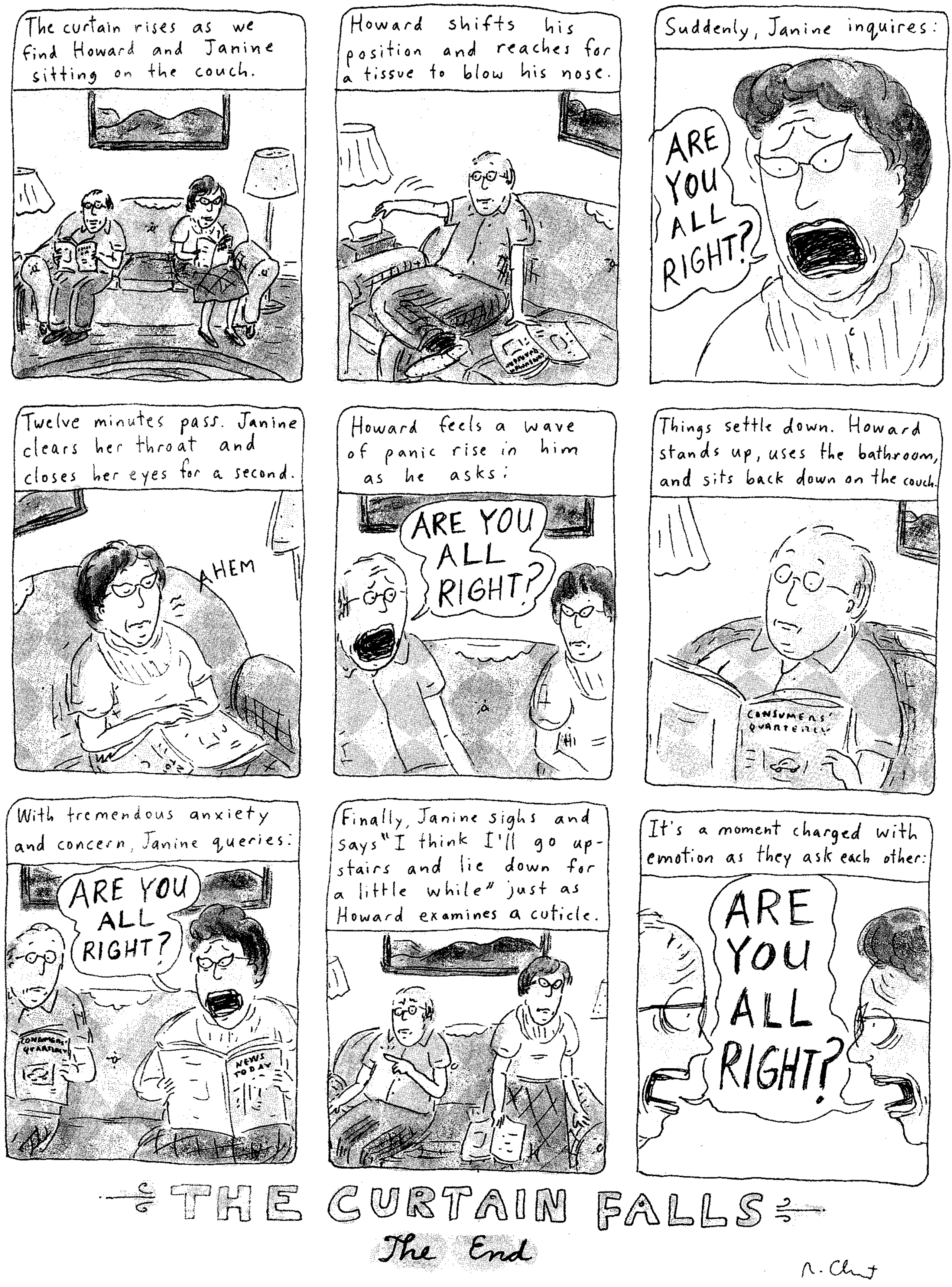
Now that police corruption had been officially discovered, reporters, prosecutors, legislators, and elected and appointed officeholders of every imaginable kind swarmed in, looking for a piece of the territory to call their own. In the history of New York City, there have been few prettier illustrations of the capacity of a newspaper article to refocus the minds of those in power.

A few days before the article appeared, the Mayor had attempted to preëmpt it by starting an in-house investigation, dominated by his own subordinates. But he was soon forced to name an independent commission, thereby distancing himself from Leary, his police commissioner. After hanging on through the summer, Leary quietly told the Mayor he was resigning, and sailed to Europe for a holiday. The Knapp Commission, meanwhile, began laying traps for crooked cops, and caught a fat one in Patrolman William Phillips, whose gift for generating extra income was so greatly admired by his co-workers that they occasionally paid the roll-call officer for the privilege of working with him. (Phillips was later convicted of the double murder of a pimp and a prostitute and was sent to Attica for a life term.) With Phillips as the star witness, supported by several other corrupt cops, and audio and film recordings of a few of them aggressively soliciting graft, the commission, in October of 1971, held a set of public hearings that transfixed the city and dispelled the rotten-apple theory of police corruption with a vengeance.

Durk's relations with the Knapp Commission were stormy. Throughout the period of Burnham's research, Durk had continued to entreat various prosecutors and other public officials to investigate police corruption. The ratio-

WELCOME TO

Are You All Right? THEATRE


The curtain rises as we find Howard and Janine sitting on the couch.
Howard shifts his position and reaches for a tissue to blow his nose.
Suddenly, Janine inquires:
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
Twelve minutes pass. Janine clears her throat and closes her eyes for a second.
AHEM
Howard feels a wave of panic rise in him as he asks:
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
Things settle down. Howard stands up, uses the bathroom, and sits back down on the couch.
CONSUMERS' QUARTERLY
With tremendous anxiety and concern, Janine queries:
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
CONSUMERS' QUARTERLY
NEWS TODAY
Finally, Janine sighs and says "I think I'll go upstairs and lie down for a little while" just as Howard examines a cuticle.
It's a moment charged with emotion as they ask each other:
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THE CURTAIN FALLS
The End
R. Chast

nale for these visits, as stated by Durk at the time, was to make it possible for him and Serpico to say that they had exhausted all the lawful remedies before going to the press. But he was also setting things up so that when the scandal finally broke, the story would not be simply about crooked cops but about complacent leaders, at Police Headquarters, at City Hall, and elsewhere. The Knapp Commission people seemed reluctant to follow Durk's script. At the Phillips hearings, the major witnesses were cops—and, worse than that, patrolmen. Durk wanted to know when the commission was going to turn its attention to people of higher rank. In fact, Whitman Knapp and his chief counsel, Michael Armstrong, had decided to sidestep what Armstrong recently called the "muddy exercise" of publicly exploring the Lindsay administration's culpability, reasoning that such an inquiry would likely be seen as an attack on a Lindsay Presidential candidacy, which was brewing at the time, and "would have detracted from our purpose, which was to focus on the Police Department."

The commission had therefore resolved not to call either Durk or Serpico, and even after it relented, under pressure from reporters and a Democratic city councillor, Durk and the commission staff continued to argue over the contents of his testimony. Armstrong wanted Durk to describe the corruption he had seen among his fellow-cops in the 18th Precinct. Durk refused, explaining that if he talked about it he would be slandering cops who had merely gone along, modestly, with the system, and he would be undermining his credibility inside the department.

"You're just like everybody else," Armstrong remembers telling Durk. "When it doesn't serve your agenda, you're not willing to testify—you're not willing to make the kind of sacrifice that you don't hesitate to ask of others. You expect guys to get out there and be heroes. You condemn Jay Kriegel and everyone else because, according to you, they weren't willing to upset their good relations with the police, and here you are telling me that you won't upset your good relations with the police."

Durk stood firm, and didn't testify about cops. He did testify about his efforts, along with Serpico, to find a public official bothered enough by corruption to do something about it. Several officials—Kriegel, Walsh, Leary, and Arnold Fraiman, a former commissioner of investigation—were called to testify in turn, each of them explaining why his conduct, however much it might resemble dereliction of duty, was really something else. ("To the sordid record of police corruption unveiled by the Knapp Commission has now been added an even more depressing saga of official indifference born of the apparent belief that graft was so ingrained it was better left unchallenged," the *Times* editorialized.)

Another eventual result of Burnham's article—more than two years after Durk began his agitating—was a serious investigation (conducted by the police Organized Crime Unit and a federal-state-city narcotics task force) of his "old man" 's information about the East Harlem drug world. Most of what he had said was confirmed, and sixty-five accused drug traffickers were arrested in a weekend series of raids that inspired a high-ranking police official to say, "Nothing has ever

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INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1956: A FAIRY TALE

I think this house's mouth is full of dirt.
Smoke is nothing up its sleeve.
I think it could explode.
Where I am, in the dirt under the floor, I hear
them.
They don't know.
My mother leaves each room my father enters.
Now
she is cleaning things that are already clean.
My father is in the living
room.
He's pouring.
Rum into a glass, gas into a lamp, kerosene into a can.

He pours capped fuses, matches, dynamite sticks into his pockets.
He pours
rounds into the .45 which he will point skyward and hold next to his ear
as if it were telling him things.
Where I am, the spider spins.
The broken
mouse drags a trap through lunar talc of dust.
Where the bitch whelps is
where I wriggle on my belly, cowardly, ashamed, to escape the Fourth of
July.
I think the house is very ready.
It seems to hover like an "exploded
view" in a repair manual.
Parts suspended in disbelief.
Nails pulled back,
aimed.
My father goes out.
My mother whimpers.
There'll be no supper.
She opens the firebox and stuffs it full of forks.

—James Galvin

been done that would so diminish the supply of drugs in New York."

Durk's suspicions of corruption in the Narcotics Division and its Special Investigating Unit were also validated, after Detective Robert Leuci went to work as an undercover agent for the Justice Department. Leuci's transformation had begun with long late-night conversations in Durk's apartment—conversations that grew out of Leuci's unsuccessful attempts to make Durk divulge the identity of the old man and evolved into theoretical discussions of police work and what it could be, as opposed to what it was. "David pushed the buttons in me that made me take a look at myself," Leuci has said. "When I listened to him, I heard this wonderful, naïve view of the world. He saw the best side of people. If you supported cops, if you gave them the opportunity to be honest, their best instincts would come out."

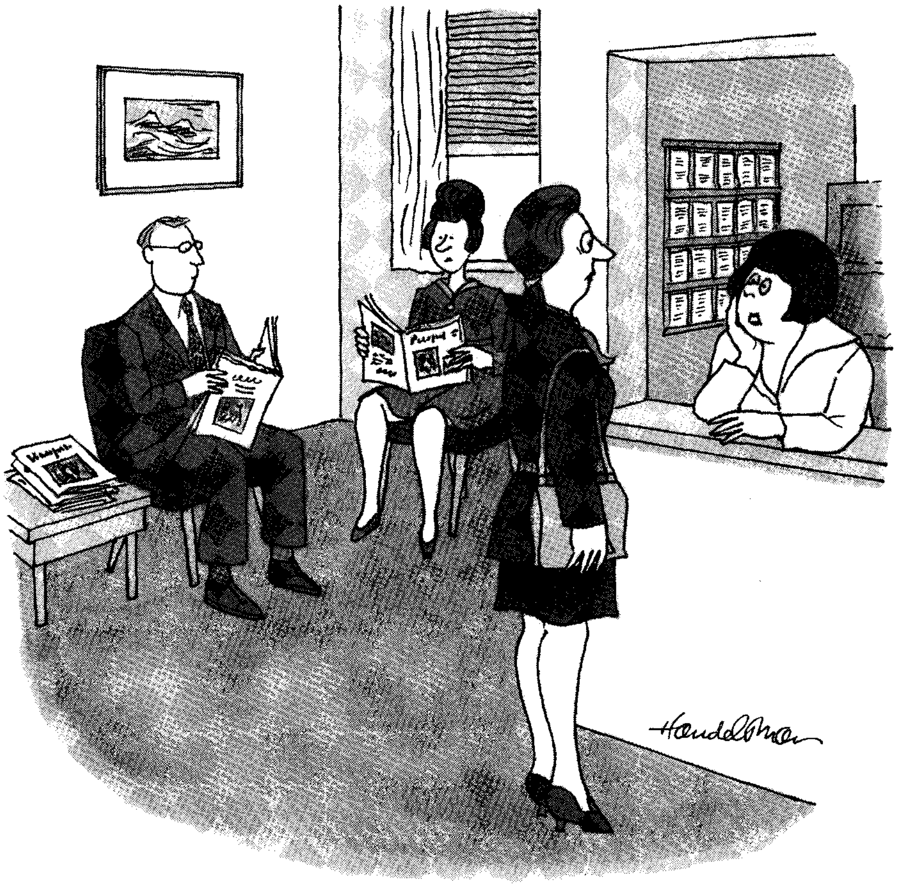
As Durk had done with Serpico and his charges of corruption, so with Leuci and the question of narcotics corruption he had gone to a series of prosecutors and had been given the brushoff. One of those prosecutors, Lawrence Goldman, later observed, "What everyone assumed at the time to be typical Durk paranoia turned out to be absolutely correct." Fifty-two S.I.U. cops—out of a unit that had never had more than eighty members—were eventually transferred, dismissed, or indicted. (Two committed suicide before their cases could come to trial.)

"Durk is the world's greatest nudge," Goldman says. "He nudged Frank Serpico to death, and he nudged Bob Leuci to death to get him to come forward. Using the 'but for' test, you could say that but for Durk there would have been no Serpico, no Leuci, no New York *Times* article, and no Knapp Commission."

The corruption scandal's effect on Durk personally was to create a strangely fractured existence. At Police Headquarters (where, after the *Times* article appeared, he was repeatedly summoned to answer questions from Internal Affairs investigators), elevators tended to empty out when he entered them. It became a running joke among Durk's friends in the department that he could ruin any boss's career simply by engaging him in friendly conversation. Meanwhile, he found himself being showered with approval by the world beyond the N.Y.P.D. After his testimony, the Durk household was awash in congratulatory cards, letters, and telegrams from a wide assortment of New Yorkers. Many wanted to call his attention to scandals in their own bureaucracies. Most of the messages, however, were simply of the "Right on!" variety. Arlene Durk, who had yet to decide that a listed phone number brought more grief than pleasure, found the phone calls exhilarating. "It gave you the sense that there were all those people out there who wanted to see good things happen," she says. There were plenty of cops among them. While David and Arlene were standing in line outside a movie theatre one night, a uniformed patrolman approached, shook Durk's hand vigorously, and rushed away without saying a word.

If the N.Y.P.D. were a board game, it would have a square marked "Hollywood offers to buy your story—you tell the bosses to get lost." That was where Durk seemed to have landed when, early in 1971, he was invited to have dinner with Paul Newman, who was to be the star of a movie about him. Durk remembers that Newman, trying to make conversation, recalled having now and then charmed his way out of a speeding ticket, sometimes by giving his autograph to the cop who had stopped him, so that the cop could bestow the trophy on his wife or girlfriend. Durk berated Newman for acting like a "poltroon." Newman said afterward that Durk had been "hard cheese." Joanne Woodward—Mrs. Newman—laughed, and said that it was a pleasure to encounter someone with the chutzpah to stand up to her husband.

Instant wealth as a concept was not unpleasant to Durk. Nor did he mind the idea of becoming a hero to millions of men, women, and children. Much of his thinking about the proposed movie, however, centered on one small part of the potential audience: his fellow-cops. He told himself that the right kind of movie—one that captured the satisfactions and frustrations of the job as it was experienced by cops in general—would be a useful tool in liberating the department from the yoke of cynicism, which, more than corruption, was, in Durk's



"Uninsured? That needn't be a problem. We can refer you to a very fine doctor in Ottawa."

mind, the enemy. But there was also the possibility of the wrong kind of movie: one that would credit him with Hollywood-style heroics, imply a connection between a fancy college education and integrity, and insure him a bad reputation in the N.Y.P.D. for years to come. The producer, John Foreman, had agreed, in principle, on a cast of characters that would include other cops, from more traditional backgrounds, who were just as dedicated and just as fed up with corruption as Durk was. In fact, Durk had introduced him to several, and one of them—Serpico—had come to dinner with Newman. By the time Warner Brothers formally announced the production, in June of 1971, it had two heroes: Newman would play a character based on Durk, and Robert Redford a character based on Serpico. Cops, corruption, Newman, Redford—it was an attractive package. Serpico, however, wasn't certain he wanted to be part of it.

Since 1966, Durk and Serpico had been through a number of crises together, and Durk had taken Serpico, sometimes after initial resistance on his part, to a series of prosecutors and other public officials. For Durk, the ultimate success of their crusade was never in doubt. The longer it took, the more important it would be, he predicted, for they would be exposing not only the corruption of cops but the cowardice and complicity of those on top; and, as he pointed out to Serpico, "we're both witnesses to that."

But Serpico was becoming a witness in a way that Durk was not: in a series of departmental and criminal trials involving his peers. And, though it was often hinted that he could expect a promotion and a transfer to some élite detective unit (the only rewards Serpico wanted), these lures were used to control him—to keep him testifying. In the meantime, he remained a patrolman, assigned first to Plainclothes and then to Narcotics, among colleagues who made their distaste for him evident on a daily basis.

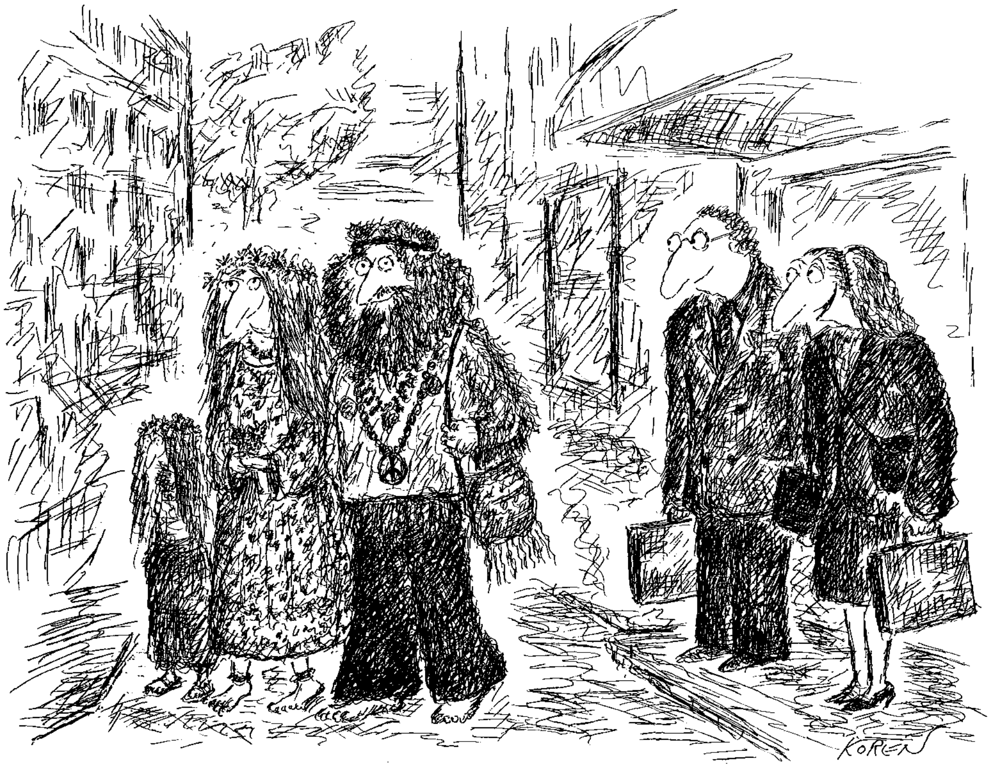
Durk, it seemed to Serpico, was operating on a wider stage. He had his parties, his speaking engagements, his network of friends and connections outside the department. He was getting something out of his whistle-blowing. Burnham was, too. "I was like this sacrificial lamb," Serpico told me years later. "All they were concerned about was their Pulitzer Prizes, their big stories, their promotions. Serpico was expendable." He was left to "twist in the wind," as he put it, and he might have gone right on twisting if, in February of 1971, he had not been shot in the head while taking part in a narcotics raid, and if—perhaps more important—the shooting had not got him (or, to be precise, an X-ray of his skull) onto the cover of *New York* magazine, promoting an article, by Robert Daley, about "a hated, hunted man within his own department." This story and others like it, the new police commissioner, Patrick V. Murphy, explained in a memo, put him "on the spot" to give Serpico a detective's gold shield, so at last he issued the necessary orders. But by then Serpico was not in a frame of mind conducive to gratitude. He was no longer sure that the prize had been worth the chase—especially when he considered the disability pension (three-quarters of his salary, tax free) that was now his for the asking.

As with many big-brother/little-brother relationships, there had always been an element of tension between Durk and Serpico. "He had an air of superiority about him," Serpico said recently. "He would throw off big words. I always felt him looking down at me."

"Dave was a very persuasive sort of individual," Paul Delise, who was close to both men, says. "He had an influence on Frank, and I think Frank began to resent it."

The Daley article brought Serpico into contact with journalists, lawyers, prosecutors, community activists, and political reformers, and many of these people heard him speak with startling bitterness about David Durk. By and large, those who knew both men were saddened by the split between them, and tried to soften Serpico's anger. "To me, they were both good men," Delise says. "I admired both of them."

In the summer of 1971, Serpico met a journalist named Peter Maas. Serpico was interested in the idea of a book about his experiences, had tried to do the job himself, and was now on the lookout for a professional writer. Maas had made his mark with a book, "The Valachi Papers," that was an imprisoned mobster's inside look at organized crime. Daley's piece had been built



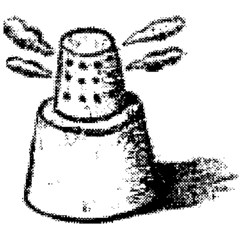
"They're museum quality!"

around the Serpico-Durk friendship, and what Foreman had in mind, Serpico suspected, would be similar: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, New York Style," with Serpico as Durk's lamebrained Italian sidekick. Maas declared that the truth could never be told by treating the two men as fellow-heroes. The real story, he observed, wasn't Durk and Serpico—it was Serpico alone.

"Alone" was the operative word. Ads for the movie "Serpico," a largely faithful adaptation of the book that Maas went on to write, would describe its hero as "the most dangerous man alive—an honest cop." Although Maas's knowledge of Durk was based only on a few fleeting encounters, it was obvious to Maas (he told me years later) that Durk was a self-promoter who enjoyed "playing cop" and "hanging around a lot of chic liberal parties." Maas gave shape and respectability to Serpico's grievances, and, between them, they made history—the history of the struggle to cleanse the N.Y.P.D., as it would be remembered by the world at large.

Both the book and the movie ignored the fact that, among people who had followed the anti-corruption crusade, Durk was judged to have been its instigator and engineer. ("He masterminded the whole thing," Thomas Reppetto says. Robert McGuire, a lawyer who briefly represented Durk and Serpico and went on to serve as police commissioner under Mayor Edward I. Koch, characterizes Durk as "the driving force" and Serpico as a "vehicle." "Frank just wanted to be a working cop," he says. "He didn't have a global view.") In "Serpico"—the movie and the book—Durk was reduced to a walk-on and was generally lumped in among the many people who made promises to Serpico and failed to deliver. Even in the decision to go to the *Times*, Durk's labors (and Burnham's, too) were made to seem inconsequential. The "bulk" of the *Times* article, Maas wrote, was "supplied by Serpico." Tony Roberts, who played the part of the Durk-like character (renamed Bob Blair) in the movie, told the *Times* that he was instructed to take his inspiration from the standard war scene in which an officer tells one of his men to "go in and break up a pillbox while I cover you from here."

Maas had said that Serpico's story was the real story. If by that he meant that it was a strong story—a story for its times—he was certainly correct, for it was a version of events that served him well not only in winning Serpico's coöperation but also in reaching a large public. Richard Nixon was President; the Watergate scandal was mushrooming; the gulf between law and order as they were practiced in the land and as they had long been depicted in cop books and cop movies had become impossibly wide. The kind of movie that Durk had imagined and Foreman had promised—with good cops, bad cops, and in-between cops, operating in an oppressive system—might not have suited the contemporary mood. "Serpico," under the direction of Sidney Lumet, gives its hero, played by Al Pacino, a Christlike aura, and surrounds him with a mob of crooked cops. It concludes with the implication (which Maas resisted, for want of evidence) that they have elected to have him killed. And, though Serpico does not literally die, his hope of remaining a cop does: to survive, he has to leave the country as well as the Police Department. "Serpico is now living somewhere in Switzerland," an end title informs us.



The real Serpico not only left the country for roughly eight years but conducted a staged withdrawal from humanity. For a time, he helped establish, and bestowed some of his book and movie earnings on, a New Age collective in Wales. After resurfacing, in 1981, as a defendant in a paternity suit brought by an airline stewardess (he advanced the novel but unsuccessful claim that he had been unwittingly "used as a sperm bank" by a woman who had led him to believe she was using a contraceptive device), he eventually moved to a cabin in the woods of the Hudson River Valley; he kept an apartment in Brooklyn, though, and he visits it regularly. He lives alone, and when I asked him a few weeks ago how he spends his time he mentioned two activities—"foraging" and "watching man make a fool of himself." He and Durk haven't seen each other in twenty years.

By the end of 1971, when Durk appeared before the Knapp Commission, the Police Department was a different place from the one that Burnham's article had described early in 1970. Patrick Murphy, the new police commissioner, had dished out memorable punishments to crooked cops and to their superiors. Still, Murphy's boss was John Lindsay, who claimed that no one had ever told him how bad the problem of police corruption was; Lindsay's most trusted adviser was Jay Kriegel, who claimed that his hands had been tied by Durk's and Serpico's insistence on anonymity; and the top ranks of the city's law-enforcement establishment were crowded with other officials who had heard and ignored Durk's pleas. The new police commissioner could not convey approval of Durk, then, without also conveying implicit disapproval of people whose favorable opinion was important to a commissioner's well-being.

Durk had expected Murphy to reach out to him—to tap him for ideas and make him part of the new regime. A single short meeting had been the extent of the outreach, Durk says. Yet, in the months leading up to Durk's appearance before the Knapp Commission, Murphy often brought his name up at staff conferences, usually in the form of questions about what made him tick, what he would do next, and how one could counter, divert, or preëmpt him. "It was amazing that a simple sergeant could so upset the timing and the thinking of the massive bureaucracy that was the New York City Police Department," Robert Daley later wrote in "Target Blue," a book on the N.Y.P.D. Daley, who had gained entrée into the police world by writing a story about Durk for *Life* in 1970, had by now been hired by Murphy as a deputy commissioner in charge of the department's dealings with the press, and he resolved to use his newfound influence to land Durk a place in Murphy's inner circle.

At first, according to Daley, Murphy was unreceptive to the idea; then, startled by the attention and acclaim that Durk was getting as a result of the Knapp hearings, he realized that his own rather pale image might be brightened by association with Durk. In the spring of 1972, Durk became a "special aide" to the commissioner. The job carried only one responsibility: he was to appear with Murphy whenever and wherever Murphy desired him to. All he had to do was to speak positively of the commissioner and his reforms in public, and be pleasant, deferential company in their other interludes together. Durk was, he says, in a position to "write my own ticket." But he also says, "We all have our thresholds."

Murphy was widely regarded as an innovator. In his first year and a half as New York's police commissioner, he increased the number of supervisors in the field; he sent scores of plainclothes cops back into uniform; he instituted a program in which recruits were designated "field associates," which meant that besides performing the usual duties of cops they were supposed to ferret out misconduct in their commands; and, without consulting the judiciary or the legislature, he decided to suspend the enforcement of most of the gambling and blue laws. The leitmotiv of all these innovations, however, was restraint. The implication was that police officers, like children, had to be kept out of places where they might get into trouble. And when cops examined the new rules that governed them they couldn't help making comparisons with practices they saw at Police Headquarters, where a different standard of propriety seemed to apply. Murphy had, for example, instituted a crackdown on precinct Christmas parties; the mere presence of liquor in any police facility was now a serious offense. But, according to Daley, Murphy and his top commanders had themselves held a Christmas party at which, beers and whiskeys in hand, they had congratulated each other on having stamped out holiday gratuities in the precincts.

Having instigated the scandal that had led to Murphy's appointment, Durk had a proprietary feeling about the results. He felt that Murphy was, in a sense, his creation, and that he couldn't stand by while Murphy frittered away a once-in-a-generation opportunity to transform the department. If Murphy wanted to rally cops to his side, Durk told him, he would have to make it clear that a single standard of honesty applied to all, and he would have to meet with cops face to face and acknowledge that the bosses, himself included, bore a share of the responsibility for the problem. In short, he would have to "bleed in front of the troops," as Durk put it.

"I wanted to show him that he could get away with being a good guy," Durk says. "But he wouldn't even acknowledge that he understood what I was talking about. He was always looking at his watch."

Murphy, for his part, Daley says, complained that Durk ranted incoherently—and interminably. On one level, though, Murphy must have understood Durk well enough: to "bleed in front of the troops," as Durk was urging, would be an act of weakness. Murphy, who had already run a series of big-city police departments, figured that being hated—or, at least, strongly disliked—by cops went with the territory. "If I had wanted to win a popularity contest, I would not have taken the job," he wrote in his memoirs.

Durk, who says he realized that he was not doing his career any good by pestering Murphy, went on pestering him nonetheless. After two weeks as Murphy's aide, Durk flew into his office one morning with a *Times* article about a new city Board of Ethics ruling, which held that city officials could accept free meals and other favors as long as they did not do so on a regular basis. Durk was outraged. Cops had no such escape clause, he said. For them, any gratuity was a criminal offense. This was an inconsistency that Murphy had to address if he valued his credibility, he said. Murphy didn't see the need. When Durk pressed the point, he says, Murphy took a rubber stamp from his drawer and stamped the front page of the *Times* "Confidential." "Davey, my boy," Durk remembers him saying, "the *Daily News* didn't carry this story. No other paper carried this story. Cops do not read the *Times*. We do not have to respond to it."

Durk lasted three weeks in the job. Murphy's displeasure crystallized when, in the Channel 7 makeup room before he and Durk were to make a joint appearance on "The Dick Cavett Show," Durk noted that Murphy himself had been guilty of behavior that might be termed corrupt. The Commissioner, Durk said, had several detective-chauffeurs who sometimes ran personal errands for him. And another thing: Durk had accompanied him to a number of functions where food and drink had been supplied but had yet to see him pay for any of it. The next morning, Murphy remarked that Durk looked tired. How would he like to become an exchange cop in San Francisco? ◆

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

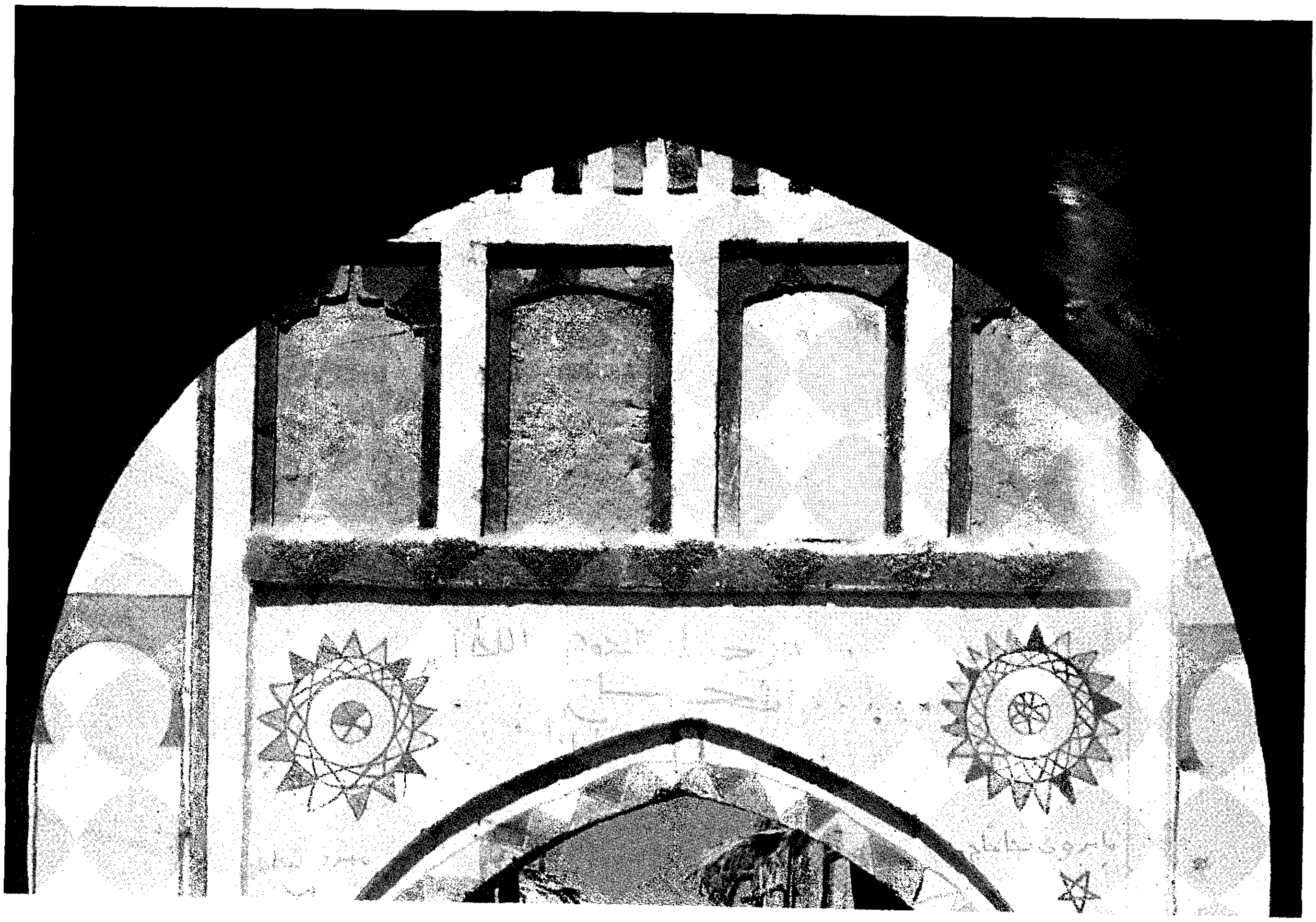
PORTFOLIO
BY BRUCE CHATWIN

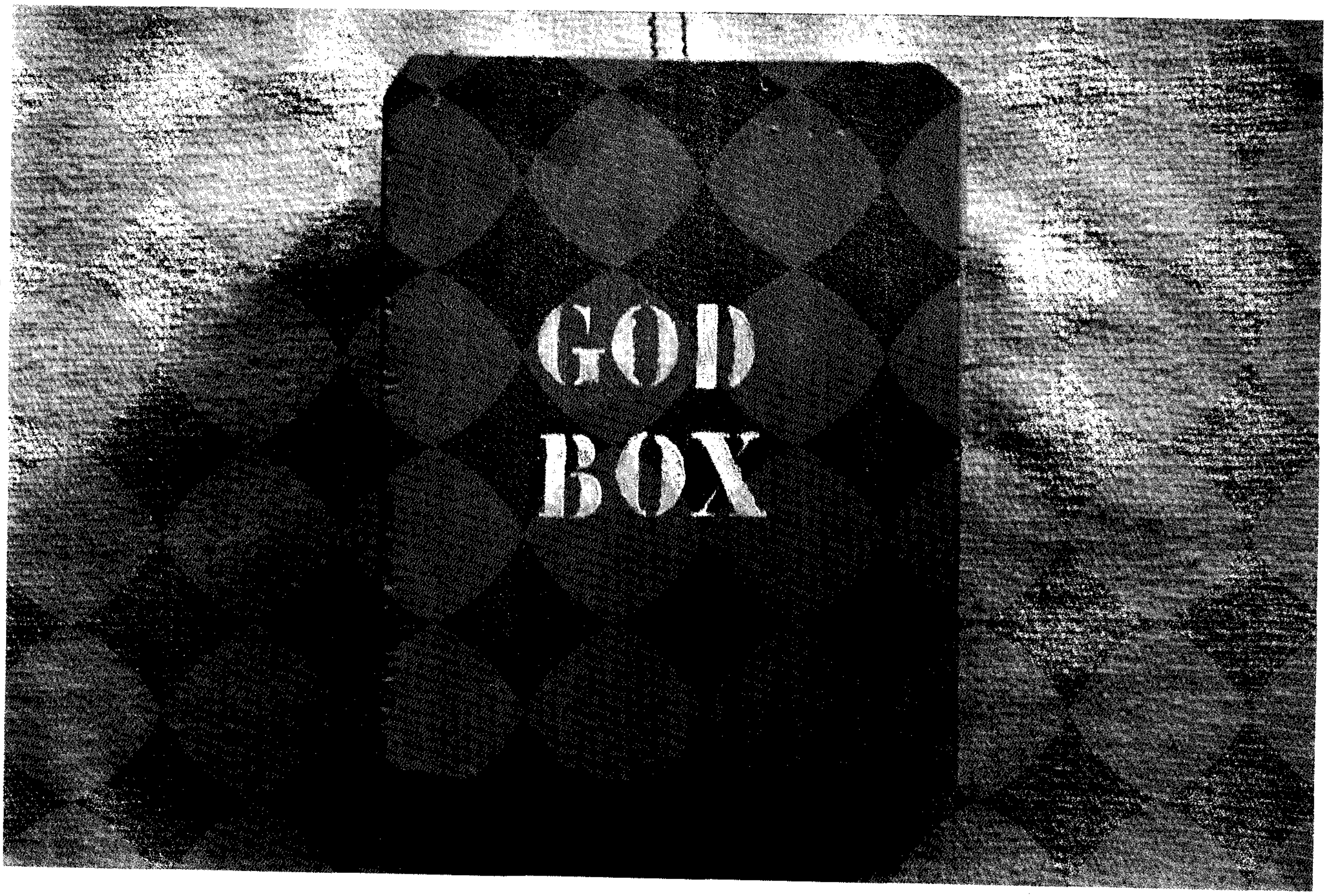
THE NOMADIC EYE

NO one, it seems, ever thought of Bruce Chatwin as a photographer. But throughout the myriad travels that inspired his writing—an ongoing paean to nomadic civilizations and to his own belief that "man's real home is not a house but the road"—Chatwin did carry a camera, which he used inconspicuously and, as the pictures on these pages testify, to remarkable effect. Shortly before he died, in January of 1989, at the age of forty-eight, he proposed to his longtime London editor, Tom Maschler, of Jonathan Cape, that one of his photographs be used for the cover of what promised to be his last book, a miscellaneous collection of stories and essays entitled "What Am I Doing Here." It was a painterly picture, showing the weathered side of a building adorned in bright blocks of color, in a desert town in Africa. "I asked, 'Who took it?' " Maschler recalls. "And he said, 'Oh, I did.' That was it. He didn't say it was one of many."

There were, in fact, hundreds of such photographs, which Maschler became aware of when Chatwin's widow, Elizabeth, brought them to a friend's attention three years later. So there is now another book by Bruce Chatwin: "Far Journeys" (to be published this fall by Jonathan Cape in England and by Viking Penguin here), a singular volume of a hundred pictures—taken principally in remote regions of Asia, Africa, and South America—with a text culled from fifty wallet-size notebooks in which Chatwin kept an impressionistic journal. The pictures—as Francis Wyndham, who edited the book, notes in the introduction—are the product of an "aesthetic puritan" of "startlingly catholic" tastes. And the text—acutely visual, isolating form and color from their cultural context—seamlessly embodies the same sensibility. "Rauschenberg could do no better," Chatwin writes, describing a Mauritanian stand of multicolored shacks. In the journals he seems, appropriately, least at home in cities, noting, "Pure asceticism of the desert appeals to my arid sense far more." —BEN BRANTLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS © 1993, ESTATE OF BRUC ATWIN

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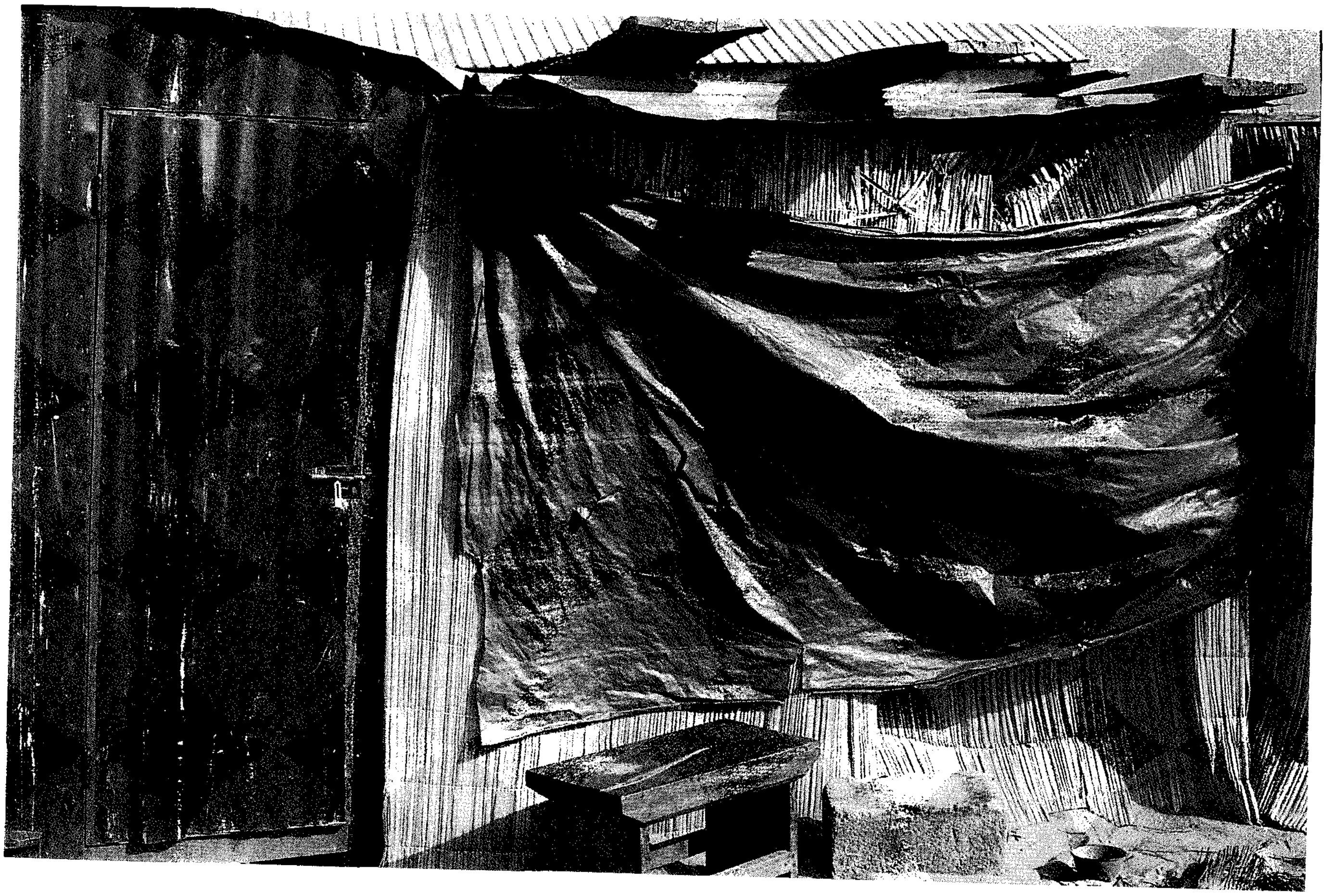
BOX



ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

BING! IT'S FABIEN!

Is it necessary to see the underwear in an underwear ad? Fabien Baron doesn't think so. He's the art director whose lean, clean pages have made him the toast of the fashion crowd and whose club of photographers and editors are pushing design as a way of life.

BY JOHN SEABROOK

IN the layout business, there is an expression people use when too much text is cluttering a page. They say, "You need to let some oxygen in here." Letting the oxygen in is what Fabien Baron, who is known throughout the world of fashion and design simply as Fah-Bee-EN, does best. *New York Woman*, Italian *Vogue*, and *Interview* have all had the oxygen let into them by Fabien in recent years, with spectacular visual results, and nowhere are the results more spectacular than at Italian *Vogue;* the issues that Fabien art-directed there are collectors' items. The new *Harper's Bazaar*, which Fabien redesigned, and of which he is now the creative director, is full of oxygen. The new look, which consists of simple photographs of waifs floating in space—not exactly white space but space that is subtly manipulated on Fabien's computers to look slightly bluer or pinker or browner than white and is set off with a block of aqua or charcoal or bronze-colored type in the Didot typeface, which is Fabien's trademark—has been widely praised for its elegance and flair, and caused *Bazaar* to receive the National Magazine Award for design this spring.

People who have worked with Fabien at these magazines all say that he is exceptionally talented, and some believe that he is a kind of genius. Some also say that Fabien can be *difficile*, but comments like this generally come from editors, who believe that they, as word people, have to restrain the picture people, otherwise art directors will start letting the oxygen into writers' texts whenever they feel like it. When people talk about the role Fabien plays at *Bazaar*, they sometimes cite Alexey Brodovitch, the Russian émigré who was the art director of *Bazaar* from 1934 to 1958. Whether or not Fabien, who is thirty-four, will become the center of a movement like the one that gathered around Brodovitch's Design Laboratory, at the New School, remains to be seen, but at the moment his influence is such that one sometimes hears a layout described as "very Fabien," even if Fabien didn't design it.

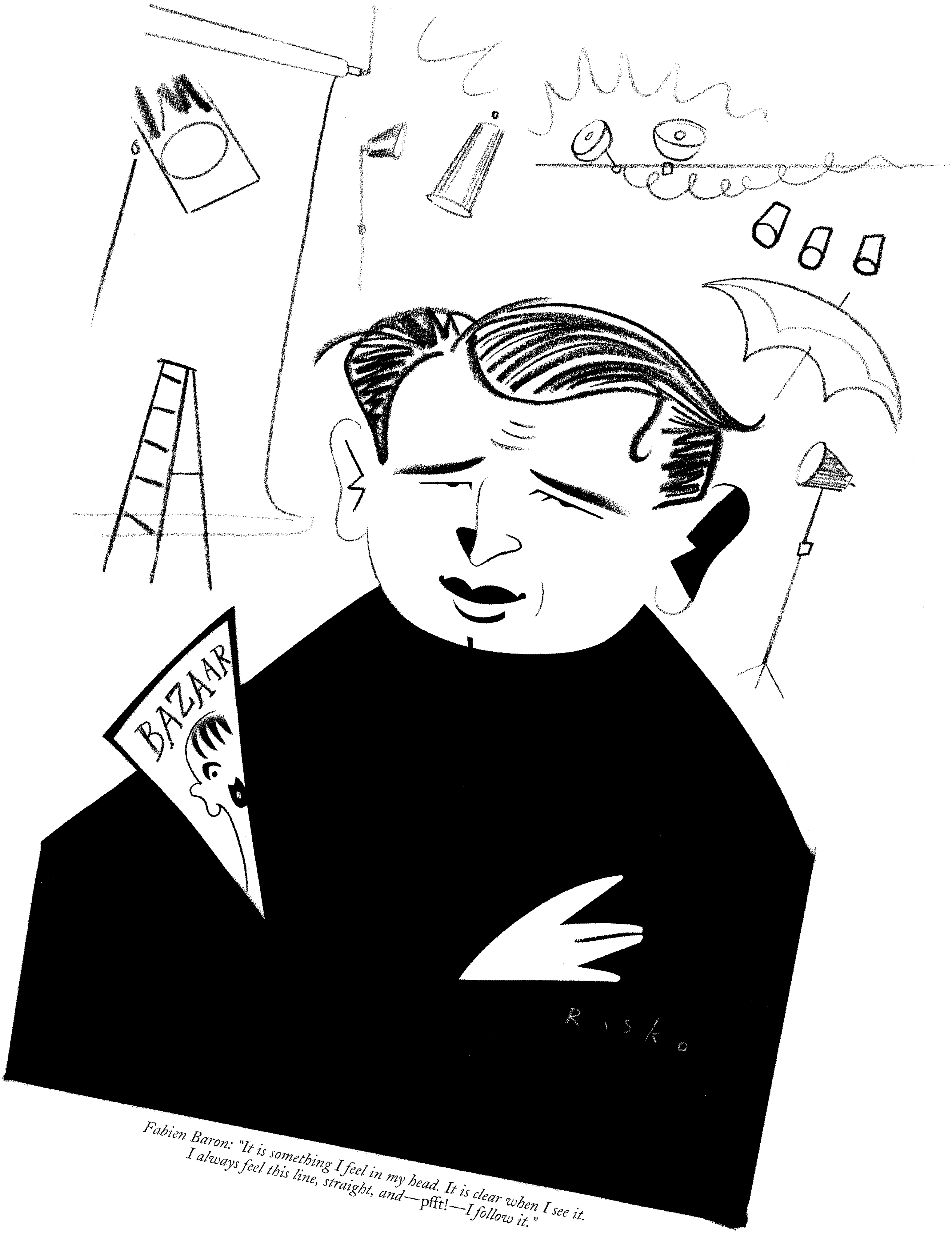
Fabien's work is not guided by the use of grids or by theory or by knowledge of art history. He is an intuitive designer. He finds it hard to articulate his aesthetic, partly because he is not a word person, and partly because English is not his first language. "I personally believe that if I were blind I would be a musician," he once told me. "I would play the piano. I could design clothes. You see, I follow a line, which is very hard to explain. It is something I feel in my head. It is clear when I see it. I always feel this line, straight, and—*pfft!*—I follow it." He let his hand soar off into space.

One remarkable thing about the new *Bazaar* is the extent to which Fabien's influence permeates both its editorial and its advertising components. Fabien designs the Calvin Klein advertising spreads that regularly run in the magazine and generally take up five or six pages, about the length of the editorial stories, and he also designs the ads for Burberry's and Valentino, among others. The first editorial page of the September, 1992, issue of *Bazaar*, which was the first issue edited by Liz Tilberis, who had been lured away from British *Vogue*, introduced Fabien's new *Bazaar* logo, in Didot, with overlapping, multicolored letters, swimming in oxygen. On the facing page was a Calvin Klein couture ad, which Fabien also designed, and on the page before that was a Calvin Klein sportswear ad, featuring Fabien's new CK logo, also in Didot. In a lot of Fabien's work—including print ads he did for Wilke-Rodriguez, a youth-oriented sportswear manufacturer, which show a couple dressed in Wilke-Rodriguez clothes who appear to be screwing on a roof, and Madonna's book "Sex," which he designed—the images are graphic but the tones of the background blend together with the flesh of the people in a way that somehow renders the passion cool. In Fabien's work you have the feeling of having arrived at the center of the action and finding it very still.

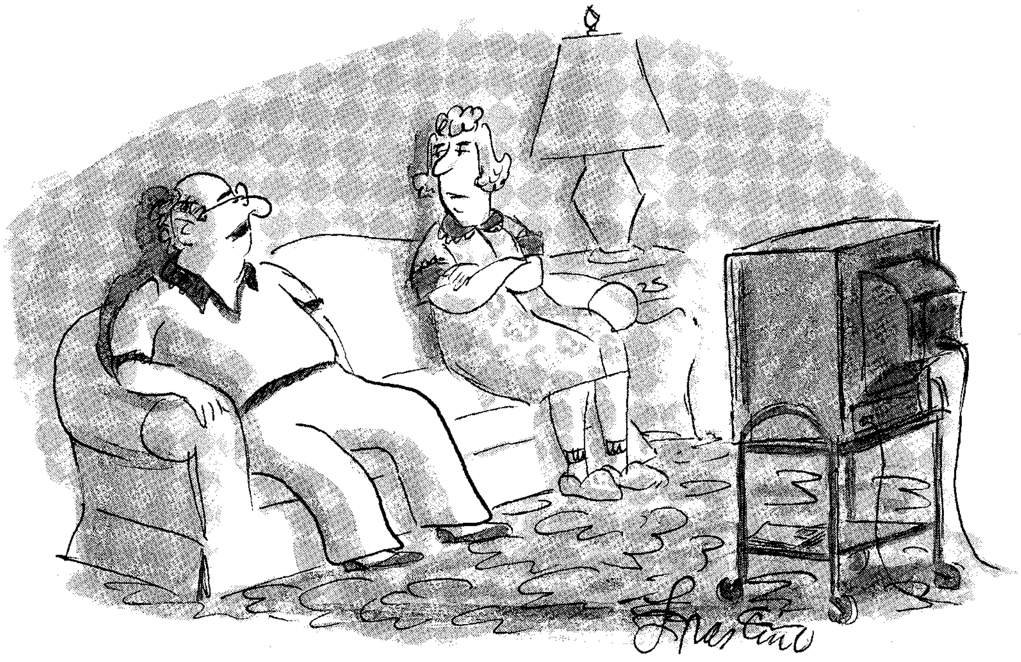
The pleasure that Fabien takes in playing with the elements in a layout is not unlike the pleasure that Ariel, his one-and-a-half-year-old daughter, takes in playing with her breakfast cereal. On an average day, Fabien sits on a stool in his workshop at *Bazaar*, or he strolls over to Baron & Baron, his new advertising office, and sits there. He wears black jeans and a blue blazer—or, in warm weather, maybe khaki pants, with blue canvas sneakers one day and black canvas the next. The world comes to him. Messengers come bearing layouts or color negatives or typefaces. If he likes something, Fabien says "Great!," and if he really likes it he says "Mega-great!" Or "Is beautiful," with his voice raised a few octaves in pleasant bewilderment and the emphasis on the syllables mixed up. If he doesn't like something, he inflates his cheeks and gives a little Gallic puff of disdain. In all his movements Fabien conveys a sense of having pared his gestures down to a few classics, like the late-night menu in a favorite bistro. The handshake is one: the elbow is kept close to the side and the right arm pivoted casually away from the crook of the left arm, where it often rests. The shrug is another: shoulders hunched, eyes slightly widened, chin ducked. Fabien has very expressive thumbs. Sometimes he crosses his arms and holds them away from his chest with his thumbs pointing down, and sometimes he sticks his straightened fingers inside his blazer pockets but leaves the thumbs out. He has a smooth, chubby face and sleek, wavy black hair, and he carries himself with a charming boyish swagger.

Once when I was standing next to Fabien, he began to squeak. He slightly widened his eyes and lifted his eyebrows,

ROBERT RISKO


BAZAAR
Risko

*Fabien Baron: "It is something I feel in my head. It is clear when I see it. I always feel this line, straight, and—*pfft!*—I follow it."*



"Exactly what form of live entertainment did you have in mind?"

• •

as in mock alarm, and I had the sudden absurd impression that he was an inflatable toy that had sprung a leak. Then Fabien slipped his fingers into the pocket of his blazer and removed a little telephone, and said "Ah-low?"

ON a Wednesday morning in late May, Fabien and I were strolling through Central Park, from the apartment, on Central Park West, where Fabien lives, with his wife, Sciascia Gambaccini, who is a fashion editor at *Bazaar*, and their daughter, toward his workshop at *Bazaar*. Emerging from the Park, Fabien caught sight of the skylights of Baron & Baron poking out from the roof of the twenty-eight-story Fisk Building, at Broadway and Fifty-seventh. He said, "Ahh, my office, I love my office," and stretched out his arms toward the skylights. "I want to go there."

"Who is the second Baron—your wife?" I asked.

"Not really," Fabien said. "It just sounds better, Baron & Baron, don't you think?"

We started down Broadway. "I love what my office represents," Fabien said. I asked what his office represented, and he said, "It's like a group of painters who get together and become the Impressionists. I want to bring designers and architects and artists and writers together to create a movement, or a philosophy—a certain kind of look. Baron & Baron is not really an advertising agency. Because that would be boring. It's like what Stieglitz did. Like Man Ray, Cocteau—people like that. It's about philosophy of life." I asked what his philosophy of life was, and he said, "Tomorrow is not today. That is the beauty of the world. There will always be change. Tomorrow, people will be different. So if you don't look forward you might as well do something else."

Sometimes when Fabien is talking about the movement he hopes to lead, he describes it in terms of "the club," which he pronounces to rhyme with "the rube." Among the boys in the club are the photographers Patrick Demarchelier, Peter Lindbergh, and Steven Meisel, although Meisel's membership is temporarily frozen, because *Vogue*, after *Bazaar's* raid of Demarchelier and Lindbergh, made Meisel an offer he couldn't refuse, and held on to him. The girls in the club include the models Christy Turlington, Kate Moss, and Amber Valletta, a waif who is Fabien's latest enthusiasm. "Someone said it is like a club," Fabien said. "And that is right. It is a club. If you have access to the club, you can be part of it, and if you don't then you've got to pay your dues." Among the services that advertisers who hire Fabien may receive is membership in his club, depending on how much they are willing to pay. By making Fabien her creative director, Liz Tilberis got to be a member of Fabien's club, too, which was invaluable in assembling the new *Bazaar*. "At *Bazaar*," Fabien said, "Leez started with me and then I went to Patrick and said 'It's me and Leez, why don't you come?,' and Patrick said 'Sounds great,' and then Peter came, and then, of course, Christy and Kate and the other girls. They like Leez, but they don't really know Leez. With me they know it is safe." Fabien has added Paul Cavaco and Tonne Goodman, the two fashion directors at *Bazaar*, to the club as well. In Paris, before the spring and fall collections, a familiar sight is that of the four *Bazaar* editors patrolling the city in a stretch Mercedes, pulling up in front of the couture houses, and trooping in as a squadron to view the clothes. The *Vogue* editors go in singly.

Fabien's workshop at *Bazaar* is on the thirty-seventh floor of a building that Hearst owns at Broadway and Fifty-third. It is next door to Liz Tilberis's office and has a remarkable view of the Park. On one wall is a dartboard, and on another are three rows of wooden slots in which color Xeroxes of pages of an upcoming *Bazaar* are stuck, so that Fabien can play with the layout. The rest of the perimeter of the room is taken up with workbenches and two big Macintosh computers, at which Joel Berg, the art director, and Johan Svensson, a designer, often work; they ferry Fabien's instructions to the art department proper, which is on the other side of the workshop.

At ten-fifteen, Fabien, perched on one of his stools, his blue shirttail outside his black jeans, was unwrapping a fresh pack of Marlboro Lights, which he had bought upon entering the building, when Patrick Demarchelier came in. "Heeey Paddyyy saaaalut," said Fabien, and he offered his friend the handshake. Demarchelier, also wearing jeans and a blue blazer, said he was on his way to the Hamptons but had stopped in to look at the photographs for the July issue. Two possible covers were propped on a shelf above the dartboard, with Fabien's *Bazaar* logo matted over them. One was a photograph of Kate Moss looking frail and sad and rather alien, and the other was of an older, more conservative-looking woman, in a sleeveless white turtleneck.

"*Très bien cela, la Kate*," Patrick said. "*La couleur est oh la la!*"

"I like the Kate," Fabien said decisively.

"*Très forte, très jolie*," Patrick said.

"Bu-tee-fool!" Fabien said. "She looks so fresh. Totally summer. The other is beautiful also but lacking in spontaneity and too predictable. Too seventies. Why go back?" He shrugged. "We live in the nineties." Fabien smoked for a while. "It is like you are a toy with batteries and you go *pik pik pik*"—he put down his cigarette and moved his arms in a strikingly good imitation of a toy soldier—"and then bump into a wall and go back." He picked up his cigarette. "But I am stubborn. I don't want to go back. I want to go forward." He took another drag and blew out the smoke. "I don't know where. I am trying to predict. It is like I am the meter boy—no, how do you say it?—the weatherman, trying to predict."

In came Paul Cavaco, to study the two covers. Fabien's face lit up and he said, "Here's Paul Cavaco, the next Diana Vreeland."

"That means you're going to have to act like Diana Vreeland," I said.

"I already do," said Paul.

Paul had a new haircut, with very short bangs in front. "Very waif," Fabien said.

"I am not waif," Paul said emphatically. "I'm Steve McQueen in 'The Thomas Crown Affair.' "

Paul looked at the cover of Kate Moss in silence. "I don't know," he said, finally. "She's a little too . . . *poverina*."

In came Pamela Fiori, the new editor of *Town & Country*, and Margot Frankel, its new art director, up from the thirty-sixth floor, to discuss what changes Fabien thought should be made in the design of their magazine. Redesigning *TNC*, as it is called around Hearst, would spread Fabien's influence into the mainstream country-club American style, and that is something Fabien would like to do, but his official role at *TNC* has yet to be determined. "I told them the magazine is not connected with the world," Fabien said after Fiori and Frankel left. "With the recession, people's attitudes have changed. They used to say, 'He's so rich—great!' Now they say, 'He's so rich—fuck him!' "

In came David Sims, a twenty-six-year-old British photographer whom Fabien had given the plum assignment of shooting the fall Calvin Klein underwear campaign. Sims was dressed in high grunge—torn jeans, T-shirt, sneakers, and blond stubble, with dark roots showing through matted lemonade-colored hair. He had never done a job as important as this, and was a bit overwhelmed by the prospect of the shoot, which was to begin the next day. "I'm not panicking—yet," he said, smoking furiously and hunting around Fabien's office for a place to flick his ash. Fabien, perched on his stool, regarded his protégé with a certain paternal pride. Sims put his hands over his eyes so they formed a sort of tunnel and looked through it. "It's just that this is not the way I do things," he said.

"Calm down, relax, it will be great," Fabien said. "It will be mega-great." He pointed to Sims' feet. "You got new sneakers."

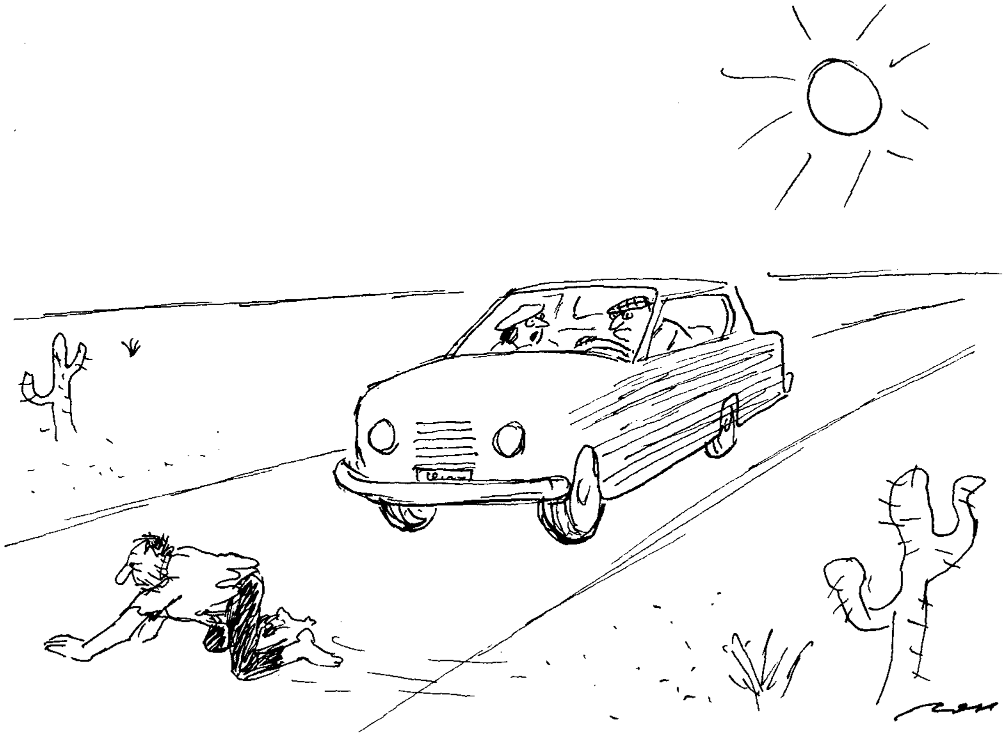
"So my feet won't stink."

"The pictures will be everywhere, on buses, on billboards. You will be everywhere. It will be mega." Fabien shrugged. "It will be mega-mega. Calm down. Soon we will play some darts."

Johan Svensson, working on one of the computers, had brought the *Bazaar* logo up onto his screen and was changing the colors, occasionally asking Fabien what he thought of one. Most of Fabien's remarkable colors are "mixed" on the computer: he can tell the computer to blend any percentage of one color into any percentage of another color. When Fabien works with a photograph, he asks the lab to make a color negative instead of a transparency—the usual method—and then makes a color copy of the negative. On the copy he writes his instructions to the people in the lab—telling them to make the shadows bluer or the grays more luminous or the skin more wan, so that the image will look very Fabien. Then he sends the marked-up copy right to the separator.

In came a young man carrying sheets of type—sample headlines and decks. Fabien leafed through the sheets, saying, "This we love. This we love. . . ." When Fabien was seventeen, he left school and apprenticed himself to his father, who was an art director in Paris, and among the things he learned from his father was the old principle of typography that the composition of the text should reflect the meaning of the words. Now that he is a man, Fabien has tossed that principle out the window, more or less. By changing the size and color of letters in mid-word, by ordering letters vertically as well as horizontally, by using overlapping courses of type arranged in an inverted pyramid, Fabien manages to make the words as graphically interesting as pictures. One sometimes has trouble understanding what the words say, but that is not Fabien's department.

In came Malin Ericson, a young woman with amazing-looking white skin, who works for Fabien at Baron & Baron, with some prototypes of perfume bottles that Fabien had designed for a client. Fabien played quietly with the



"For heaven's sake! He's crossing as fast as he can."

bottles, trying the chrome cap with the clear bottle and the aluminum cap with the blue bottle.

In came another of Fabien's protégés, a twenty-one-year-old photographer named Mario Sorrenti, who was dressed like Sims, except for black stubble and wraparound green-tinted prescription glasses. Sorrenti had just returned from the Caribbean, to which Fabien had dispatched him and Kate Moss and a 16-mm. camera for a week to make an Obsession ad for Calvin Klein. "They are so in love, she loves him, he loves her, they are going to get married, he is obsessed with her, she is obsessed with him, so it is perfect," Fabien told me, speaking in a singsong voice to signify how beautiful an arrangement this was. Sorrenti had brought in some of his stills of Kate to show Fabien and Sciascia, Fabien's wife. Sorrenti played darts with Sims until Sciascia, a slim woman with beautiful long hair, came in.

Back in came Patrick Demarchelier, who had been next door in Tilberis's office, trying to persuade her to go with the Kate Moss cover. "*Leez dit que la Kate est trop triste*," he said.

Fabien said, "Ah wheel talk to air." (I will talk to her.)

"*Alors*," Patrick said, "*à la campagne!*"

"You go to the *campagne!* Hey! Bing! I see you there!"

Each new arrival made Fabien's broad face fill with boyish pleasure. He gave the person the handshake and then bashfully glanced around the room to indicate that he was sorry about all the commotion he had caused. Though the workshop was full of people, it didn't feel cluttered, nor did the people who were there seem in a hurry to get their business with Fabien over with. I had the impression that somehow Fabien had let the oxygen into this gathering, too. Space had expanded and time had slowed down. Ann Kwong, the managing director of the art department, passing through the corridor, stopped in front of the door. One of Kwong's duties as managing director is to restrain the playroom atmosphere that Fabien brings to *Bazaar.* She came in and said in a businesslike tone "Is this a party?" but young Sorrenti leaped up and kissed her, and young Sims said "Hihowyagoinluv?" and waved, and Kwong, somewhat dazed by Sorrenti's kiss, said to Sims "What, I don't get a kiss from you?" and Sims leaped up and kissed her, too. Kwong walked unsteadily from the room, and everyone played on.

TWO days later, Fabien took me to watch part of the Calvin Klein underwear shoot, so that I could see him at work in the field. In planning the photographs, some people at Calvin Klein had argued that the existing campaign—which includes images of Marky Mark with his pants down, grinning, and of Kate Moss, bare-chested, pressed against Marky Mark—had reached the end of its life span, and a different approach altogether was necessary. Fabien, however, believed that the images could be "worked" a little further, as he likes to say, and Calvin Klein had decided to follow Fabien's advice. Calvin Klein himself thinks very highly of Fabien. "Fabien and I are on the same wavelength, except Fabien goes beyond my capability of aestheticism," he said recently. "His work is clean and modern and visual and strong and sexy and new. It's what I want. I love white space. I love Irving Penn. I love it. Fabien and I are of the same school—that strength, that sense of the modern. Modern is clean and young and direct. Modern is graphic as opposed to classic. As opposed to safe, baroque, grand, tricky kind of layouts. Fabien is the best. No question."

The shoot was at Sun Studios, which is on the top floor of a building on lower Broadway. Fabien and I arrived at noon and started into the studio, but a voice that belonged to Wayne Maser, a well-known fashion photographer, began calling out "Fab! Hi, Fab! Fab!" and Fabien crossed his arms and strolled down to the other end of the loft to say hello. He passed a long copper-covered bar decorated with sun motifs, at which two models sat drinking iced cappuccino out of tall glasses. They stopped their conversation and watched Fabien as he passed. "Hey, man, how are you?" Fabien said to Maser, giving him the handshake. They chatted for a while. Then Fabien strolled back toward the studio, past the models, with the sound of Maser's voice again filling the corridor. "Bye, Fab!" Pause. "I want to work with you, Fab!" Pause. "I love you, Fab!"

Inside the underwear shoot, Kate Moss, bare-chested and wearing tiny little stretch pants that hugged her hipless body, her arms folded around her breasts, her back hunched in the full waif position, was posing in front of David Sims. While Sims' assistant was reloading, Moss let her arms fall to her sides and submitted to the hair people and the makeup people, and then she drifted around the stage, glancing back over her shoulder at Sims' camera. No one was saying very much. The clicking of Sims' shutter and the whirring of the speed loader were punctuated now and then by the unwrapping of a fresh roll of film, which sent narcotic little puffs of photographic chemicals wafting into the air.

After watching Kate Moss pose for a while, Fabien strolled around and consulted with the hair people and the makeup people and with the stylist, twisting his wedding ring while he listened, and ticking off instructions for them on his stout fingers. (The number of instructions, though, bore an abstract relationship to the number of fingers he ticked.) Having completed his rounds, Fabien said to me, "Chemistry on a shoot is very important. When the chemistry isn't right, the shoot becomes stiff. Just glossy. No sentiment. That's the difference between good and bad fashion photography—sentiment."

Moss, her work finished for now, put a shirt on and came over and sat at the food table. She folded her knees up against her chest and eagerly took the cigarette that the makeup person, who had plum-colored hair, had lit for her, and sort of slurped at the smoke. "Ta," she said. Marky Mark arrived, removed his street clothes, and put on a new pair of Calvin Klein underwear and CK jeans, with the jeans pulled down below the waistband of his underwear and over his feet, so that he was walking on the ends of his pant legs. He went forward and posed for Sims so that Sims could shoot a few Polaroids. He sawed his finger under his nose, then sneered. Sims Polaroided the sneer. He sawed his finger under his nose again. He stuck his finger into his nose and said, "Yo, take a picture of this. Yo, the booger shot." Sims Polaroided the booger shot.

Standing next to Fabien, I asked what he was hoping to accomplish at today's shoot. Fabien told me that he wanted to do something simple, direct, honest, and "forward"—words he often uses when he talks about his philosophy. "I'm really searching for the nineteen-nineties," he said. "I'm looking so hard. I don't want to go back, I don't want so much to go back. It's like when you throw a ball against the wall—you don't want the ball to come bouncing back, you want it to go through the wall."

While Sims was shooting a couple of rolls of Marky Mark in the low-slung jeans, Fabien consulted with Neil Kraft, who handles in-house advertising for Calvin Klein, about the next shot. On a small yellow pad Fabien quickly sketched for Neil the image he had in mind. It showed Marky Mark with his underwear down around his ankles, covering himself with his hands.

"I like it," Neil said after studying the drawing.

Fabien shaded around Marky Mark's hands and said, "What about his . . . "

Neil said, "His zuzu? What's the word for zuzu in French?"

The two men chatted in lowered voices so that Marky Mark, still posing in front of Sims, could not hear. Marky Mark said, "Yo, some lady shaved my face off in like three different places, made me feel like a dawg. Shaved me like a dawg."

Neil, still pondering Fabien's drawing, said, "Who shaved you like a dawg, Mark?"

"Some shit, I don't know."

"Do we need to show what the underwear looks like?" Fabien asked Neil.

Neil said, "I think people know what a pair of Calvin Klein underwear looks like by now."

Fabien shrugged. "That's it, then," he said.

When Sims was finished, Neil went over and informed Marky Mark of Fabien's plan.

"Yo, you want me to what? *What*? Yo, man, you want me to take my dwauuughs off, man?" Marky Mark stalked around the room in a cartoonish side-to-side hip-hop swagger, saying, "My drawers! Yo, man, my drawers! Man wants me to take my drawers off!"

A young man named Miguel, who had come with Marky Mark, walked over and said, "Yo, man. Don't do it, man. Don't take your underwears down. Yo, man, even if you covers yourself with your hand, man, some hair can still show out of there."

Neil said, "Well, it's not as though he'd never grabbed his dick before in a national magazine."

Marky Mark did some fingertip pushups while he thought about the idea. Bands of muscle swelled in his shoulders as he smoothly levered himself off the floor. Then he got on the phone, possibly to negotiate a change order. Finally, it was decided that Marky Mark would wear his underwear down around his ankles but would cover himself with a black CK baseball hat, not his hand. Fabien received this news with a shrug and did another pencil sketch for the stylist, who rummaged around among the clothes racks and came up with a black hat. Marky Mark walked up in front of Sims, said "Ready?," and pulled his underwear down around his ankles while Miguel and Sims' assistant held a board up in front of his middle. When the hat was in place, they lowered the board. Marky Mark's underwear was crooked around his ankles, so that you couldn't quite read the "Calvin Klein" on the waistband, and Neil started to kneel before Marky Mark to fix it, but got embarrassed, and Miguel had to come to the rescue.

Sims shot a Polaroid, then quickly shot a roll. Fabien carried the Polaroid over to where the Polaroids of Kate had been stuck to the wall, and studied it.

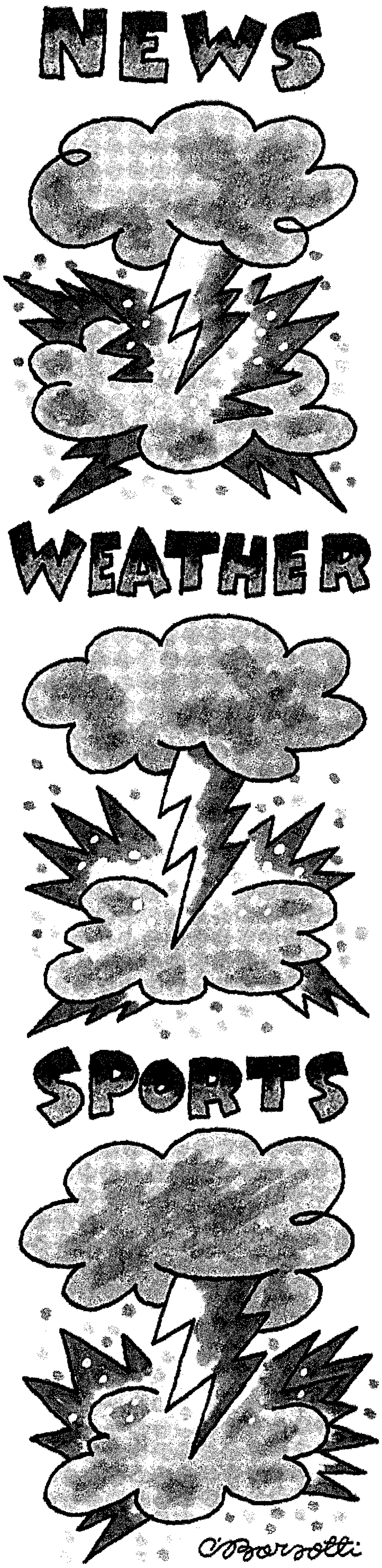
Marky Mark, his underwear up around his middle again, swaggered over and looked at the Polaroid. "Awww, man," he said when he saw it. "You're goin' to have to pay me like three billion bucks for that picture. First of all, my hat is my trademark, man, and now I can't even wear my hat, 'cause I had my balls in my fucking hat. Second of all, my mother's going to be pissed at me. Yo, my mother said, 'I don't care what you do, just keep your drawers on.' That's what she said. 'Just keep your drawers on.' " He shook his head. "And now this happens. Yo, man, where am I going to live?"

Fabien examined the Polaroid. "That's it," he said, with another shrug. "That's the eee-maj. It is a scoop, yes? It is mega. Can you imagine the sensation it will cause?"

I looked at the Polaroid. Now, remembering how it looked, I feel as though I have already seen the image all over Manhattan—on bus shelters, going by on buses, plastered in a long sequence along scaffolding.

I said, "What are you going to do next time? Remove the hat?"

"Bing!" said Fabien. "There's the copy." He made a little block of his type in space with his fingers. " 'Next year we remove the hat.' " ♦



FICTION

THE SHIPROCK FAIR

BY ANN CUMMINS

OVER the bridge was the fair. Willa could hear it, and she could see it through the window. She had marched with the band over the bridge that morning, and in the Arts and Crafts tent they had hung her spider painting. Maybe they had put a ribbon on it, she didn't know.

Her father was loading bottles in the sample case, and the white man, Del Rink, was staring at her. "So this is your girl," he said.

Del Rink was her father's new boss at the water-treatment plant. He was a fat man, sweet-smelling. One eye had stuck in the corner, next to his nose. Her father had not told her about that. He had not told her that Del Rink had one eye stuck in the middle of his face.

"She's a pretty girl," the white man said.

Willa stared out the window of the water-treatment plant. She had helped her father test the river water since her mother died. She would, when she was younger, ride in the cages with him to the middle of the river, and, if he let her, she would drop the bottles into the water for him. She liked to watch them sink. Her mother would wait for them on the riverbank, and she would write the reports. Her mother had died of tuberculosis six years before, when Willa was eight. Since then Willa had written the reports for her father, who could not read.

Willa didn't mind writing the reports, but today she had a painting in the fair, and the bluff was covered with dust from the rodeo, and she did not know why her father was taking so long, or why she had had to go into the office with him. Willa thought of her friends walking around at the carnival, riding on the rides. She could hear the music from the rides, and she could see the top of the Ferris wheel and the baskets, and she could see the banner on the bridge: "Shiprock Fair, 1966." It was the first time she had ever had a painting in the Arts and Crafts tent. It was one she had done over the summer. Her art teacher, Mrs. Penner, had said, "Is that a face in the web?" She had turned it so you could see the face, then turned it back so all you could see was the web. She said, "Did you do that on purpose? Did you see one like this somewhere?" She said, "Certainly it has a chance for a ribbon."

When her father had finished loading the bottles, he began rummaging in a drawer for labels. He was looking at her funny. "This one," he said, and laughed. "This girl wants to know what happened to your eye."

Willa flushed. She could feel the white man looking at her. She stared at the floor.

"She does, does she? Well, when I was a boy, my brother stabbed me in the eye with scissors. Do you believe that?"

Willa pressed her lips together nervously and tried not to smile. Her father laughed again. Then he announced loudly, "Her name is Willa Claw."

THEY drove north along the west side of the river. The river was full of mud, and little islands had come up through the water. On the other side of the river, pickups stood in the bushes, and people eating melons sat on hoods and tailgates. Tonight they would sleep there. They would cross the bridge and go to the fair and cross back, and they would build fires on the riverbank, and cook. She had not eaten anything that day, and she was hungry.

She turned the radio on—the Navajo Hour. The announcer was talking about the fair, his voice crackling from the static raised by bumps in the road, by her father racing over the dried rain welts in the dirt road. The brown case that held the sample bottles sat on the seat between them. Cotton from the trees floated on the top of the river, and cotton balls had formed in the stagnant water near the bank.

"You see his kids in school?" her father said.

"Yes." He didn't have to say whose kids. She knew he was talking about Del Rink.

"Boy and girl?"

"Yes."

"They fat like him?"

She shrugged.

"They in your grade?" her father said.

"The boy."

"Smart?"

She shrugged again.

"What's his name?"

"I don't know," she said, but then she said, "Tom."

Her father took his hand from the wheel and looked at his thumb. "Tom Thumb?" he said. He laughed without making a sound.

She looked out the window.

THE cages were placed five miles apart along the river. There were three in all. They were each chained to a wooden post—tall cages, high enough for her father to stand in. Cables that served as runners stretched across the river, and were hooked on each bank to metal frames. The cages looked like birdcages except that the bars were wide apart. The cables ran through pulley wheels that were attached to the tops of the cages.

To ride in the cage was to have a roller-coaster ride. Once the chain was released, the cage would sail two-thirds of the way across the river, then drift slowly back to the middle, where the cable sagged. Her father would take the first sample from the middle of the river, then make his way back, using a black wrench that hooked to the cable to pull himself along. He had to work quickly when using the wrench, or the cage would slide back toward the middle of the river, and when he stopped to take his second and third samples he had to hook the wrench behind the pulley wheel and fasten it quickly; the wrench was also the brake.

At the first stop, just outside the village, the river was wide and shallow, and they could drive right to the bank. Even in the spring at this spot, when the snowmelt was running, the sample bottles filled with mud from the river bottom. Willa's first job was to hold the cage. Now she stood on the bank, planted her feet in the mud, and held the cage while her father unhooked the chain. She waited for him to get in and latch the door, and then she let go. The pulley wheel screamed along the cable over her head, trailed off into a thin wail, stopped finally, and then squeaked back down. Her father held the bars, turning his head, looking at things, and when the cage swung to a stop, he squatted and hooked a bottle to a long-handled scoop.

Willa walked back to the pickup, sat sideways with her knees sticking out, reached behind her, and turned the ignition key one notch. Loretta Lynn was singing "I'm a Honky-Tonk Girl." She looked downriver, toward where the fair would be. She could see no trace of it. She would ask her father to drive to the fair when they got finished. They'd eat in the Knights of Columbus hamburger tent, and they'd throw scraps to the little red dog, the little red dog the priest owned—dog like a rat who ran on her belly and ate the dirt off the bottom of her paws. Willa liked that dog because she was so ugly.

Her father had begun to haul his way across the cable. He would stop halfway between the middle and the bank to take the second sample, and then, near the water's edge, he would take the third. The wrench rang each time it hooked into the line, and the pulley wheel squeaked. His face strained with the effort—every muscle in his body pulled. Willa did not take after her father. Each day she looked more and more like her mother, tall and thin-faced. Her father was a small, muscular man whose body was made of rock. He looked like he had drawn his own face. He had a scar coming out of the edge of his lip, curling down, and his nose was darker than the rest of his face, because he got it smashed in a fight. He wore his hair in an Army burr and always had. He had a stripe across the middle of his forehead, from his hat, and it looked like his face began an inch below the hairline.

She could tell how close he was to the bank by his breathing. He breathed with his mouth open, a loud rasping, and the steeper the pull, the louder the rasping. When he was two pulls away from the bank, she got up to hold the cage for him.

ALL along the river, the cattails were splitting and their guts were trailing out. Willa tried to touch them as they drove along to the next sampling place, sticking her hand out the open window to catch the soft fuzz of the cattail innards. There had been no rain that summer. The ground had dried and split into puzzle pieces, and across the desert dust devils rose and died. If she half closed her eyes, she could imagine that the river, with its flecks of cotton, looked like snow. She had been waiting this long month for the heat to end.

She let her head hang out the window, and her father's voice came whining after her. He was talking about the white man's furniture. He had watched the United van turn on the road between the water-treatment plant and the Conoco, drive to the empty house back near the entrance to the drive-in, and unload waterbeds and a piano.

"He says that house is noisy," she heard her father say. Dust rolled up from under the tires; she squinted and kept her mouth closed. Her father said something that she couldn't hear because of the wind in her ears, and then he pushed her arm so she ducked back into the pickup.

"His kids join any clubs?"

"I don't know."

"His boy play sports?"

"I don't know."

"They in as many clubs as you?"

"I don't know!"

"You know anything?"

"No."

"Me neither."

She sighed. "You do, too."

"Nope," he said cheerfully. "Not me. I am empty space between the ears." She looked out the window.

They'd begun to climb the plateau and could see the Ute Mountains in the north. The river had disappeared. The river here was banked by soft pink bluffs, the kind that sat like isolated tables across the desert. Willa stared at the one in the east that looked like a clown's fat cheek. Here and there chrome gleamed from ruined cars that people had driven into the desert and abandoned.

Her father laughed suddenly, and hit the steering wheel. "He says, 'What's the crime rate like?' That's what he asked me. He said, 'Anybody breaking into your house?' I guess he comes from Gallup. I guess he was working for the tribe over there." He poked her shoulder. "Whatsa matter?"

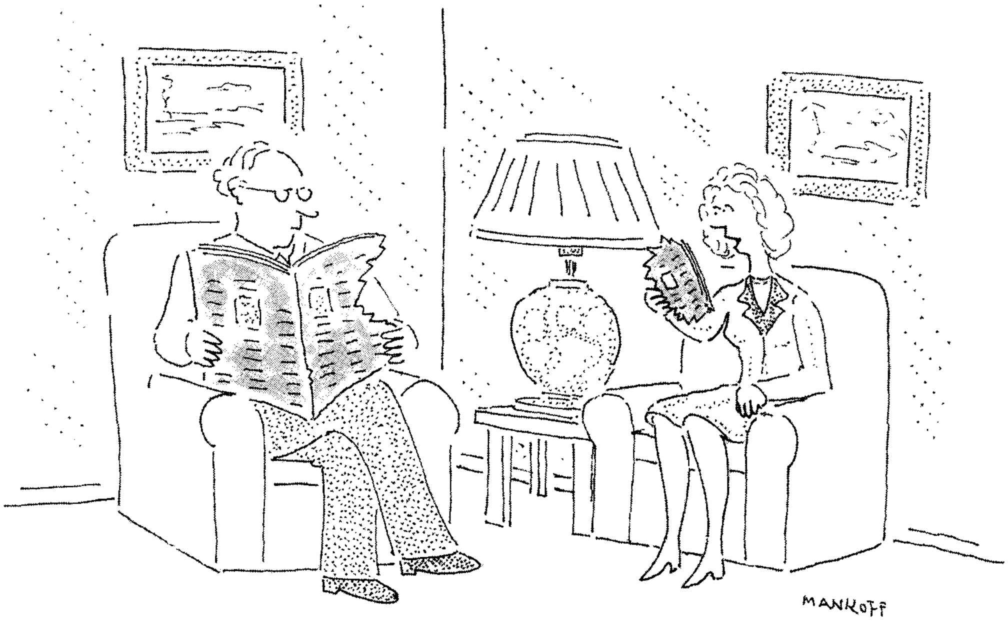
"Nothing."

Her father shook his head and pursed his lips. "He's a funny one. I guess he worked over there at Gallup and at Window Rock with the water treatment. I guess he's used to Indians." He laughed and poked her shoulder again. "Whatsa matter?" he said again.

"Nothing!"

He nodded and began moving his shoulders in rhythm with the music on the radio. "Fifteen years. That's what he said. Been working for the tribe fifteen some-odd years."

Willa filled her cheeks with air and blew it silently through her lips. Her father put his elbow on the brown case between them and leaned toward her. "Know what else I heard?" She didn't



"Can I have another piece of the paper?"

answer him. "Know what else I heard?"

"What!"

"I heard," he said, "that they're going to close the drive-in. You know why?"

"Why?"

"Too many teen-age kids sneaking in. You sneaking in?"

"No."

"I bet you are."

"Nope."

"You a little sneak?"

They would hide in the girls' bathroom when Ron Pete came with his flashlight. They would wait until dark to crawl under the fence, and then they sat on the bleachers with the walk-ins and listened to all the squeaking voices coming from the car speakers. It was funny sitting on the bleachers where the speakers didn't work and watching the actors without voices. If there weren't many cars, they would sneak to one of the mounds, sit there, and take the speaker down so they could hear, and when they saw Ron Pete's flashlight bobbing along, they would run to the bathroom and stay in there laughing, listening to him walking back and forth outside the door, waiting for them.

"I said, 'Put 'em in jail.' If they're sneaking in like little wild Indians."

She pressed her hand hard against her lips to keep from laughing. She wondered what Ron Pete, the drive-in cop, would think if he saw her painting in the fair. She wondered what he would think of her then. It didn't seem like she had a painting at the fair, but she did. She said, "Mrs. Penner chose my painting for the fair."

Her father played the steering wheel like it was a drum, and nodded his head. He said, "His kids in the band?"

"I guess."

"What they play?"

"She is. The girl."

"What she play?"

"Piccolo."

"Piccolo? Piccolo." He began saying the word very fast. "Piccolo piccolo piccolo." He began drumming again. "She play any solos?"

"Stop asking me! You talk too much!"

Her father stopped drumming. He looked at her, and Willa ran her tongue over her lips, tasting sand.

Her father nodded. He turned the radio off but continued nodding, and Willa stared straight ahead. She folded her hands in her lap, barely letting the fingers touch each other. She tried not to look at him, but he was doing something with his hand—he put one finger over his lips, held his chin with his thumb, pointed his finger straight, put the finger back against his lip, pointed it again. Willa looked hard toward where the river would be, toward where the next stop would be, and then she grabbed the armrest because her father had hit the gas.

They drove fast, sailing over the desert where the road had disappeared, and she held on to the seat to keep from hitting the roof. The road was just an impression in the dried weeds and grass. She reached over to turn the radio on, but it only coughed and sputtered. She started to turn it off, but they hit a rut, she lost her balance, and her elbow crashed into the sample case. She pressed her feet to the floor, but they came up anyway, and her knees banged together. The bottles were clinking. Maybe they were cracking and the water was spilling out. Her father shifted gears, working the clutch up and down, and she braced herself, hooking her feet under the dashboard, then grabbing the dash as her father braked at the second stop.

He opened the case, took out three sample bottles, opened his door, and started for the cage. "Come on," he told her.

She didn't move. He stopped and turned, looking at her. "Come on!" he said gruffly.

"No."

"No?" He grinned. She lowered her head, stared out the front window, and she heard him laugh, low and dirty. After a minute she heard the weeds snapping under his feet and then the soft shush as he slid down the steep bank. She twisted the truck key, turned the radio up until she couldn't hear him anymore, then opened her door, put the sample case on the ground, and lay on her back across the seat. Freddy Fender blasted in her ear. She thought of walking down the hall at school, arm in arm with her friends, all of them shouting at the top of their lungs, "Mu-el train," and of Mrs. Leitz running out of her classroom, looking like she had seen a ghost. Clippity-cloppin' over hill and plain, mu-el train—and of how Mrs. Leitz had a boyfriend. Tyrone Lee gave her his ribbons. Gave her his track ribbons. Walked right up in front of everybody, said, "Here," and gave that skinny white lady two blue ones and a white for the shot put, and she had turned red, but she had kept them. Willa turned the radio off. Her stomach hurt, and her throat burned.

"Hey!" her father yelled. She folded her arms over her stomach and stared at the foam crumbling from the tear in the

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NATURAL HABITATS

A house for summer only, still its stubborn damp
outlasted August, sand lining the sheets,
though visitors practically rhymed their praises
over *Marasmius*, boletus, cherrystone clams.

A panic of bees tucked itself into the eaves,
belonged, earning a season's grace. In the shade
Father made himself busy with important papers,
his monster of a typewriter bucking and heaving.

Ace birder, he knighted himself with a nom de plume—
acres and acres to be overseen and written up by noon—
while Mother spaced on shelves her rows of silenced jars:
the essential sugars of blueberries, beach plums.

Snug in the hot berth of my bedroom, I cribbed for love
and studiously plucked my eyebrows into surprise,
candy and movie magazines strewn across the covers.
They could never imagine what I was thinking of.

—EVA SALZMAN

seat back. She grinned, though it wasn't funny. She put her hand over her lips and felt the wetness of her teeth and her twitching lips, which could not stop grinning. "Hey!" he yelled again. She began to pull the foam from the tear, and she thought of how the truck was new last year. He didn't take care of things. He spoiled everything. He had brought it home just last summer. She listened for the chain clinking against the cage, and then sat up so she could hear better. She could hear the river slapping softly at the sand, but not the chain, and she craned her neck. She pressed her elbows to her side. A drop of sweat ran down the back of her right arm— There he went. She hadn't heard the chain, but now she heard the cage squealing along the cable, and she laughed nervously. She got out of the truck and took a few steps, until she could see the top of the cage arc up toward the opposite bank, then swing back and roll to a stop in the middle of the river. She squatted. The ground below her feet was gray, and one sock was full of goat heads. She began picking them out. They had completely covered the sock and were sticking to the laces of that shoe. She began making a little pile of burrs.

"Hey *Shik'is*! Hey *Shimá*!" he yelled.

She stared straight ahead at Sleeping Ute Mountain and the rain clouds that had been gathering there all summer but had never come into the desert.

"*Yá'át'ééh Naat'áanii. Hágo*!"

She put her elbows on her knees and held her face. Far to the north, the bluff tapered down, and she could see the brown ribbon of river ahead. Her legs had begun to ache, so she sat back in the dirt. She picked more cattail fluff from the cuff of her shirt, then unfolded the arm that she had been holding out the window and saw that her shirt was completely covered with cattail guts. It looked like a flurry of moths feeding on her.

Perhaps her mother had opened her mouth and let the moths come in. They say Willa's mother got crazy before she died, that the fever went into her head, and they say that her father had gone out and shot the ground. Over and over again, he had shot the ground, trying to wake her mother up, or because he was angry—Willa didn't know. Willa had not been angry. She had not been anything. She could not remember what she was when her mother died, though now sometimes she missed her so much—. The feeling would swim through her, and then it would be gone, like a dream.

She began to pull the cattail fluff from her arm. She was so hungry. Her stomach hurt and her head had begun to hurt. She thought of fair food, of the Knights of Columbus tent, of the potatoes frying there.

She stood and looked at the top of the cage, which had not moved from the middle of the river. She could not see him. She took a few more steps forward, and the cage grew as she walked. For a minute, she thought the cage was empty. She could not see him. She tilted onto her toes, peered over the edge of the bluff, then squatted suddenly because he was lying there in the bottom of the cage, lying there, kicking the water, his hat over his face like a rag. What was he waiting for! For her to come? He was waiting for her to come. He would wait all day. Because he had nothing better to do. Because he was *ch'íidii*! She began to tremble. No. He was not a devil. She did not think that. He was— She did not know what he was.

She looked behind her at where the sun hung over the ship rock. It was getting late. They still had one more checkpoint, and then they must drive back. She must fill out the forms for him, and then they would go, and he would give her money. He would make her beg for money. He would say, "Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar," and toss a quarter—because that was his joke. He would sit in the Knights of Columbus tent and he would shout it like a high-school cheerleader, and everybody would laugh, because everybody liked to laugh at him, and he would toss the quarter into the air and it would fall in the dirt, and she would lick it up like the little red rat dog.

She stood. She walked quickly to the edge of the bluff. "Hey!" he said. His hat hung over one eye only. He had been watching for her. Now he pushed himself up from the bottom of the cage and sat there cross-legged. "Hey, get that for me," he said. He motioned with his chin, and Willa looked where he pointed. All along the bank there, wild asparagus grew. She had picked it before, and cooked the tips. Now they were grown over. They were inedible, and there among the stalks the black wrench rested, like a shadow. She grinned. He had left it on purpose, she knew, and now he wanted her to bring it.

"Come on!" he said, and he scrambled to his feet. "It's not deep. Bring that to me. I'm stuck. Just take your shoes off." He fluttered his hands. "I'm stranded," he said. "Help!" He fluttered his hands like a little bird, took hold of the cage bars, stuck his head through, and his hat fell off. Willa thought of her mother and how she had just opened her mouth and let the moths come in, and then she didn't have to worry about anything.

She began to climb down to the wrench. The sand tunnelled under her feet, and her shoes slowly filled. She did not look at him. At the bottom of the bank she sat and pulled first one then the other shoe off. She pulled them off slowly, held each so the sand trailed out into little piles. She put them side by side on the riverbank, and pulled the socks off, too, leaving each in a little ball behind the shoes. She picked the wrench up and stepped into the water, water so warm with the sun, and mud so soft, soft like a cow's tongue, though it gave under her feet; she could feel little craters under her feet, and a soft flutter, as if ocean crabs were burrowing under. And she stopped, just feeling the earth as it caved in, and she laughed. Her father laughed back. She held the wrench up to him. "This?" He continued to clown and prance around in the cage, and she laughed again, and then she hurled the wrench into the river, away from the cage. She said, "Oops, I dropped it."

Her father stepped away from the bars. He stood in the middle of the cage, staring at her, and she stood on the bank, staring back. He was not smiling now. He had lowered his chin like a bull lowers its head. She dug her fingernails into her palms and did not take her eyes off him, and when he began to rock, when he took hold of the bars at the side of the cage, and began, at first gently, to sway back and forth, she did not flinch, and when the cage built up momentum, swinging in a wider arc, and the wheel on the pulley began to groan, and the pulley itself stretched with the weight of the cage, when the cage began to nod left and then nod right, she laughed again, because he looked exactly like one of those helium-filled balloons on the Mormons' float in the parade that morning, the helium-filled balloons bowing to the people. He swung faster, and she laughed harder, but when the cage left the pulley, when suddenly the cable snapped and the cage ripped free, when the cable began whipping around like a live wire, and her father got the funny look on his face—for the second that he hung there in the air, he had a surprised and silly grin—then she began to scream.

THE sun was setting when they drove home. They were both covered with mud. Willa was driving. Her father sat on the passenger's side, holding a wad of Kleenex to the gash in his head. His eyes were closed and he had not spoken since she pulled him from the river.

The mud coating Willa's skin made her itch, and the evening breeze coming through the window licked at the patches of skin that were not coated. She swallowed and kept swallowing. She could not get the picture out of her head. She kept seeing his face again—the moment when it disappeared under the water—and feeling his body, the way it trembled afterward.

The hand that held the Kleenex was caked with mud, and the mud made a web between her father's fingers. He had not wiped any of the mud from his face, so his skin was a deep-brown clay color, but there was a rim of white surrounding his lips, and she thought that underneath the mud his whole face must be that color. She concentrated on the road—she had driven the truck only twice before, on back roads like this with her father coaching—and she watched the desert swallows darting through the sky.

At the edge of the village she saw the fires on the riverbank, and she smelled the meat cooking. She looked at the river for the cage. For a while, the cage had travelled along with them, but now it was probably hung up in the mud somewhere.

The water-treatment plant was the only building on the edge of the river. Del Rink's pickup was gone, and the plant was closed. Her father seemed to be asleep. She touched his shoulder but he did not stir. She said, "I guess your boss'll have to fix that cage." He did not stir, and he did not smile.

She would take him to the hospital. They would drive straight to the hospital, and she would park at the emergency-room door— Her arms ached. The forearms ached, so badly suddenly that she wanted to put them in her lap, to let go of the wheel, and her fingers on the left hand ached, too. She tried to unwrap them from the wheel. She would drive straight to the hospital, to the emergency-room door.

They rounded the bend in the river, and Willa saw the lights on the Ferris wheel, a ring of white lights, and she began to hear the tin-can music. The bluffs were covered with cars and pickups whose colors had disappeared with night. High in the air, above the dust, the sky was a gleaming purple, and in front of her, where the road met the highway, pickups four or five deep blocked the road. She braked. To the left of the road was the river, and to the right was the bluff.

Her father had opened his eyes and was peering at the pickups. She turned the key off, opened her door, and said, "*Shizhé'é*. Stay here." Her father dropped his hand onto his lap. The Kleenex, brown with dried blood, stuck to his forehead. "I'll be right back," she said, and she began to wind her way through the pickups toward the highway. Traffic on the highway was barely moving, and people were walking across the river walkway, and some were riding horses across. She looked at them, trying to see someone she knew. At the highway she looked back to where their truck was parked and saw her father trailing after her, the Kleenex flowering in the middle of his face.

"*Shizhé'é*, go back!" He swayed between the pickups, walking his hands along them. She turned and hurried back.

"Go back," she told him. "Wait for me."

He grinned. She thought the dark stripes lining his teeth could be mud. "Let's go to the fair," he said.

"You're hurt!"

"Nah," he said.

"You're crazy!"

But he was leaning into her, pushing her forward. He was going to the fair. She turned and tried to hook her arm around him, but he pushed her away, so she walked ahead, turning again and again to look at him. She was trying to remember if there was a telephone anywhere over there. There would be police, and maybe an ambulance somewhere, like they had at the football games. There was always an ambulance parked at the edge of the field. There must at least be a telephone. The air smelled of animals, and the music, floating out from the rides, warbled in the wind. At the highway, she put her arm firmly around her father's waist. "Eh?" he said. "Sweetheart?" She ignored him, and he let her be his walking stick.

The highway, packed with slow-moving vehicles, was a shadow under their feet, though she kept thinking it was probably green from manure, because the stink was so strong and there had been so many horses in the parade. Her father was leaning down and looking into car windows as they walked along the edge of the road, and she saw the faces startle—white people with out-of-state plates, tourists, passing through—and it made her giddy to think of what they saw: mud man with a Kleenex hanging from his forehead. It made her want to laugh. White people in cars, and Indians—none she knew. Where did they all come from? Indians packed in their pickups like fish, laughing at them— Her father's body still trembled. Her father's little body. He was like a little boy, so bony and tough, and hot, hot with fever. She tried to feel his head, but he jerked away from her. "Eh?" he said. "*Shi*-honey?"

When they got close enough to see the people on the Ferris wheel, she led him across the highway, through the cars, and half pushed him up the low bluff. She could not see the ground, because it was too dark. She knew there would be broken glass there. She had walked across the bridge to the rodeo many times, and she had had to sidestep the jagged glass that littered the mesa. Her father was breathing heavily, or whistling. Her father was whistling. He was whistling a single note. Over and over again, he was trying to whistle along with the songs—three or four different songs rang out from different rides. His body, so hot. She put her hand on his face before he could jerk away. The face was cold. He pushed her away again, and walked away from her. They should sit down, she thought. She didn’t know what it meant that his body was hot but his face was cold. They should go to the Knights of Columbus tent. They could sit there. There were chairs there, and maybe she could find a telephone. Three different notes. He was now whistling three different notes: three blind mice. One of the songs in the air was “Three Blind Mice,” and her father was whistling along with it.

In the Knights of Columbus hamburger tent, the air crackled with frying grease. The folding chairs were positioned this way and that, and the tables were smeared with ketchup and mustard. The priest and all his helpers were scurrying around with plates of hamburgers, and the little red dog was begging for scraps. “What happened to you?” the priest called, and other people called out, too, when Willa and her father walked into the light under the tent. Willa was looking for chairs, and her father was standing in the center of the tables, swaying. He removed the Kleenex from his head, stared at it in his hand, and seemed to shrink inside his skin, and she hurried to him, leading him to the chair she had found. “Coffee!” he demanded.

“Is there a phone?” she said to the priest.

“Coffee!” her father said again, and slumped down, his head wedged between his shoulders. Willa hurried to the machine, a large aluminum serve-yourself coffee machine, poured a cup, and carried it to him.

Leroy Holcom, her father’s friend, came over and stuck his hand out. Her father stared at the hand, and then touched it, said, “*Oa’*, *Yá’át’ééh*,” and closed his eyes. Mr. Holcom sat down in a chair facing her father and spoke to him softly in Navajo. Her father shook his head and said, “This girl.”

Willa, scanning the booths outside the tent for a telephone, froze.

Her father opened his eyes. “This girl,” he announced to his friend, and to all the people sitting around, “she clobbered me.” He closed his eyes, cradled his head between his hands, and moaned. Mr. Holcom laughed. “She ree-ly clobbered me,” he called, and all around them the people sitting in their chairs laughed. Her father shook his head and took a sip from his coffee. “Hey!” he shouted to the priest. “Bring this girl a hamburger. This is a growing girl. Bring her two hamburgers.” He leaned across the table toward Mr. Holcom and said in a hoarse stage whisper, “None for me. I’m dizzy from where she clobbered me. With her broomstick!” The people laughed again. “That’s what she clobbered me with.”

Willa sat down. He was all right. There was nothing really wrong with him at all. He was perfectly fine, and he had tricked her again. She looked down at her hands. They looked like an old woman’s hands, coated with mud, and wrinkled. She scratched at the mud with a fingernail, peeling it in flakes, and then she touched her hair. Her hair was plastered with mud. She had not thought about her hair until now, and then she thought that the backs of her arms and all her clothes were also plastered with mud, and it seemed odd to her that she hadn’t thought of all the places on her that were dirty.

“Not really,” her father said, and tapped her on the arm. “Just kidding,” he said. “Call somebody,” he said gruffly. “Call a doctor,” and he laughed.

She began to scrape the mud from her hair. The little red dog was following the priest around, her tiny little legs scrambling and collapsing under the weight of her body. Willa watched her bellying along, getting distracted by a scrap of food, or a noise, stopping, then twisting her head this way and that, running again and trying to catch the priest. Willa kissed the air, and the dog stopped. It looked at her, then looked quickly away, as if looking were a sin, and Willa kissed the air again.

Her father had begun telling the story of how he had flown through the air over the river. How it had been his first time flying, because he had never been in an airplane.

She half listened, and she also listened to the carnival music. “Three Blind Mice” played over and over again from the speaker in the Knights of Columbus tent. She stared out at the people walking around the carnival. Some she knew, and they ducked their heads to look at her. She didn’t know what they saw.

“*Ojo de Dios*,” the priest said. He was standing in front of their table, holding two hamburgers on one plate. The little red dog was with him, panting. Willa snapped her fingers, and the dog came over to lick them. The priest set the hamburgers down in front of her. “Ketchup?” he said. “Mustard?” He looked at her father and leaned across the table. He put his hands down on either side of her father’s coffee cup and stared at the cut on his forehead. “*Ojo de Dios*,” he said. Willa scratched behind the little dog’s ears, and the dog stepped on her feet, wanting more.

“Eye of God,” the priest said. “Look at it,” he said to Willa, and she looked at her father’s forehead. There in the middle of his face was a third eye, all red and black. “*Ojo de Dios*,” the priest said again, and wandered away.

Her father leaned over, pressing into her shoulder. She could smell the river on him. “Did you hear that?” he said. “Eye of God. Did you hear that?” He banged her elbow with his.

She looked at the meat in front of her, and she smiled. She leaned across the table toward Mr. Holcom. “That white man at the water-treatment?” she said. “He has one, too. Right in the middle of his face.”

She grinned at her father, and he stared at her; he stopped laughing and stared at her coldly, and for an instant she saw him swinging again over the river, his eyes white with fury. She opened her mouth and laughed out loud.

Her father nodded. He took a sip from his coffee. He stared at the liquid in his cup, took another sip, then put the cup down and shook his head. “This one,” he said. “This one you got to watch out for.” He nodded again as if he had just decided something for himself.

At her feet, the little dog was begging with pretty eyes. Willa scratched her head, tore some meat from the hamburger, tossed it in the air, and watched the fat little thing try to jump. Outside the tent, a carnival man was buckling girls into a Ferris-wheel seat. He was teasing them, rocking them back and forth in their swinging chair, and they were laughing, and— She had a painting in the fair. She remembered it now, and she felt the happiness again. Maybe it had earned a ribbon, she didn’t know. She watched the carnival man pull the Ferris-wheel switch and send the girls off. They rose slowly, then faster and faster, and Willa felt her stomach turn, as if she were riding, too. ♦

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

RULE BRITTEN

BY GEORGE STEINER

WHY should we have biographies of composers? Intuition tells us that a writer's work is, simply because it is made of language, closely knit to his or her everyday existence. Even the abstract painter or the nonobjective sculptor has demonstrable relations to the surrounding world. But what are these relations when we are dealing with pure mathematicians or with composers? Obviously, there are histories of mathematics in which today's proof of a theorem may resolve an ancient conundrum. And there are histories of musical form, style, performance, and notation which situate a new creation within a context of time and place. But in both cases the relations that count, that can be made intelligible, are internal. The personal and social life of a pure algebraist tells us nothing of the rationale of his achievements. Philosophers since Plato have worried over the genesis and the meaning of music. The results of their inquiries are, at best, more or less distant analogies. The great French anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss calls the invention of a melody the "supreme mystery in the sciences of man." On this invention, where it does not happen to be that of "program music"—that is to say, music for public occasions, for description, for accompaniment of diverse kinds—biography throws only the most dubious, anecdotal light. Composers themselves, when they bother at all, provide only oblique, inevitably metaphoric information on the process of creation in which they are involved. What in the world is music like?

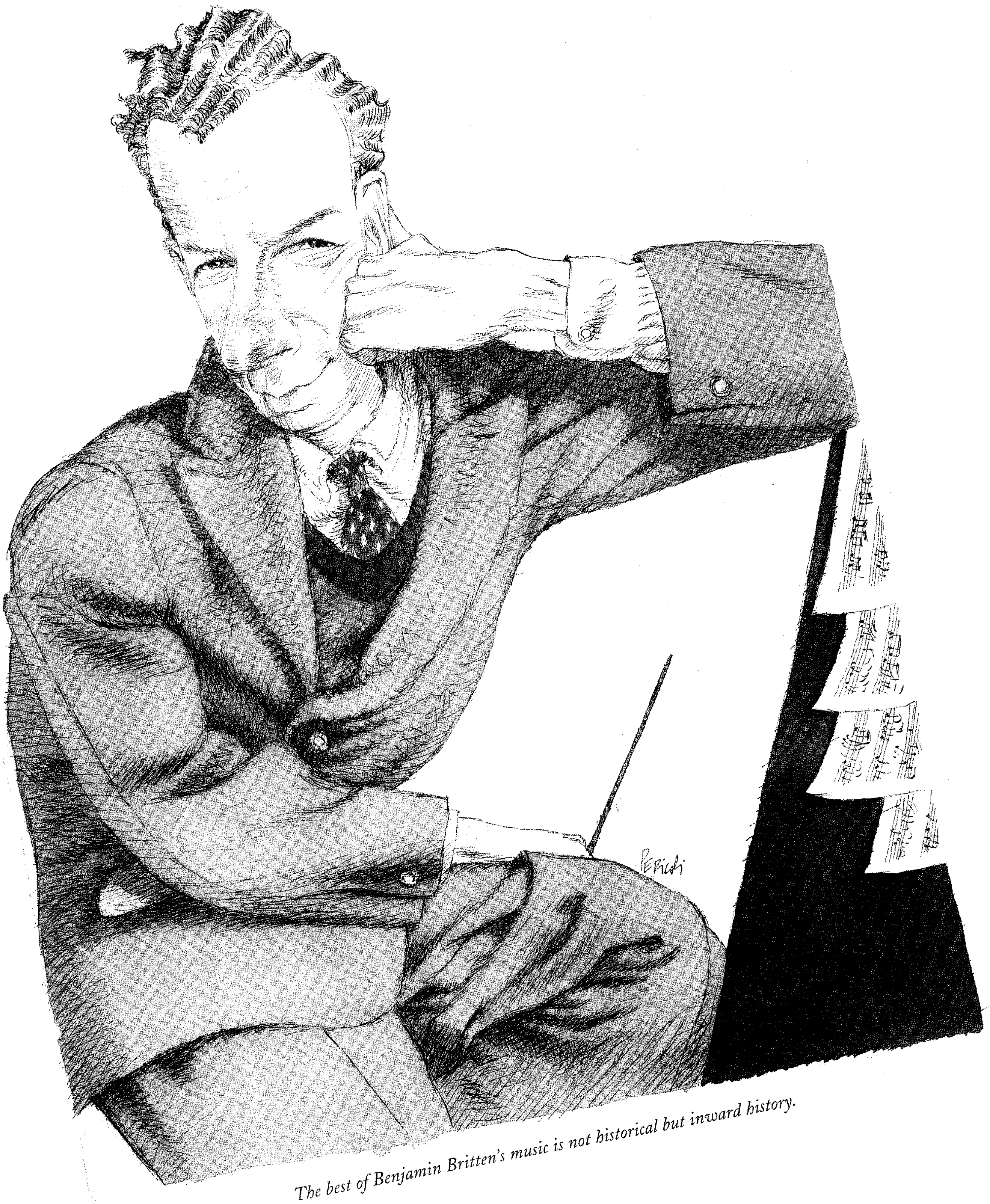
There are exceptions. Richard Wagner played a fierce part in the politics, philosophic and social debates, and economics of art and public presentation. He would have his unsettling niche in nineteenth-century history even if his music had disappeared. Hector Berlioz happened to be a critic and memorialist of mordant brilliance, and his autobiography is a classic in its own right. Tragic pathology as it affects the brief life of a Schubert or a Hugo Wolf may legitimatize the provision of a biographical context to his music, although even here the utmost scruple and skepticism are in order. But in the great majority of cases what is really needed is an accurate chronology and catalogue, together with reliable editions of scores. Mozart's best biographer remains Köchel.

Humphrey Carpenter's overweight "Benjamin Britten" (Scribners; $30) makes these queries unavoidable. Over very nearly seven hundred pages of narrative, quotation, and documentation we are informed of just about every aspect of Britten's personal and public existence. Minutiae of his childhood and schooling, of his prodigal travels, friendships, quarrels, and of his ascent to stately renown are tracked down. Medical and financial matters are chronicled in sober detail. We finish the book enlightened on everything except Britten's music. (There are one or two revealing passages from critical reviews and from Britten's own disclosures.) Nor is this Carpenter's fault. Talk about music is almost invariably more or less eloquent chitchat. A serious discussion of music entails musical analysis in the technical sense, and such analysis is the preserve of musicians and musicologists. It demands the ability to read a score and to apprehend its formal constituents. The general public aimed at by a biography of this kind is not equipped to follow a musicological analysis of Benjamin Britten's works—and it should be added that not all musicological explications, however informed, go very far toward accounting for the psychic, probably psychosomatic, roots and effects of a musical construct.

Yet Humphrey Carpenter could defend his labors by insisting that the case of Britten is one in which biographical knowledge is indispensable. He could argue—almost every page of his book does so implicitly—that we simply cannot make sense of or genuinely experience "Peter Grimes," "Billy Budd," the quartets, the "Canticles," and the concertos without a dispassionate but closely informed awareness of Britten's homosexuality. The private and public destiny of a homosexual in a period in which emancipation from legal harrowing and social rejection was just beginning is what essentially determined Britten's professional options, his choice of operatic and lyric themes, his tonal textures (in constant reference to the register of the singer Peter Pears), his ultimate acceptance of high official honors—the Order of Merit, a peerage. And it is the undoubted merit of Carpenter's life of Britten to force this view on the reader and, more important, on the listener to his music.

Carpenter combs, with ponderous diffidence, what evidence there may be to support rumors about homoerotic episodes in the life of Britten's father and about sexual molestation suffered by the young Britten in school. There appears to be no substance to the nasty hints that he was used by his father to procure. As for homosexual gestures, emotions, experiments between English schoolmasters and their boarding stu-

TULLIO PERICOLI



The best of Benjamin Britten's music is not historical but inward history.

dents and between these students themselves—these have been the stuff of common life in English education, certainly until the most recent past. What seems indisputable is that the young Britten, a handsome athlete, a virtuoso performer on the piano, and, from the age of about nine onward, a prolific composer of more or less promising juvenilia, was homosexual. Others realized it long before he did. W. H. Auden's advice—the two men had met and begun collaborating in 1935, when Britten was twenty-one—was generously acute:

> If you are really to develop to your full stature, you will have, I think, to suffer, and make others suffer, in ways which are totally strange to you at present, and against every conscious value that you have; i.e. you will have to be able to say what you never yet have had the right to say—God, I'm a shit.

Britten traversed agonies of self-suppression and public deception before he enacted his own true nature. It was the meeting with Peter Pears, who was three years his senior—together, classically, with the death of Britten's forceful mother—that brought liberation. Consummation took place in June, 1939, in Grand Rapids, Michigan. After that, Britten and Pears were in every meaningful sense a married couple, vehemently, sometimes stormily, in love. Near death, in November, 1974, Britten wrote to "My darling heart" about "that heavenly sound you make, full but always colored for words & music," and added:

> What *have* I done to deserve such an artist and *man* to write for? I had to switch off before the folk songs because I couldn't anything after—"how long, how long". How long?—only till Dec. 20th—I think I can *just* bear it.
>
> But I love you,
> I love you,
> I love you—
> B.

To which Pears replied:

> It is *you* who have given *me* everything, right from the beginning, from yourself in Grand Rapids! through Grimes & Serenade & Michelangelo & Canticles—one thing after another, right up to this great Aschenbach—I am here as your mouthpiece and I live in your music—And I can never be thankful enough to you and to Fate for all the heavenly joy we have had together for 35 years.
>
> My darling, I love you—
> P.

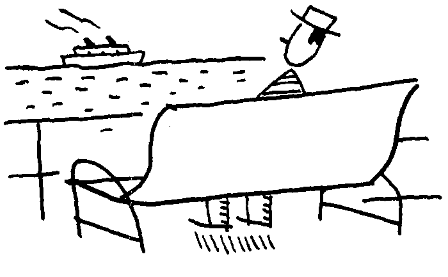
There were other sexual encounters and temptations in Britten's life. Ditto in Peter Pears'. But theirs was an indispensable union: "I don't care what Peter gets up to providing I don't know about it."

This relationship, surely one of the most celebrated and creative in the history of music, has to be set in its peculiar temporal, social context. Men like Auden, E. M. Forster (another close collaborator), Pears, and Britten himself came of sexual age, attained self-discovery, at a time when homosexual practices were fraught with opprobrium and legal peril. Discretion, evasion, public mendacity were unavoidable. Visitors to their home were shown that there were separate bedrooms. Shared travel could be awkward. Immediately below the level of seemingly "normal" existence, particularly for public figures, bubbled the grimy, dangerous, blackmail-ridden underworld of homosexual bars, steam baths, one-night hotels, and louche resorts. Britten and Pears, whose temperaments were less robust, less mockingly exhibitionist than Auden's, persisted with almost unfailing control and courage in living, and in gradually making visible, their chosen lives. When Britten sought out royal patronage, when he accepted a peerage, he did so in the proud name of a long sufferance of a twilight he had helped to disperse. With integrity, and against, as it were, the very grain of this book, Humphrey Carpenter cites Pears:

> Ben never regarded his passionate feelings for me or his earlier friends as anything but good, natural, and profoundly creative. In that direction there was never a moment of guilt. I do not believe that Ben's private life plays any role in "the assessment of his artistry & personality." He was a musical genius. Is one really interested in the sex life of the great musicians or the less great? In Bach, Mozart, Gounod, Stanford or Wm Walton? I don't think so.

In reference to Britten, Carpenter most emphatically does think so. And he is right. We cannot, I believe, honor either Benjamin Britten's greatness or his limitations if we disregard at any crucial point their homoerotic wellspring and context.

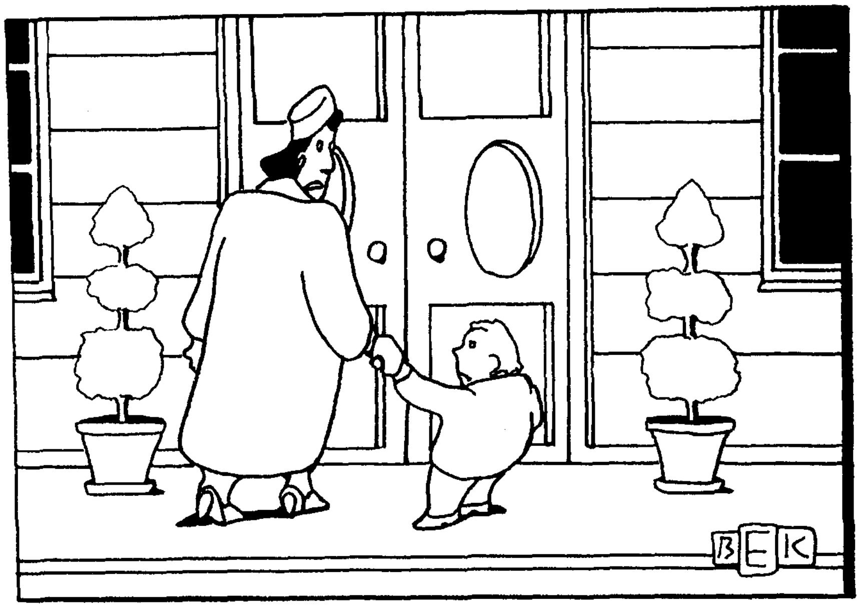
"Peter Grimes"—its legendary première took place on June 7, 1945—is the only opera after Berg's "Wozzeck" (a decisive influence) to have entered the established Western repertoire since the war.



It remains Britten's most magnificent and persuasive achievement. It tells of social ostracism, of inchoate eroticism, of solitude and the unsayable, all in ways that arise immediately, almost blindingly, from the background of Britten's and Pears' pacifism, their stay in North America during the first years of the war, and, above all, their guarded love. Magically, Britten finds configurations of dramatic action accessible to general understanding—to the terrors and desolation of common experience. But the musical wonder of these lineaments and the vocal and scenic depiction of Grimes are informed by a private vision.

It was around the very special quality of Pears' "lit," arching voice and around the nature of Pears' poetic sensibility that Britten wove his spells in the "Illuminations" of another homosexual genius, Rimbaud; in the "Serenade"; in the settings of Michelangelo's homoerotic verse. The entire world of "Billy Budd" is male, and the light-drenched, almost inhumanly serene music of "Starry Vere" is, again, that of Britten's beloved. Has any composer paid a deeper tribute to his lover than Britten has in "Death in Venice"? Looking back over the ecstasies of a lifetime, the gentle tides of death lapping at his feet, he makes of the second half of this piece a single nocturne of adoration addressed to Pears—a valediction shot through with the sea lights that have been so distinctive of his orchestration from the outset. But there is also a more troubling strain. Thomas Mann's novella bears on the irresistible, death-bringing beauty of a young boy, and it is to that type of beauty that Britten owed much of his inspiration and joy. Gifted, comely adolescents play a persistent role in his affairs, both private and public. Certain of his finest compositions—"Noye's Fludde," for example—were calculated to immerse Britten himself in the register and motion of golden boys. So far as there is responsible witness—and, again, Carpenter's researches are extensive—Britten did not draw in any direct, formal manner on the adolescent sexuality that often surrounded him. Here, too, the special climate of English sentiment—the centrality of Peter Pan and handsome young males—plays its part. But there are moments, even in the "Canticles," to which an outsider adjusts uncomfortably.

The question, moreover, is larger. Can one say that Britten's homosexuality and his vibrant love for young boys, almost certainly platonic, weaken, constrain some of the immense gifts they so patently liberated? Is there in Britten's music a possibly damaging specificity? At a naïve level, one already has the impression that certain vocal compositions may not long outlast the "Pears sound" for which they were composed. The homoerotic coloration and allusive texture in "The Turn of the Screw" are still effective, but "Owen Wingrave" strikes one as inert. And certain large works that explicitly focussed away from the homoerotic—"Gloriana," for example, and even "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—are fading. "The Rape of Lucretia," one of the most fully "disguised" of Britten's inventions, seems very nearly as dated as Respighi's treatment of the same subject. There is, unless I am wholly mistaken, something strangely officious, declamatory, and Kiplingesque—those beauteous, doomed lads once more—in the "War Requiem." After "Les Illuminations" and "Serenade," after "Peter Grimes" and "Billy Budd," after the anguished, absurdly neglected Violin Concerto of 1939—works under palpable stress of self-disclosure and possible public condemnation—something diminishes. At least, until "Curlew River" and the close of "Death in Venice." The crucial sexuality, henceforth more openly confessed and existentially rewarding, does not unfold. It reiterates.



"Now, remember, act cute."

Consider the relationships between Britten and Tippett. Carpenter's biography only scratches the surface of this extraordinary duo. Lord Britten and Sir Michael Tippett, who, in his eighties, is still profoundly creative, have given to English musical life a lustre it hadn't known since Purcell: Britten the prodigy, Tippett the slow, labored developer; Britten the swiftly acclaimed and monumentalized, Tippett the struggling outsider and, until late in his career, the anarchic, inadequately performed loner. Yet how very close they are in certain respects: homosexuals through and through, conscientious objectors (Britten leaves for America, Tippett goes to prison), as indescribably singular to English ground as the summer rain and lark-rise in the West Country. They knew each other well. Tippett was in on many of Britten's triumphs—a bridesmaid in the festive background. Britten, in turn, kept a benevolent eye on what he took to be the deserving struggles of a gifted admirer. In the early nineteen-fifties, Britten's personality began to alter: he grew regal and peremptory. A court of devoted acolytes hung on his every whim. Among his motives seems to have been the perception that Tippett was unfolding into sheer magnitude—that his own primacy was no longer assured.

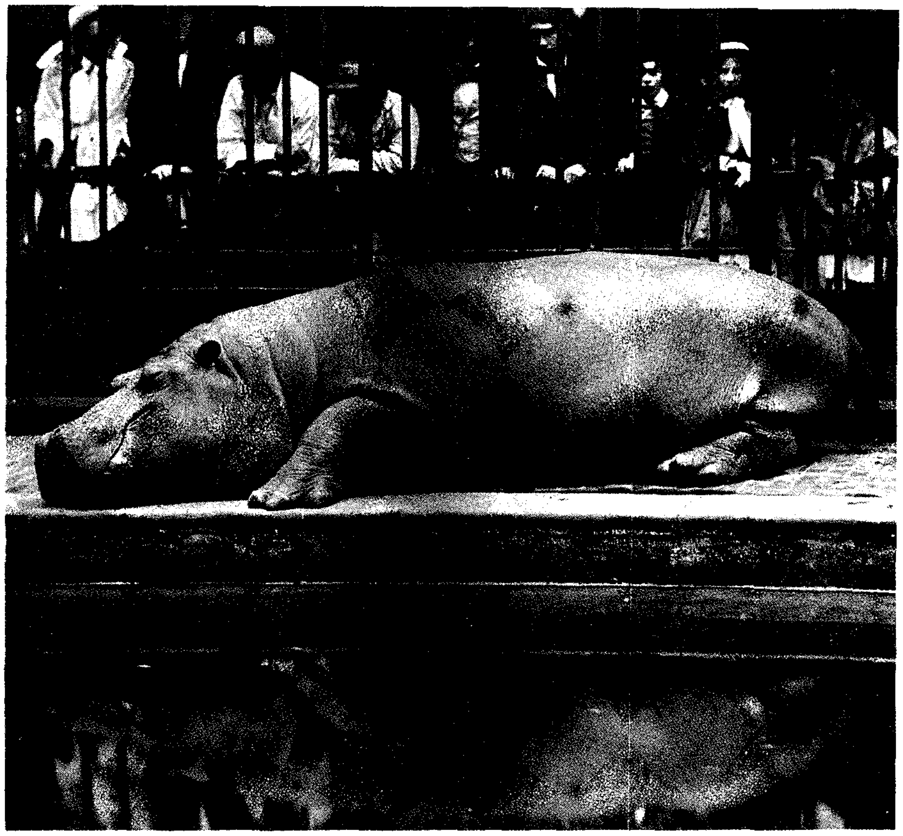
Nor is it. Britten mapped out for himself, with sovereign economy, a particular operatic, lyric, and instrumental terrain. He exploited it with marvellous assurance. Tippett's work is boundless with waste motion, with a wildness of search and frequent frustration. But his is the larger—the much deeper—venture. Britten chose his texts with almost academic incisiveness. Tippett writes his own, drawing on the archetypes of Jungian psychology, on Celtic myths, on the politics of Nazism, the Cold War, and the thaw. His recasting of Homer in "King Priam" is at once dishevelled and near the taproot of archaic imaginings. "The Knot Garden" and "The Midsummer Marriage" may come nearer than any other work since Mozart's "Magic Flute" to the luminous shadow line at which complex musical forms are brought to bear on the tidal rush of the subconscious. Nothing in Britten's output, rich and authoritative as it is, seems to me of the innovative stature of Tippett's "Vision of St. Augustine." To put it crassly, until the death-haunted salutation of the Venice opera, what Britten knew and told of love retained a cautionary, feline guardedness. Out of the same homoerotic source Tippett has harvested an utter liberality of defenseless love, and it is exactly that impassioned vulnerability which makes "A Child of Our Time" a thing so much finer than the "War Requiem." Attempting to get such comparisons into perspective, one thinks of the "noncontemporary contemporaneousness" of a Richard Strauss and a Bartók, of a Copland and an Ives.

The Aldeburgh Festival, Britten's conception and shrine, is today in some difficulty. Peter Pears' voice lives electronically. To appropriate Yeats, "glittering eyes," be they young or ancient, can now be openly "gay." Though vividly evoked, the era of clandestine homoeroticism, of idealistic Communism, to which Carpenter attaches the genesis and fabric of Benjamin Britten's music feels remote. But the best of that music has broken through. It is not historical but inward history. Listen to the "Sea Interludes" in "Grimes," to the setting of William Blake's "The Sick Rose," to the percussive heartbeat at the start of the Violin Concerto, hear the ink-dark tread of Claggart in "Billy Budd" and the hymn to Eros out of Plato in "Death in Venice," and you will recognize on the instant something proper only to great art: a signature infinitely private, a sound and color world almost secret in its individuality, yet general and magnificently shared as well. Britten's homecoming has been made ours. ♦

ON PHOTOGRAPHY

TROPHY HUNTING

BY INGRID SISCHY



"The Hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park" (1852), by the Count de Montizon (Juan Carlos María Isidro de Borbón).

GILMAN PAPER COMPANY COLLECTION/COURTESY OF METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

It seems too good to be true that the firm hired to help make the Metropolitan Museum's opening party for "The Waking Dream" the fanciest, most talked-about do in the photography community's memory was called Taste Caterers. If what you want to see in a photography exhibition is good taste, this show fits the bill. No doubt the display of connoisseurship that runs through "The Waking Dream" has plenty to do with why people swooned when it opened, a few months ago, and with why it has become a kind of standard-bearer for the greatness of photography. "The Waking Dream" hasn't been a hit with just the critics; it has been drawing a public much larger than the audience that usually goes to photography exhibitions. The show's timing has also been in perfect synch with a change in the status of photography. Photography, that Cinderella of the arts, is at last having its turn at the ball. Museums and galleries that didn't consider it worthy of attention before are now showing a new commitment, some of them with a lot of fanfare, and collectors are multiplying. After all these years, photography has become a "hot" subject. The Met's exhibition could almost be made to order for this moment.

A presentation of the first hundred years of photography—through some two hundred and fifty selections from the highly regarded private collection of the Gilman Paper Company—"The Waking Dream" was organized by the Met's photography curator, Maria Morris Hambourg, and the corporation's own curator, Pierre Apraxine, who has spent the past eighteen years building the collection for Howard Gilman, the company's chairman. The show will be up through July 4th, and then it will go to the Edinburgh Festival and to the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg. But although "The Waking Dream" will still be open on Independence Day, and has introduced many people to treasures in photography, it isn't an outstanding example of independent thinking. It's many things, but not that.

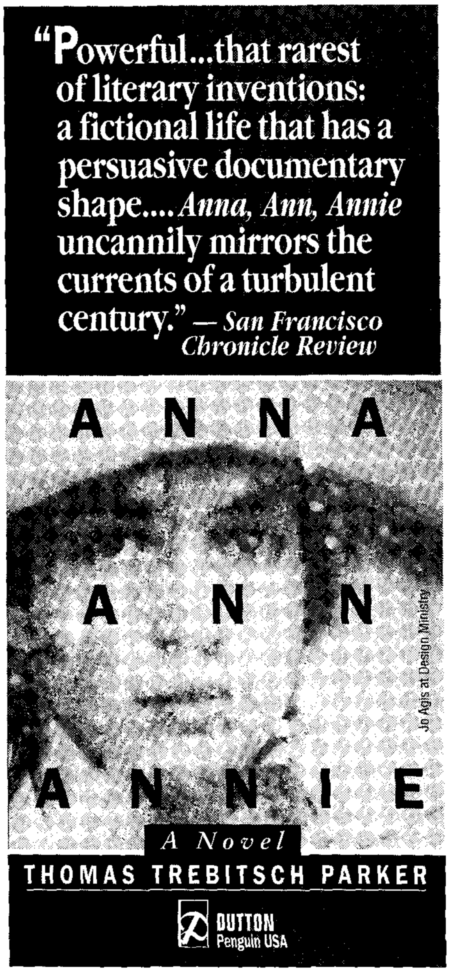
Both the show and the accompanying catalogue start out by zooming in on one side of the beginnings of photography: the English side—specifically, William Henry Fox Talbot's work starting in the eighteen-thirties, which at the time seemed especially miraculous. From there, the material is organized into a loosely historical structure—a kind of guided tour of nineteenth-century photography, with stopovers in some of the cultures where photography prospered. One goes from the imagery of Victorian Britain to photographs representing France around the time of the Second Republic and the Second Empire, then to a section on the era of early travel photography, and on to a view of nineteenth-century America. After that, the arrangement becomes less tied to geography. The prints in the last two sections are meant to encapsulate not only their eras—the turn of the century and modern life up until 1936—but also what happened in photography itself.

No matter how much one knows, or doesn't know, about photography, there's plenty to admire at "The Waking Dream." There are some wonderful finds—such as an anonymous 1845 American daguerreotype of the Hutchinson Family Singers, one of the first social-protest folk-music groups. Ten of the family's eleven brothers posed for the photograph, some holding hands, some resting their heads on another's shoulder, to steady themselves for the shot. There are images that have the irresistible allure that fashion or celebrity photographers so often try to project but so rarely achieve—for example, Adrien Tournachon's remarkably contemporary self-portrait from about 1855, in which his casual appearance, including a cigarette dangling from his mouth, makes a striking contrast with other portraits of the period, whose subjects seem frozen in position. (They almost *had* to be, because it took so long to expose a photograph then.) There are brutal images: Felice Beato's 1860 Second Opium War photograph showing bodies flung to the ground, contorted and mangled, but some with faces visible, so we can see the horror at its fullest. And there are prints that are the finest examples of individual photographers' work. The Gustave Le Gray Mediterranean seascape and his picture of the French Imperial Guard going through their military exercises, which dates from 1857, are now classics, having been exhibited and reproduced elsewhere, but I've never seen them look this good. In fact, a noticeable number of the objects are in first-rate condition, and this is clear proof of Apraxine's connoisseurship, as well as a moving testimony to survival, since photographs have a history of being discarded, knocked about, schmutzed by grime, or sunburned from too much exposure to harsh light.

That "The Waking Dream" is worth a visit isn't an issue. But the praise it has been getting seems out of whack. The show has been viewed as if it were a major breakthrough for photography. In part, this is because it seems to see itself that way. Right from the start, one is made aware that what's on view is a big deal. The wall labels touch on the aesthetic and technical developments in photography, but they also try to go beyond them, and they have that tone of portentousness and that way of cutting a swath through cultural and social history which have become standard in, say, public-television documentaries. (The captions for the individual photographs are much less hackneyed; many of them are full of useful information and details, and even have a tone of voice.) The fact is that these types of pictures—as well as some of the very same images, if not the actual objects—and many of the general ideas in "The Waking Dream" have been around before, in exhibitions or in books. In the introduction to the catalogue, Hambourg writes of the Gilman Collection that it "has been so formative in the evolving history of the medium and has so long set the standards for connoisseurship in the field that this corporate art collection has acquired an authority unlike any other we have known." This is a stretch, and perhaps a reflection of the Met's desire to eventually end up with the collection. (Photography's new prestige has led lately to a heightened inter-museum competitiveness for collections, and since Hambourg's arrival at the Met, a few years ago, the museum has become a major player.) Presumably, Hambourg uses the word "corporate" to justify not discussing other great collections, some of which are private and have been given or promised to other museums; for instance, the J. Paul Getty Museum has been sweeping up major photography collections and purchasing coveted bodies of work for the last decade.

Hambourg's enthusiasm for the Gilman pictures leads her to describe them in the catalogue introduction as "never strident or lustless, anachronistic or démodé." Why is a good curator like Hambourg writing this kind of meaningless ad copy? In general, she seems to promote the thought that the collection, as we see it in "The Waking Dream," is breaking new ground in photography. It isn't. Really, this show reflects the collective work of those who have forged the history of photography as we now know it—a history familiar to Hambourg and Apraxine. Hambourg's scholarship has added to that history over the years, and both of these curators have an impressive knowledge of photography. Sometimes that knowledge triumphs here, and sometimes it doesn't.

The rooms of travel photographs are an outstanding sample of their genre—the first room, especially. The gallery dedicated to French photography doesn't do much, though it includes a lot of terrific material and makes a point about photography as high art. The Victorian section approaches perfection. It's small, and everything in it has a specific sense of character, place, and time. The pictures add to each other's effect. Roger Fenton's architectural imagery transcends descriptiveness, and actually lets you feel as if you were standing in the places that the photographs record. Looking at Fenton's 1856 shot of the south porch of Rosslyn Chapel and at how he caught the evocative space of the doorway, I recalled that I'd been there almost thirty years ago with my mother, when we lived in Edinburgh. The chapel was deserted and so dark that we could barely see anything, but the place felt comforting rather than eerie; that exact sense of solace is conveyed by Fenton's photograph. On another wall, photographs of or by women reveal such a depth of emotions—depression, defiance, pleasure—and such a close-up view of Victorian life that, as a group,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they are the best example I've ever come across of photography's capacity to suggest inner feelings. Lewis Carroll's portrait of Alice Liddell (*the* Alice) as "The Beggar Maid" is an image that should be seen by every fashion editor in the business who thinks that the style called "grunge" is news or that "waif" models are a fresh invention.

An intimate gallery devoted to the turn of the century is electric with personalities—both the photographers' and the subjects'. The installation of these photographs shows up the blockbuster idea that to be knocked out you need dozens of pictures. A number of these images are about the uniqueness of individuals. Indeed, some of the subjects here were so singularly vibrant that they eventually made a mark in literature—for instance, Lady Ottoline Morrell and Countess Greffulhe, who inspired characters in D. H. Lawrence and Proust, respectively. The photographs of these women make one curious about their real-life tales—and remind us of photography's transfixing ability to suggest stories. You can almost see in Frederick Evans' circa 1894 portrait of Aubrey Beardsley the consumption that Beardsley was already suffering from. And F. Holland Day turns out to be a spiritual brother of Robert Mapplethorpe, except that Day, working in the eighteen-nineties, had to present his love of men much more surreptitiously: in his self-portrait one sees a black model in the background, as if he were a ghost.

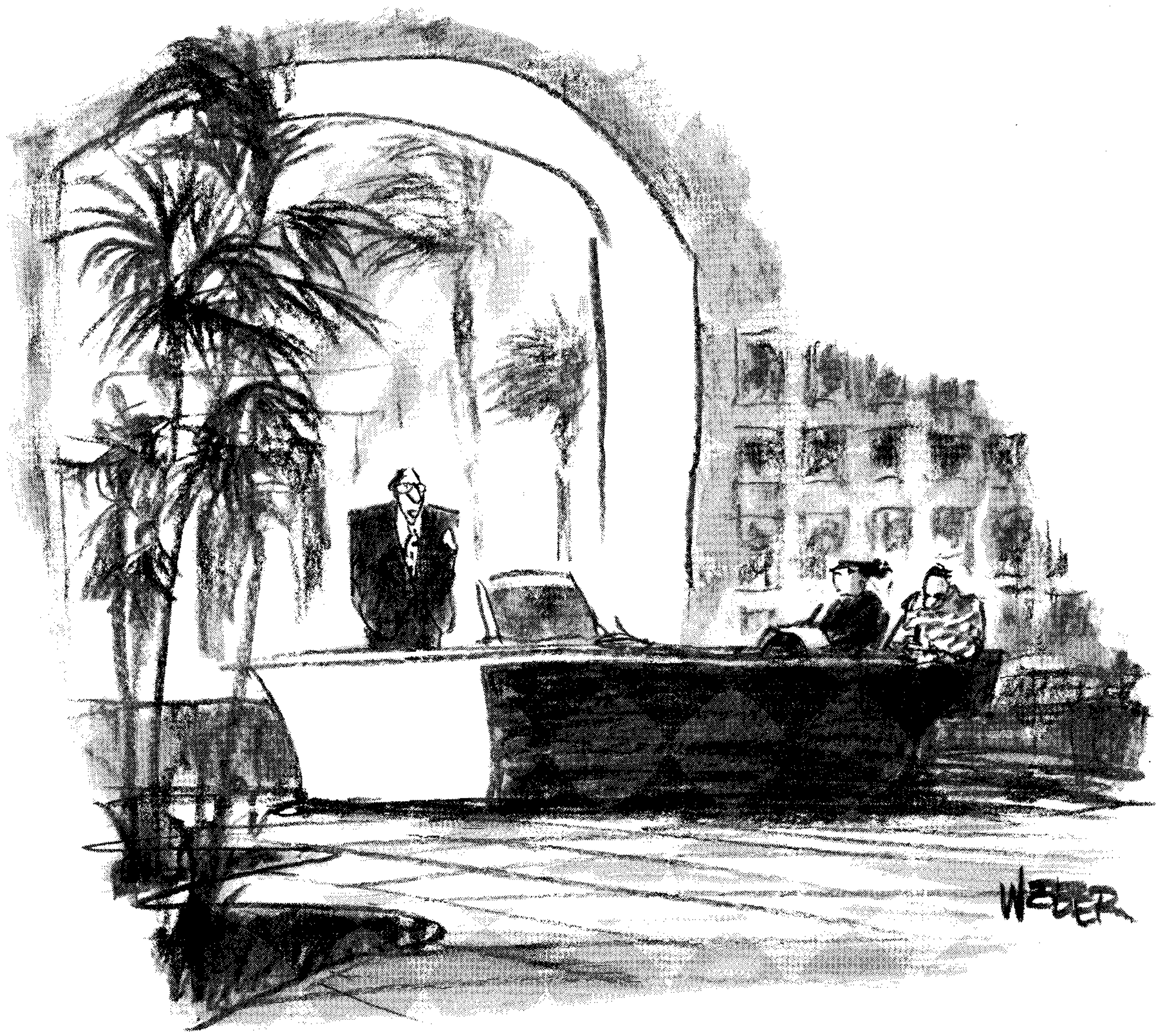
At the very end of this turn-of-the-century room, the photographs start being used more spottily—to make generalizations about the era—and the spell is broken. It's not that the photographs themselves are without vitality. You can't get a greater sense of turn-of-the-century life than you do from the photographs of Eugène Atget, Lewis Hine, and the young Jacques-Henri Lartigue, and no collection would be complete without examples of their work. But here pictures by these photographers become, more than anything else, trophies of the Gilman Collection. The same is true of the photographs in the last, modern room. This section could be in any museum that prides itself on having a decent collection of early-twentieth-century photography. It's an example of solid professionalism, a hit parade of photography—the like of which has been seen before. Most of it is incontrovertibly "important," but some of it seems arbitrary, with an occasional weak example of what a photographer did exquisitely in other pictures, such as the Edward Weston nude, which is a real clunker—a piece of arty abstraction without any of the detail that made his nudes so sensual. There are a few scoops, such as unusual Alexander Rodchenkos, which liven up the room, but otherwise it feels standardized, and disappointingly obvious.

The American rooms don't fare any better. Again, much of what's here echoes what is familiar by now to anyone who has spent time looking at photography, and it's hard to argue with the individual choices. The work of Mathew Brady, the nineteenth century's Andy Warhol, is well represented. A small, anonymous image of a Ku Klux Klansman, circa 1869, is a reminder of how long that vicious club has been meeting. Andrew Joseph Russell's eighteen-sixties photograph of a slave pen in Virginia is disquieting proof of how human beings can be used as fodder for an inhuman idea. Civil War-era photographs by William Bell, Alexander Gardner, and Timothy O'Sullivan are visceral portrayals of disease, execution, carnage. And majestic landscapes by Bell, O'Sullivan, and Carleton Watkins make it obvious that concern for the environment is not something that has come along only during the past two decades. There are also a few artifacts that emphasize photography's practical uses, such as an abolitionist button, a "Wanted" poster for Abraham Lincoln's assassin and two of his accomplices, and a book of headshots of "rogues," among them an abortionist named Mrs. Hudson, whose eyes are so imploring that they almost break your heart.

It's clear from the wall labels and from Hambourg's essay on this section that the curators meant to present the pictures in politically and socially conscious ways. Her introduction, though, suggests that such a view of photography is almost radical. She writes, "How gratifying . . . to find that in evoking the American Civil War the present account does not pass over the abolition of slavery, and that the pictures selected to tell that central episode demonstrate a profound humanitarian regard." It is difficult to imagine any other intelligent approach to photography of the Civil War. And there's something about packing so many large, important themes—slavery, the Civil War, ecology, Native Americans—into a single room that chips away at the individual power of the photographs and of the people in them. This room is formulaic and lacking in nuance, and not as moving as it was intended to be. It's laid out like a high-school textbook: a lesson on class structure, a lesson on freedom, and then a lesson on nature, with a lesson on photography taking place all the while. I was half expecting a bell to ring.

But, beyond what works and what doesn't work in this exhibition, is the high level of connoisseurship on display at almost every turn sufficient to uphold the idea that this is a groundbreaking collection? This part of the collection is obviously a marvellous example of visual sophistication—it's in perfect step with developments in the history of photography. What, then, is missing?

I've been having trouble with that question since I visited "The Waking Dream" a few nights before it opened, and then went back to see the show after it was fully installed. At my first visit, Apraxine, Hambourg, and their team were still in the process of hanging the exhibition. The curators' excitement was such that the minute one of them finished telling a story about a photograph, the other would jump in and lead me over to something else. Their love of photography was impossible to miss, and their special affection for certain



"Health care's the big thing now. How about we remake 'Dr. Kildare,' only this time he's a woman?"

• •

photographs was very much in evidence. Apraxine, who has spent eighteen years building the collection, showed me pictures of people who were major personalities in their day: Flaubert; Nijinsky; the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna's album of her family having a grand old time; and El Lissitzky's self-portrait with a bandage on his head, apparently signifying his tuberculosis. I was impressed with how personal Apraxine's choices were. Each time I've gone back to "The Waking Dream" and seen the show in toto, I've expected to find the same sense of passion and point of view that I felt that night, and I haven't. As a whole, the exhibition is lacking in personality. Institutionalism seems to have beaten out individual taste. Here one sees a demonstration of what gives the Gilman Collection museum-quality status: the exhibition confirms notions of what has already been established as culturally significant in photography, making it all very conventional. Where is the stuff that is harder to grasp? Where are the moments of surprise, when you say, "Somebody actually collected that!"

When I talked to Apraxine, he likened collecting to a hunt for game. As I try to figure out why this exhibition, which has in it much of the cream of nineteenth-century photography, is ultimately lifeless, that notion keeps coming back to me. In such a hunt, one knows beforehand what one is looking for. The Gilman Collection includes five thousand objects, but the approximately two hundred and fifty on view here make no big breaks from what is already accepted as worthy. I miss the rebellion against standards of taste which caused a collector like the late Sam Wagstaff (he is mentioned in the catalogue as one of the people who encouraged Apraxine) to become obsessed with showing the world that one person's junk can be another's treasure. Wagstaff was always tweaking the conventions of taste. For instance, when he first exhibited his collection, in 1978, he paired Count de Montizon's hilarious 1852 photograph of a lolling hippopotamus with a Lewis Carroll portrait of a little girl lazing on a couch, lasciviously pouting. The juxtaposition was a daring defense of indulgence, and an illustration of the varieties of taste—it even made sly reference to the uncomfortable subject of Carroll's fondness for little girls. In "The Waking Dream," de Montizon's hippopotamus is presented much more obviously, and less wittily, beside an abundant still-life by Fenton. As Wagstaff showed, taste is personal, and it can be as creative, as jarring, as art itself. When taste is expressed in its fullest capacity, it can give us a hunger to rethink, relook, reappraise our assumptions about what is acceptable, what is beautiful, and what has meaning. It's hard to imagine this show provoking a process like that. If the point of "The Waking Dream" was to introduce people to the power of photography, or to present what is already considered of high importance to the medium, then the show succeeds. If it was meant to do something novel, however—to support Hambourg's introductory statement that "this collection not only spares us the predictable and the specious, but by its example encourages the exploration of new dimensions"—I'm afraid that was just a dream. ♦

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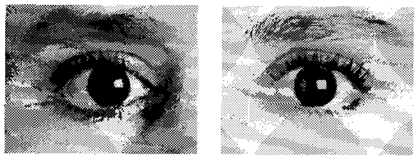

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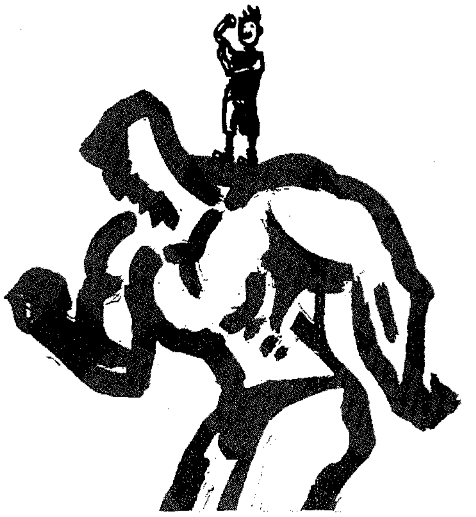
THE CURRENT CINEMA

REALITY CHECK

BY ANTHONY LANE

OF all the big summer movies, "Last Action Hero" is by far the most bizarre. Starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, and directed by John McTiernan, who made "Die Hard" and "The Hunt for Red October," it sounds like a standard banquet of thrills. But the banquet is reduced to its ingredients: you can see where the thrills come from. Jean-Luc Godard once said there wasn't any blood in "Pierrot le Fou," just red, and most of his movies are like that—artificial constructions, and proud of it. American cinema, whose images he endlessly pilfered, tends to come from the opposite direction; we wallow in blood by the bucketful, and red never crosses our minds. That is why "Last Action Hero" is such a shock: it's a Hollywood thriller that owns up to its artifice. As the movie unfolded, the teen-agers around me in the theatre shifted uneasily in their seats. Some of them got up and left, and you couldn't blame them. This was the closest they had ever come to Jean-Luc Godard, and they didn't like it one bit.



FILIP PAGOWSKI

The beginning is straightforward swagger, although suspicions are soon raised: the sound and the fury are already at full volume, and you wonder where they can go from here. McTiernan kicks off with an interesting camera movement—a short, hard swerve that crunches right into a police car. Why don't the cops arrest the cameraman for drunk dollying and lock him up for the rest of the movie? I suppose they have other things on their minds, like the villain holding a bunch of kids hostage on top of an office tower. You can tell how mean this guy is: not only is he swinging an axe but he has long, unwashed hair and a complexion like cold lava. Back at street level, a pair of feet stomp into view. Every step sounds like a rivet being punched into a steel door: fee, fi, fo, fum. Arnold Schwarzenegger told us he'd be back, and here he is, this time as a rogue cop called Jack Slater. Haven't we seen it all before—the lawman as superstar, the baddie as mutant, the showdown as apocalypse? To any modern moviegoer, this kind of violence is nothing—it's dull and dog-eared, like old newspapers, so flimsy it might just burn up or blow away.

Which is exactly what it does. Wonder of wonders: the image falters, the focus melts from our gaze as if we were falling asleep. It's a shock, but also a blessed relief: we move back from the screen and into the theatre, where the film is being watched by an audience of one—Danny Madigan (Austin O'Brien), eleven years old and in no mood to have the movie go blurry on him. He complains to the aged projectionist, Nick (Robert Prosky), who promises compensation: a sneak preview of the new Slater picture, imaginatively entitled "Jack Slater IV." "See it *before* it opens?" Danny cries. "Who do I have to kill?" It's a good line, a sick little joke thrown off so casually that it gives you the creeps; just for an instant, you understand what can happen to a bright young brain when fed on a diet of Jack Slater. It prompts no more than a flicker of concern, then pulls back, and that's what I liked most about "Last Action Hero." Although in touch with serious matters, it's much too excitable to get preachy about them; it appeals to our fitfulness, to our rustling indecision, tempting us toward the high and mighty and then yanking us back down with low wit.

The goofiest demonstration of this comes as Danny sits in school, learning about "Hamlet" and obviously perplexed by the inertia of the hero. The solution is simple, and we see it played out in Danny's imagination, using the 1948 Laurence Olivier film: relieve Hamlet of his duties and replace him with Jack Slater, a real piece of work of a man. "No one's gonna tell this sweet prince good night," growls the trailer. It's delicious mockery, yet there's no sneer in it; if anything, the dabs of color added by McTiernan—the hiss and glow of Jack's cigar, Elsinore exploding in bright red—merely fortify our sense of the black-and-white original, the listless melancholy of its long shadows. And Danny's irritation, after all, is shared not only by every viewer of the play but by Hamlet himself; *he'd* like to be Jack Slater, pack heat in his holster and melt some solid flesh. This is not so much pop culture versus highbrow, in other words, as a sparky tradeoff between the two—a deal clinched by the casting of Joan Plowright, Olivier's widow, as Danny's eager teacher. "Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' couldn't be more exciting," she says. Want to bet?

To its credit, "Last Action Hero" makes these in-jokes turn outward; far from being lofty or secretive, they bequeath a touch of good will to the rest of the story. One of the bad guys is played by F. Murray Abraham, best known as Salieri in "Amadeus." Schwarzenegger confronts him: "They say you killed Mozart." "Mo who?" "Zart." You could argue that the gags hold back the movie, keep it from going about its proper business. But they *are* its business, proper or otherwise, and they prepare us for Danny's later adventures—his fear of boredom, and the slippery impatience that will see him through. He still has to get started, however, and that means a short (and quite nasty) burglary scene, in which someone invades the apartment he shares with his mother (Mercedes Ruehl). When the world gets this scary, it may be time to try a different one. So it's back to the cinema, where Nick gives him a magic ticket, and before we know it

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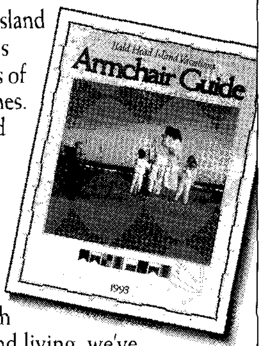

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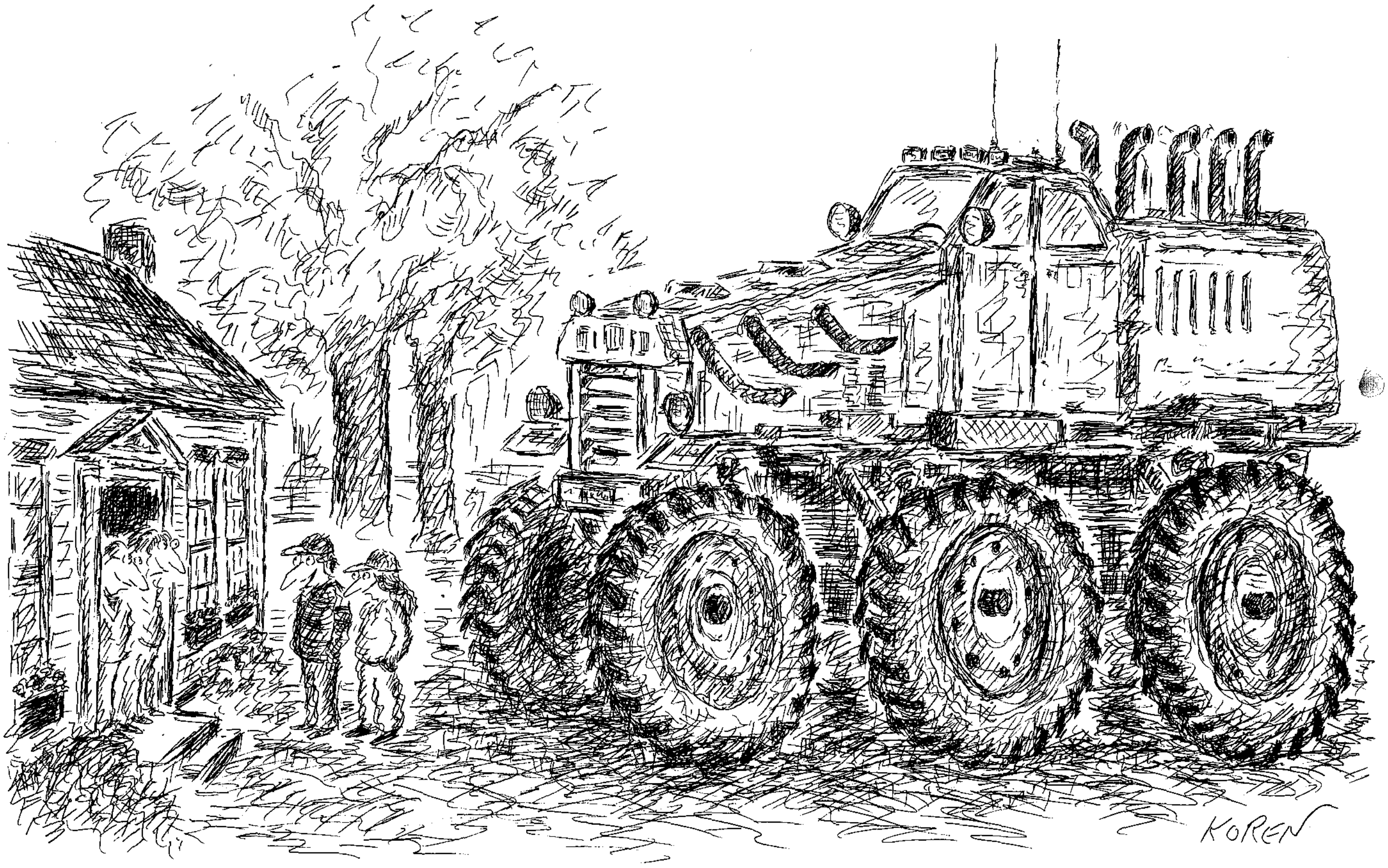

"We motored over to say hi!"

• •

(though long after we saw it coming), Danny is blown onscreen and into the middle of "Jack Slater IV."

We have seen this crossover before. Woody Allen used it, for instance, in "The Purple Rose of Cairo." But no one, as usual, can improve on Buster Keaton. In his 1924 masterpiece, "Sherlock Jr.," he plays a projectionist who falls asleep next to his machine, slips tenderly out of his own body, as if not wanting to wake it, and dreams himself into the movies. It's the purest passport of all, straight over the frontier and no questions asked—none of this rubbish about magic tickets. What ensues is slapstick, but of a previously unknown variety—wondrous rather than madcap. Longing to forget that film is an illusion, he keeps being sharply reminded of it, as when he leans against a tree that suddenly isn't there anymore. Real life is tricky enough, Keaton tells us, but you should try the fictional kind.

"Last Action Hero" has learned its lesson from "Sherlock Jr.," but not quite strictly enough: where Keaton glided, McTiernan hops and skips. Once the central conceit is in place, we're never allowed to go with the flow; Danny keeps having to remind himself, and Jack, that they are living in a film, and a lousy one at that. Movies within movies are traditionally damp squibs (think of "Meet Pamela," the romantic froth inside Truffaut's "Day for Night," or the Bruce Willis farrago that rounded off "The Player"), and "Jack Slater IV" is no exception. You can tell just how damp this one is going to be when Anthony Quinn appears. McTiernan must have told him to ham it up, which is like asking Shirley Temple to try and look a little sweeter. Quinn is supposed to play a character called Vivaldi, but all we get is Zorba the Sicilian Mobster. He's in league with Benedict (Charles Dance), a hit man in a white suit; they have designs on the local drug trade, hatching devilish plans that I couldn't quite follow at the time and have now forgotten completely. Five writers, including William Goldman, hammered away at the plot. Could they really not think of anything juicier than a Mafia spoof? If it's intended as trash—if the emotional punches are really meant to be that limp—then it certainly succeeds, but "Last Action Hero" takes a huge risk in presuming that the audience will get the point.

On any turkey, of course, what matters is the trimmings, and McTiernan piles them high. A villain gets his enemy at gunpoint, then talks too long and blows his chance. An innocent victim mumbles a clue before expiring. The boss down at the police station, enraged by Jack's methods, bawls him out in deliberate gibberish, reaching an almost lyrical pitch of unintelligibility. (I caught the phrases "cocoa factory" and "Diary of Anne Frank.") Jack's environment is a disturbing place to live—at once overblown and undernourished. The good always triumph here, waging their brutal victories under a flawless sky; it looks like Oz with Uzis. Danny says, "There are no unattractive women here. This is a movie." Jack disagrees: "No, this is California." Continuity, of course, favors the brave: he can climb out of a tar pit and wipe himself clean for the next shot. Danny isn't impressed: "Tar sticks to most people."

This is fun, but it's hardly necessary. The best action movies merrily send themselves up anyway, without any outside help. There was a key moment in McTiernan's "Die Hard" when Bruce Willis hurtled around the building in his grubby undershirt, trying to evade the terrorists, but still found time to stop and check out a pinup pasted to the wall. It was more absurd than cool: the place reeked of mortal danger, but mortality was not an issue. The film shovelled thrills at you so ruthlessly, and was so openly scornful of plausibility, that you had to laugh. When people complain about cartoon violence, they forget that cartoons are meant to be funny.

That's the secret of Schwarzenegger's work. It revolves around willful damage—or, at least, around acts of self-defense so savage that they put his aggressors to shame—but he snaps the violence in your face like bubble gum: Pop art with a vengeance. The great, unspoken joke behind the "Terminator" films is that everything you always thought about Arnold came true: he played a robot. This wasn't typecasting, it was die-casting: he really did have nerves of steel. Other actors learn their lines, but Schwarzenegger's seem to be programmed into his circuitry, and it's fun simply to hear them emitted in the right order. When he tells an actual joke—and there are plenty in "Last Action Hero"—we get double value: first the line itself, then the fact that Arnold is the one chosen to deliver it. You almost catch the click of his hard drive as he switches into humor mode. No one knows this better than he does, of course; he can afford the irony at his own expense. He can afford anything.

It all gets pretty close to the bone when the action returns to the normal world. With the aid of the magic ticket, Jack follows Danny to New York, where they see the real Schwarzenegger—if there is such a thing—attending the première of his new Slater movie, with his real wife begging him not to mention his damn restaurant. Benedict is in town, too, learning the true rules of viciousness—that it hurts more than it did in the movies, but can also go unpunished. He sees a man gunned down for the sake of his shoes, and looks amazed: "His *shoes*?" Just for a second, it looks like compassion, but no: the bad guy has finally found his home—a place where he can kill in peace and quiet, undisturbed by Slaters. It's a wonderful scene, with the horror fading in like a slow dawn—the best thing Charles Dance has done in movies. He played Coriolanus for the Royal Shakespeare Company a few years ago, and now, out of the blue, he has found another character visibly moved by the promise of vindictive power.

Not for long. Honor must be satisfied, and "Last Action Hero" stumbles into a traditionally rousing finale. But the damage has been done. This is a confused piece of work, deeply in love with what it mocks, and troubled by aspects of cinema that it can never quite laugh off. John McTiernan doesn't even try to resolve the confusion; on the contrary, he devotes all his energies to it. As the film ends, Jack starts to explain that violence is a disgrace to the movies and needs to be expunged, but the camera and the microphone know better, so they wander away and leave him to gabble on. The message fades, and rightly so; "Last Action Hero" is a fracas, not a lecture, and that explains why advance word on the movie has been so nervous. Every now and then, Hollywood likes to offer up a sacrificial lamb, and this is a perfect choice: a thriller where the thrills lead nowhere. You come to see a never-never land of guts and guns, and what do you get? A clever-clever land, with a hero who doesn't exist and a sidekick who jeers at him for it. The movie should be called "Terminator 3: Deconstruction Day."

So what are all those Danny Madigans out there in the audience—millions of Schwarzenegger buffs around the world—going to think? Until now, they weren't *supposed* to think; it was enough to let their disbelief go hang for a couple of hours. Now their credulity is being thrown back at them, and it could easily make them feel cheated, even foolish. The hype may still rescue it, but if "Last Action Hero" were to flop, Hollywood would sleep easy again, and the mainstream would resume its flow, refreshed in its convictions; nobody likes a smart-ass. The film is garish, loopy, and much too long, but it's an honorable failure: it suffers from a surfeit of invention, not a dearth. ♦

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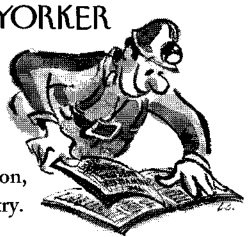

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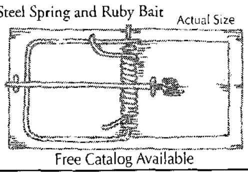

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MUSICAL EVENTS

THE RETURN OF MONTEVERDI

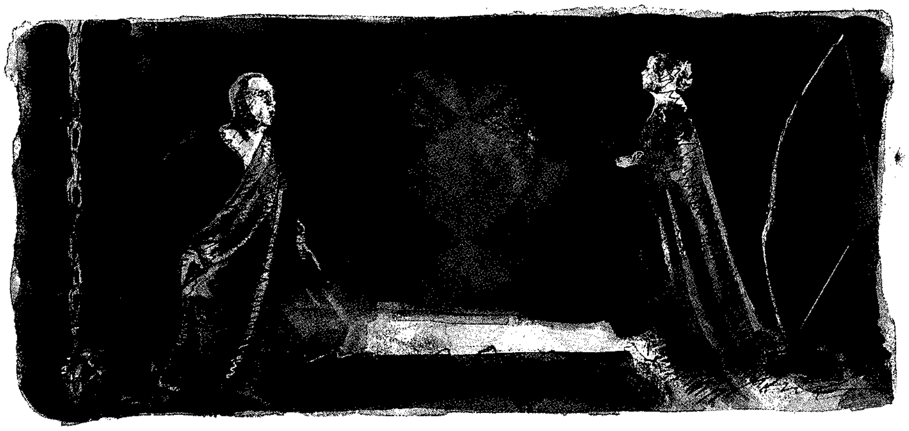
BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

THE musical news in town last month came in the shape of an opera three hundred and fifty years old: "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," brought to the Brooklyn Academy of Music by the Netherlands Opera for its New York début. Not only did this introduce a new company but it was by far the most wholly fine, the most candid and expressive piece of operatic staging seen in the city during the entire season.

That this should have happened to Monteverdi may be no accident. Because seventeenth-century opera is still infrequent in the theatre, every performance becomes a kind of première. Stage directors are liberated from the need to address a continuous history of productions, the obligation to find a new path over well-trodden territory. Monteverdi is still virgin land—and prime land, for his operas aren't just specialty interests but compelling musical dramas, in which worlds hang on the inflection of a singer's line. We may be used to thinking of this composer as standing at the beginning of opera, but his focus on the singer—on musical declamation that sets its own pace and shape, which the instruments must follow—is also an ideal that died with him. Opera went in other ways, toward formal aria, continuous orchestral support, and the rhythm of the mass rather than that of the individual. Only in rare instances is the Monteverdian spirit retained or restored: in French Baroque opera, which maintains the independence of the solitary singing voice, or in Debussy, where the vocal rhythm is often re-separated from that of the orchestra.

"The Return of Ulysses" is, on the face of it, the least bankable of Monteverdi's three surviving operas. "Orfeo" has advantages as a prototype and as a link in a chain—as one of the first all-sung secular dramas in the Western tradition and as part of the continuing history of the Orpheus myth. "The Coronation of Poppaea" has the voyeur's allure of historical fiction and a richly colorful set of characters. Both works have clear identities. "Ulysses" is altogether more uncertain, perhaps because it's concerned with characters in states of uncertainty. There's no doubt about the opera's precipitating event: it's given away in the title. But we remain wondering—and the characters spend much of their time wondering—what will happen when Ulysses does finally return, and in particular what emotional sense the return will have.

Penelope is waiting to reëncounter a husband, Telemachus a father, the swineherd Eumaeus a master. The suitors are waiting in the hope that Ulysses will be gone forever and Penelope obliged to choose a new lord. And Ulysses himself is waiting—since from his first appearance he is already in his homeland of Ithaca—to gauge the mo-



MICHAEL TROSSMAN

Anthony Rolfe Johnson and Graciela Araya in "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria."

ment for his self-revelation. The rest of the opera is byplay. The gods argue over human fates. Other human characters provide amusing, ironic contrast with the constancy of the principals by pursuing immediate desire: Irus, follower of the suitors, in his ludicrous gluttony, Melantho and Eurymachus in their nimble love affair, which we catch sight of in corridors as we move from one room to another of the opera's spacious design. Amid all this, there's only one important event, when, near the end of the opera, Ulysses declares his presence by stringing his bow and felling the suitors.

However, such a drama of inaction and postponement—of waiting not for the plot, which barely exists, but for the meaning—may seem closer to us than the masque of "Orfeo" or the solidly sensual, sensuous world of "Poppaea." Pierre Audi, the Netherlands Opera's artistic chief and the director of this production, has spoken of "The Return of Ulysses" as Shakespearean, and the notion has some point: Monteverdi was born only three years after the dramatist, and the weave of grand characters together with comic or emotionally straightforward underlings has obvious parallels in nearly every Shakespeare play. But as a drama of waiting and of doubt the piece has more in common with Beckett: Winnie, out of "Happy Days," could well understand both Penelope's fixedness of purpose and Melantho's cheerful delight in the opportunities of the present.

Mr. Audi's set designer, Michael Simon, helped him realize this Beckettian quality in the opera by providing a simple but strange acting space, where the main features onstage were a giant boulder (in the first part, which corresponded to the prologue and first two acts of the score), a copper column, a gently curved upright sheet of seeming steel à la Richard Serra, and a shallow boxed pathway of sand leading to a flickering flame (again only in the first part; afterward it had a metallic lid). One could read these things as symbols: the rock as Sisyphus', or as an image of catastrophe about to flatten the characters; the sand as the good earth of home. But interpretation wasn't called for. More important was the variety of entrance and exit points available: one nice moment of surprise came when Irus arrived for his first scene as if having clambered up onto the boulder, from there to spit grape pips at Eumaeus; later, more poetically, Minerva in her white cloak was slowly lost to view as she proceeded into the dark back of the stage. And more important than the geometry was the effect of an abstract arena—one in which the characters, having no home here and nowhere to hide, must depend on their own resources of body, mind, and voice, just as the opera pushes them into relief by spotlighting the individual, the expressive moment, and by concerning itself so much more with response than with activity.

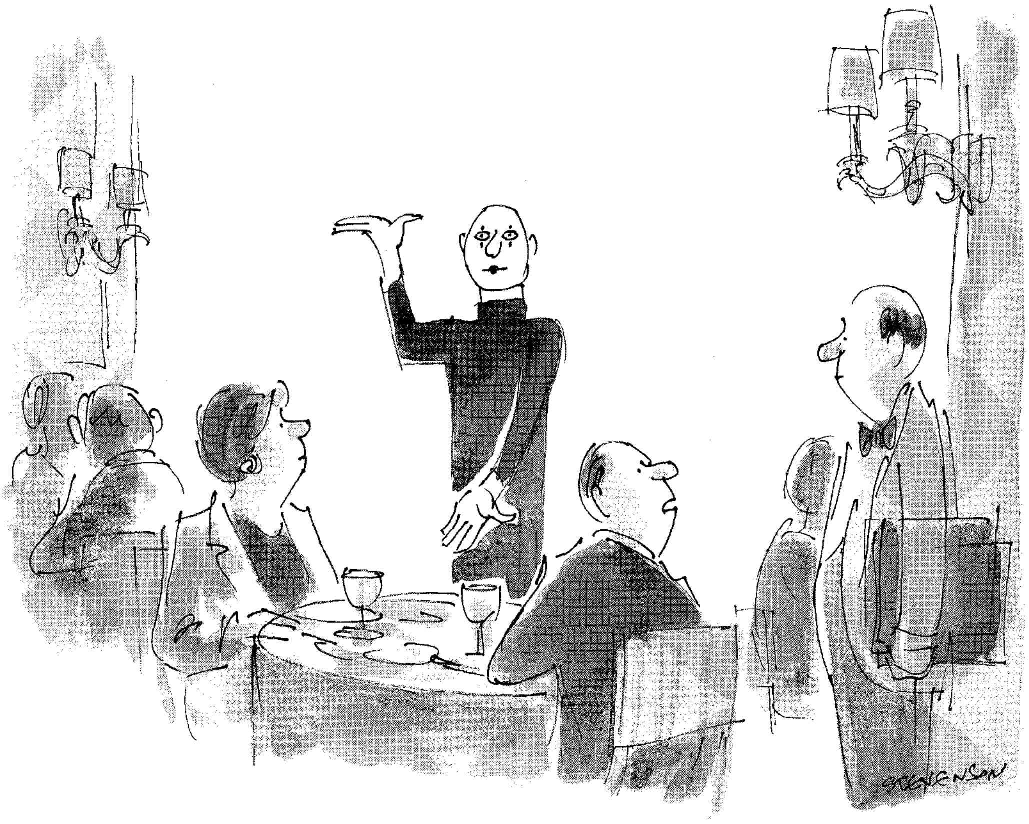
One should recognize, though, that the work did those things so convincingly on this occasion only because of how it was cut. We lost Penelope's companion, Euryclea, so that the great scene of the queen's prayer, with which the first act opens, was pure soliloquy—and magnificent that way—rather than a tale told to someone else. We also lost the gods, except for Minerva, who takes part in the action: Mr. Audi thus disposed of the distracting idea—distracting from his own purpose, of presenting a drama of human beings—that people are pieces in celestial games of chess. It was the strength of what resulted that justified the cuts—though justification may be redundant in the case of a work for which there's no intact source, which may include portions by other composers, and which the Venetian audience of 1640 would have thought to be primarily the property of its gentleman poet, Giacomo Badoaro. The very idea of there being such a thing as Monteverdi's "The Return of Ulysses" is a modern anachronism, and if we're interested in that anachronism, rather than in complete justice to Badoaro, then cutting is unexceptionable, even necessary.

The person responsible for this performing edition was Glen Wilson, who also directed from the keyboard a small group of period instruments—lutes, bowed strings, occasional recorders—placed close to the stage, where they could follow the singers. The sound was quick, lean, and elegant: precisely no more than was necessary in order to provide a harmonic context. There are arguments that Venetian operas of this period would have been given under more opulent musical circumstances when revived at foreign courts, or that modern listeners require more variety of instrumental texture, but those contentions are always confounded when, as here, the barest resources are used with imagination and life. As with the cutting, that's what matters: not whether a performance accords with original practice as we understand it but whether it works.

What never seems to work, as Mr. Wilson pointed out in a note in the program book, is any attempt to resuscitate Baroque manners in set design, costume, and acting. "Relevant documents," he remarked, "do not leave me panting to dash off and seek 'authentic' visual support to this powerful music." Every so often, the effort is made; every so often, it fails. It failed again at Harvard, just the next week, when the Boston Early Music Festival put on a production of the Monteverdi "Orfeo," for which someone had gone to the trouble of consulting costume drawings by Inigo Jones and others. Part of the problem must be that such drawings presume luxury materials and an unlimited supply of seamstresses: rushed up on the cheap, they look ghastly. But I'd guess the effect wouldn't be much better if some opera company's wardrobe department were to have the means of the Gonzagas.

This is odd. Period-style musical performance is now so much a part of life that we'll probably have to wait another generation before Monteverdi realizations for modern orchestras—such as Hans Werner Henze's version of "The Return of Ulysses"—can be put on again without fear of ridicule. But we don't want Baroque ways of decorating the stage and acting on it. Possibly, the reason is that we live in a visual age, and false historicism is unacceptable to the eyes, though it may get past the ears. That seems too jaundiced a view. Perhaps it's that the theatre is always happening in the present tense: we want to see Ulysses and Penelope now, not a recreation of how they might have looked and behaved in theatres long demolished. Music, on the other hand, is always bringing us stories from the past.

That the presentness of theatre and the pastness of music can coincide is one of the miracles of opera, and was one of the miracles of the Netherlands Opera production. The costumes, by Jorge Jara, were Renaissance style according to the conventions of our theatre, not theirs: the effect was pleasing and comfortable. Above all, Mr. Audi's stage language of positioning and posture responded to



"Could we have just a regular waiter?"

• •

the need for rhetoric by looking into character rather than into treatises. You have to do something special, because these people are expressing themselves vocally at such hypernatural intensity and length. Mr. Audi's answer in many cases was to find a single stance or action or grouping that could be held throughout a musical number, and to root the acting in the body. Penelope, sitting on the edge of her throne and leaning acutely forward from the waist, was the embodiment of vehement dignity and also of passionate apprehension in her meetings with the suitors. Ulysses and Telemachus, jumping at each other in a game with the former's staff, expressed the unleashing of joy and competitiveness as they discovered themselves father and son. Melantho sang her triple-time song of consolation to Penelope as a lullaby, cradling her mistress's head in her arms. Her lovemaking with Eurymachus was urgent and physical—just as Irus's spitting was physical—bringing us close to the characters as human bodies, and thereby as human hearts.

Formality can be expressive, too. The prologue looked beautiful, with Human Mortality a destitute male figure singing against an emblematic tableau of his three eternal rulers: Fate, a lady with a wheel; Love, a woman accompanied by a little winged cupid; and Time, an old warrior bent over. The production also formalized—spectacularly—the opera's climactic moment: as Ulysses aimed his bow, a blaze of fire erupted across the stage from a row of torches rising through the floor. This was not only a formal gesture but a physical one, for the flame—visible on the stage, feelable as heat on the face—was an instant reminder in one's own body of being there with Ulysses and the rest of them. Where the production faltered, it was at moments that felt calculated, like the silent chorus of alarm when the suitors and their retainers turned their gaze to the ground simultaneously. The wrongness was the greater because it went against the simplicity and directness with which Mr. Audi had accepted this new piece coming to him from the past.

The singers were similarly alive to the needs and possibilities of a work that lets them steer their own courses, and puts them in full view. Like the characters, they have nowhere to hide: any blemish or falseness registers right away. Here we were in safe company. The Penelope, Graciela Araya, was billed as a mezzo, but this was a wonderful voice that went deep down into contralto chocolate, and yet could make a slender, agile, and poignant line. Hearing her in the slow chromatic ascents of the prayer was to understand how music's capacity to move depends on the way it moves, on how one note is approached from the last. At the same time, her nobility chastened one for feeling the sting of tears. This Penelope was, quite rightly, no weeper. Perplexed, anxious, even desperate, she nevertheless behaved, in voice and body, with complete control and with a fierce pride; and she showed how the control and the pride have to be there in order to make sense of the long dramatic reverberation after the bow episode—the further period of waiting—while Penelope remains unsure that this really is Ulysses, and perhaps unsure that she really wants him. When your husband comes back after twenty years, you don't immediately rush into his arms: that's fit behavior for sons (James Doing was a keenly spontaneous juvenile lead), not wives.

Much hinges on Penelope in this opera; Ms. Araya provided it. And she was ably balanced by Anthony Rolfe Johnson as Ulysses, sensitive as ever, but sounding appropriately sturdy, almost baritonal. Excellent work came, too, from everyone else: from Anna Steiger and Mark Tucker as the ready lovers; from Michael Chance as a Human Mortality pained in every phrase, every pause; from the gnashed tenor of Alexander Oliver as Irus; from Rachel Ann Morgan as Minerva, nicely distinguishing between the goddess's easy freshness in shepherd-lad disguise and her trumpeting authority as herself. Many of the same team will be going forward with Mr. Audi to "Poppaea" in Amsterdam next season. I mean to be there, too. ♦

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Living in Little Rock with Miss Little Rock
by Jack Butler
(Knopf; $25)

BUTLER'S previous novel was about a vampire on Mars. His newest takes place on the home planet, but it's like something from outer space. For starters, it's narrated by the Holy Ghost, who, when he's not whizzing from character to character, speaks in a dizzying Southern-black patois. What unfolds, however, is surprisingly down-to-earth—a deft portrait of married life, on the one hand, and a crackerjack detective story, on the other. Charles and Lianne Morrison are one of Little Rock's most visible couples in 1981: a prominent lawyer and a former beauty queen. They move in the town's power circles, where the once and future governor can be glimpsed at cocktail parties. While Charles grapples with midlife lust (he takes strip poker a little too seriously) and Lianne tries to reach her inner child (Saturday-afternoon painting class, group therapy), a conspiracy begins to envelop them, nudged along by simple jealousy, a dispute over creationism, and a pair of bungling hoodlums with a deadly amount of plastique. This six-hundred-and-fifty-page novel comes packaged with the words "tour de force," but that shouldn't put you off. Butler's characteristic playfulness and good humor keep the thing humming along, spinning a strange and wonderful universe out of a small slice of American life.

Where or When
by Anita Shreve
(Harcourt, Brace; $19.95)

THE author takes an affair between two married people from its first blush to its awful consequences, and, like the lovers themselves, she wants to believe that this passion is somehow more extraordinary and more desperate than most. Charles and Siân were boyfriend and girlfriend at summer camp, and they find each other again after thirty-one years, when Charles, an insurance salesman and father of three, picks up the Sunday book review and sees a publicity photo of Siân, now a poet, and begins to correspond with her. The ensuing exchange of letters amounts to an entertaining seduction, but one of an almost implausibly sensitive and literary variety: Charles writes to Siân about the "bleak emotional and physical landscape" in her work and the "beauty" that seems to come "out of deprivation." A reader almost wishes there were a line or two about wanting to get into her pants—and when he finally does they have their assignations at the site of their former camp, which has conveniently become a charming inn. Shreve, a skilled and sympathetic writer, makes too much here of love's manifest destiny, but she writes with sad conviction about another sort of destiny, as Charles is hit hard by the recession and stands to lose everything he owns.

GENERAL

The Good Frenchman
by Edward Behr
(Villard; $27.50)

LIKE Victoria's reign, the career of Maurice Chevalier, perhaps the world's most successful song-and-dance man, is astonishing for its longevity. He made his first appearance onstage around 1900, when he was twelve, and gave his farewell performance in 1968. (He died in 1972.) His explorations of and roles in variety in France before the First World War take us through one epoch, and the universal stardom he achieved in Hollywood movies in the thirties takes us into another. The man who projected the charm and insouciance of a Parisian boulevardier was, however, self-absorbed, insecure, fearful, and stingy. Though indifferent to politics, he was accused of collaboration during the Second World War and of Communism after it, but he survived left and right blacklisting to triumph once more in American movies ("Gigi") and on the world's stages. Chevalier could cope with everything except real life, and in retirement the man behind the charming façade disintegrated. Behr, a journalist who grew up in Paris, tells all, maybe a bit too kindly.

Girl, Interrupted
by Susanna Kaysen
(Turtle Bay; $17)

TO read this harrowing memoir of a struggle with mental illness is to cross over into a "parallel universe" that, the author says, resembles this world but is not in it. In 1967, eighteen-year-old Kaysen's sense of reality buckled, giving way to Oriental rugs dense with meaning and faces that didn't add up to the sum of their "squishy, pointy" parts. After swallowing fifty aspirin, she had a brief consultation with a doctor, and he shunted her off to a Massachusetts psychiatric hospital. The prescribed couple of weeks of rest turned into a seventeen-month stay. In piercing vignettes shadowed with humor she brings to life the routine of the ward and its patients, like Daisy, who adorns her room with stripped carcasses of roast chickens that her father delivers twice a week, and the severely scarred Polly, who burned away her suicidal urges by setting a match to her gasoline-doused body. Kaysen's meditations on young women and madness form a trenchant counterpoint to the copies of her medical records that are woven into the text.

Road Scholar
by Andrei Codrescu
(Hyperion; $19.95)

CODRESCU came to this country from Romania in 1966, and is now an English professor, the author of many books, and a radio commentator. He was persuaded by a TV producer to travel the country by car, with a photographer and a movie crew in tow, and record a sampling of the cultural peculiarities of America. After buying a Cadillac convertible (and learning to drive), he set out from New Orleans for the Lower East Side, where he had once lived, and Camden, New Jersey, where Walt Whitman's house still stands. He then headed west. In a sardonic style he tells about a Roller Skating Gospel Rink outside Chicago, and about a colony of American Sikhs who patrol their premises with guns and swords. He visits Sun City, where the elderly ride motorcycles, and in the Nevada desert he takes lessons from a topless instructress in how to fire a machine gun. The book isn't just a freak show: Codrescu can be thoughtful in his comments, and despairing and funny as well. Photographs by David Graham. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

EXPATRIATE GAMES

BY JONATHAN WILSON

I RECENTLY became an American citizen. Nothing unusual in that, except that I am—was—British, and, as a rule, the British expatriate is notoriously loyal to the home country. "What on earth did you do that for?" my mother wanted to know when I telephoned her and reported the terrible news.

In order to become a citizen, I had to fill out many forms and then, some months later, take a test on United States history and government. The form part was easy: I asserted that I had never been a member of the Waffen S.S., and I swore that I had never had anything to do with Communists or the Soviet Union, although this was not strictly true. I visited Russia on a surreal trip from Oxford in March, 1975—post-Bill Clinton. My girlfriend was writing a thesis on Dostoyevski and the Russian Orthodox Church. We had dinner in Leningrad with Boris Pasternak's son. He asked me if I was Jewish. When I replied that I was, he told me that many Russian Orthodox priests in the city were in fact converted Jews. I didn't believe him. Later in the trip, a boy in a floppy-eared fur hat standing guard over Dostoyevski's snowy tomb (I think he was in the drug business) asked me to mail him Pink Floyd albums.

I was nonchalant about the test part. I thought I could skip the recommended books with impunity. I turned up at the J.F.K. Building in downtown Boston for my interview at 8:30 A.M., imagining I would be alone, but the room was packed with early-morning appointees. Some of us had to wait until midday for our turn. Almost everybody was deeply engrossed in his or her primer. I remained snobbishly unworried.

Interviews were conducted behind screens or in small rooms. In some cases, it was possible to overhear what was going on. A Chinese man who had been sitting behind me got a terrible going over. "When's Pearl Harbor Day?" his interrogator repeated. "When is it? You don't understand what I'm saying, do you?" The man's wife was called into the room. I thought she would be asked to translate, but in fact she was curtly informed that her husband had failed. Next was my Syrian neighbor: he disappeared for an hour. When he came out, I asked him about the questions. "Search and Seizure," he replied. "The Bill of Rights."

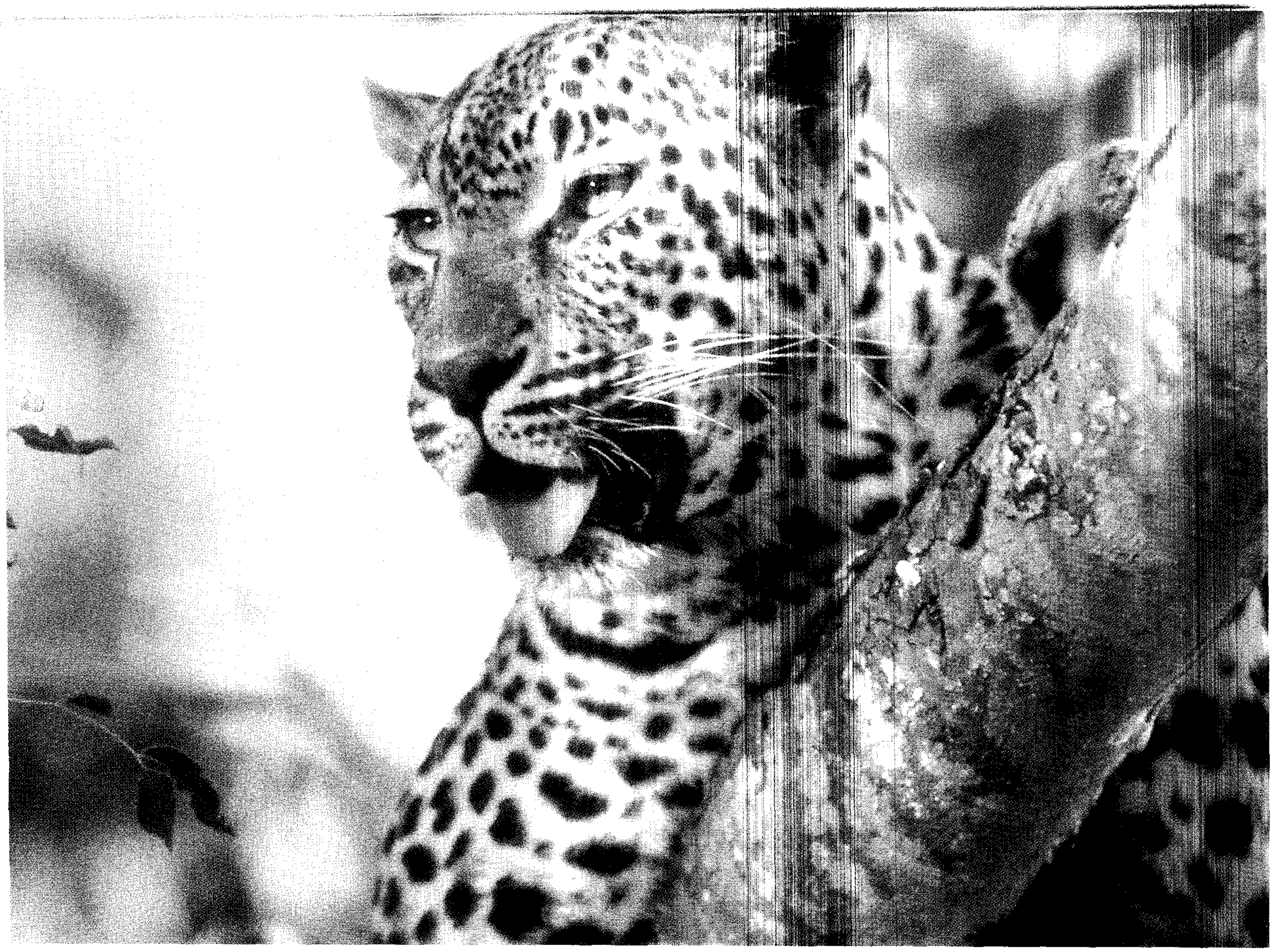
"You're kidding!" I said.

"And worse," he added.

Now I started to panic. I borrowed a book from an old Russian man—nearly wrested it from his hands—but the words swam in front of my eyes. I couldn't concentrate. Meanwhile, another person of color was being given the business: "*What* do we do on the Fourth of July? What do we celebrate? Do you know what I'm saying? Do you know your own *name*?" By now, I was starting to rationalize. I didn't want to be American anyway. I'd have to do jury duty. Why be a citizen of a country that harasses its prospective immigrants?

I was called in. First, I received an apology for having had to wait. Second, another apology, because my questioner was sure she wasn't going to be as knowledgeable about American culture as I was. Third, an apology that I had to be asked questions at all. But here goes. Question 1: What are the three branches of government? "Well," I said, "there's the judiciary and the legislature . . ." "And?" "And the . . ." My questioner did everything she could with encouraging facial expressions to coax the answer out of me. Finally, I chirped brightly and hopefully "The President?" "The executive," she corrected me, nodding her head. Question 2: Who is your district's congressional representative? "Barney Frank." End of test.

A couple of weeks later, I stopped in at a local coffee shop with my son and ran into my congressional representative. It was Sunday morning; he was in a jogging suit and looked ever so much as if he wanted to be left alone. But it was not to be. I had to tell him my story. "Yes," he said, panting. "We've had a lot of trouble with those I.N.S. people." Barney tried to move toward the door. I stood in his way. Suddenly, I felt empowered. My impending citizenship was granting me the right to harass someone. It wasn't my accent that was pinning Barney to the wall but my fresh and unimpeachable American credentials. My son tugged at my arm. "Come on, Dad," he said. But in the sunlit doorway I continued to exercise my tyrannical democratic right, and I told poor Mr. Frank exactly the same story again. ♦



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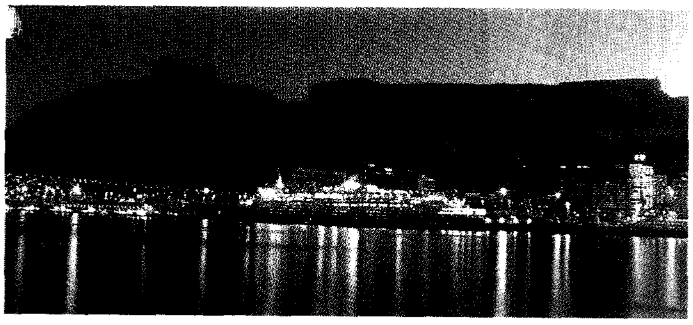

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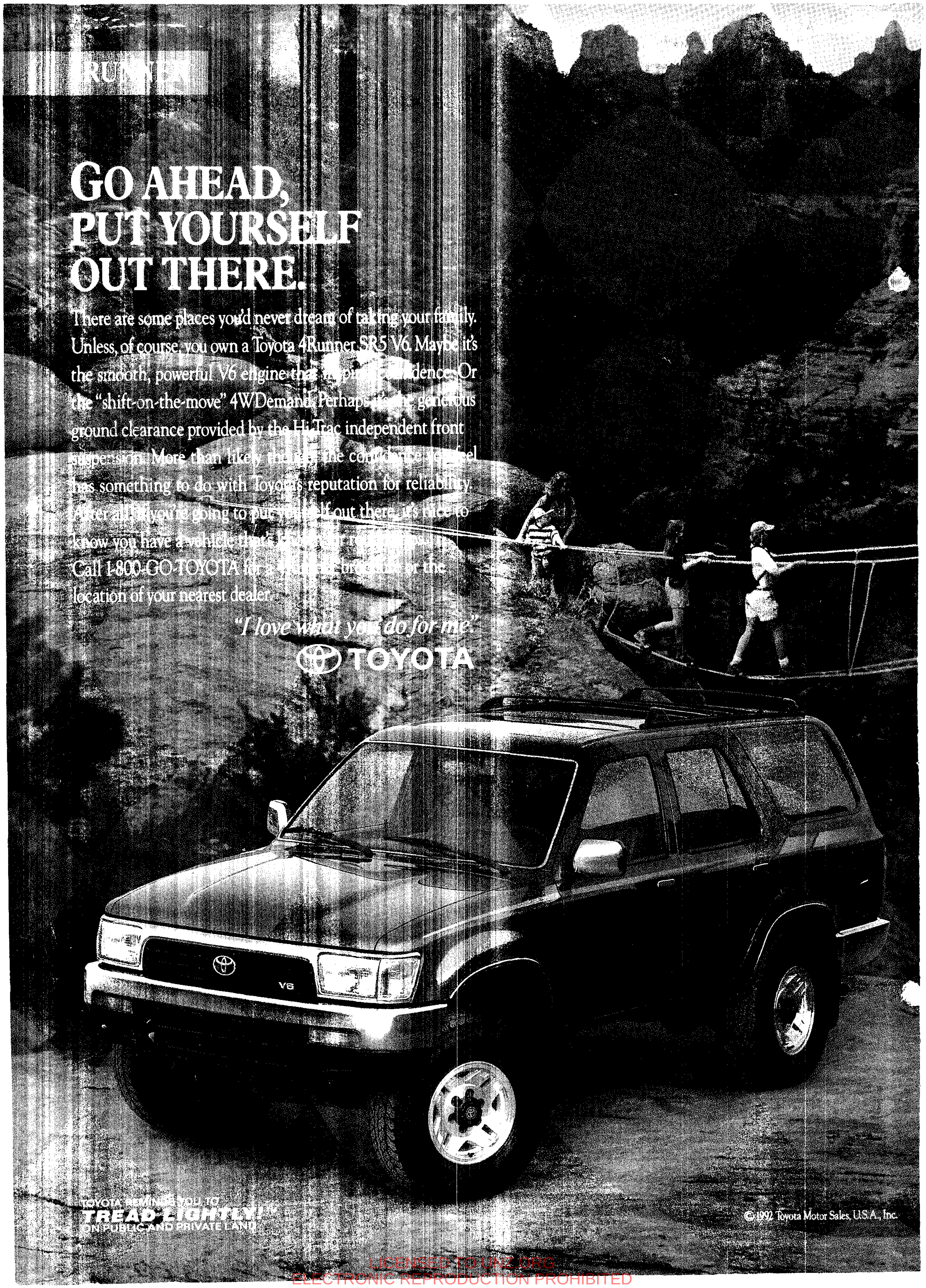

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